



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Per. 384 d $\frac{25}{34}$



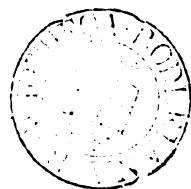
BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

Sports and Pastimes



A. Fisher



VOL. XXXIV

LONDON, A. H. BAILY & CO.

1879.

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

LONDON:

A. H. BAILY & CO., CORNHILL.

1879.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXIV.

- Viscount Doneraile : a Biography, 1.
Rusley Revisited, 2.
The Great Lake Trout Interviewed, 9.
Gleanings from the Grass, 18.
The Revival of the Boxhill Coach, 27.
Racing in Red Coats, 34.
The Cobham Menu, 38.
Cricket, 40, 99, 158, 223.
Yachting and Rowing, 48, 107, 168, 232, 297.
' Our Van,' 50, 111, 174, 237, 298, 340, 413.
The Earl of Rosslyn : a Biography, 63.
Owen Swift, 64.
Summer Scarlet, 69.
Some Notes on Coarse-Fish Angling, 76.
Gossip about Poachers and Poaching, 81.
The Driving Clubs, 90.
Mr. H. W. Eaton, M.P. : a Biography, 125.
Rara Avis, 126.
The ' Evening Standard ' on Owen Swift, 128.
Fishing Stations on the Thames, 130.
How the Grouse have Wintered, 140.
Baron Lionel de Rothschild, 146.
The Grace Testimonial, 150.
A Day with the Pytchley in 1900, 151.
' Pons Asinorum,' 155.
Mr. R. Oswald, of Auchincruive : a Biography, 187.
Changing Pastures, 188.
Our Sport upon the Sea, 196.
Sport at Rugby School, 204.

Four Years of Road Work, 208.
The Irish Wolf-Hound, 218.
The Earl of Ellesmere : a Biography, 249.
The Jest of John Warde, Esq., 250.
The Past Salmon Season : the Disease, 252.
Cub-Hunting in Meath, 258.
'De Senectute,' 263.
A Dead Sell, 271.
Jamaica Jottings, 278, 334.
The Old Dover Road, 284.
Tom Stretcher buys more Dogs, 292.
The Duke of Grafton : a Biography, 311.
A Plague-Spot in our Racing System, 312.
A Gossip about the Grouse Family, 318.
'Nullum Tetigit quod non Ornavit,' 325.
'Kaffir Land,' 338.
Hunting List of Hounds, their Masters, Huntsmen, Whips, Kennels, &c., 355.
Mr. Longman : a Biography, 373.
'Every Inch a King,' 374.
The Scottish Deer Forests, 377.
A Battered Portmanteau, 384.
Deer-coursing in Parks, 391.
Arscott of Tetcote, 399.
John Fricker, 401.
Cricket : the School Averages, 402.

LIST OF PLATES.

Title-page—John Fricker.

Viscount Doneraile . . . Page	1	Mr. R. Oswald Page	187
The Earl of Rosslyn . . . "	63	The Earl of Ellesmere . . . "	249
Mr. H. W. Eaton, M.P. . . "	125	The Duke of Grafton . . . "	311

Mr. A. H. Longman, page 373.



1850. 1851.

1852. 1853.

Doneville

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE VISCOUNT DONERAILE.

OF Norman blood and knightly fame, the St. Legers, though now Irish by settlement, flourished for many generations in the county of Kent, where their ancestor, Sir Robert St. Leger, a companion in arms of the Conqueror, and whose name is to be found on the Roll of Battell Abbey, first fixed his abode. It was in the year 1537 that Sir Anthony St. Leger, K.G., appointed by Henry VIII. one of the Commissioners of Crown Lands, and subsequently made Lord Deputy, went to Ireland, and from that time, though a branch of the family still remained at Ulcombe, in Kent, the fortunes of the St. Legers may be said to have been bound up with those of the country of their adoption. More than once ennobled (they were Barons Kilmeden and Viscounts Doneraile in the commencement of the last century, these titles becoming extinct in 1767, to be revived ten years later), they have been now for some generations settled in the county of Cork, and the subject of our present sketch is the fourth Viscount of the new creation.

Lord Doneraile, who was born in 1818, and succeeded his father in 1854, is a representative peer of Ireland. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, from whence he studied hunting with Drake's, the Heythrop, and the V.W.H.; his first ownership of hounds had however been before he left Eton, as he had a pack of beagles, which he hunted on foot in the moors near Doneraile. In 1847 he became Master of the Duhallow Hounds, then the property of Mr. R. Delacorn. He resigned in 1851; then in 1854 again became Master on the retirement of Mr. J. Courteney, and having worked up the country from two days a week to four, sold his hounds after nine years, retaining only a few favourite bitches. He then went into the Belvoir country; but, on the retirement of Lord Henry Bentinck, took the Burton, which he held for two years, until Mr. Chaplin consented to take the reigns of government. Lord Doneraile returned to Ireland, where the progeny of his old favourites were at work, and hunted it until 1874, when arose a quarrel which ended in the virtual division of the country, Lord Doneraile

retaining his hounds and his side of the country, whilst the Duhallow Club bought Lord Shannon's dog pack, and hunted the other division. He has always been a purist in hound-breeding, and pins his faith on Belvoir, Brocklesby, and Grove, his own hounds being identical with Lord Henry Bentinck's. As a rider, until of late years crippled by rheumatism, he was always with his hounds, and he has had his share of what was going on in the way of fishing and shooting.

Lord Doneraile, who married in 1851 the only daughter of Mr. Lenox-Conyngham, is Hon. Colonel of the North Cork Militia, and resides chiefly on his estates, fulfilling the duties and following the occupation of a country gentleman.

RUSSLEY REVISITED.

THE blackthorn blossoms lingering yet, like a melancholy ghost, among the livelier greens of bursting coppice and burgeoning thicket, seemed to prolong the agony of a six-months' winter; their snowy petals set on stems of ebony being further suggestive of the black nor'-easter sweeping hill and plain, and ever and anon scattering from its 'urns of silent snow' a fleecy offering to the hibernal king. Waters ran darkling instead of sparkling, the scanty herbage of low-lying meadows offered concealment neither to foraging rook nor browsing rabbit, and pewits whirled aloft in short uneasy flights, as if to catch the sight or scent of Spring, still delaying her triumphal march through the land. Fitful watery gleams sped here and there over upland breadths of corn 'yellow as a kite's claw,' over pastures sere and grey beneath the influence of parching frost and drying wind, over flocks sheltering in wattled folds, over cattle 'huddled on 'the lea,' and over pinched representatives of the agricultural interest shivering in the inexorable blast. Bleaker still on the horizon rise the breezy downland ridges, dotted at intervals with clumps, and rings, and crowns of wood; while overhead dark slaty clouds press onward in grim procession, their ranks broken here and there with patches of pale, cold blue, the 'shadow streaks of 'rain' hovering on their flanks, and the searching blast driving all alike before it. We think on the horror of distant Newmarket Heath with a shudder, deeming it better to be whirled along the Kennett Valley with the prospect of a ten-miles drive before us, but with the certainty of a hearty welcome at the end of it, and of a sight vouchsafed only to the favoured, and to be remembered, and thought of, and dreamt of by those in whom the home and inner life of the high-mettled racer perchance awakes more interest than when, caparisoned for war, he neighs his challenge to the foe, and draws crowds to his toilet held in birdcage, or palisaded inclosure, on windy hill or stretching plain, or beneath the 'trysting tree' in the paddock's retirement. Familiar places, suggestive of sport and its surroundings, fly past on either side as the 'newspaper train' glides

into the heart of Berkshire. Racing in the King's Meadow at the town sacred to biscuits and bigotry may be only a pleasing recollection of the past, when the neighbouring stables despatched their contingents of platers to try and earn a year's keep at Reading, when in its weighing-room might be seen the silks of Merry, Crawford, Ailesbury, Cartwright, Sutton, and others with training quarters close at hand. The well-known course, 'by Thames's glittering side,' is not the only one handed over by well-meaning and well-abused respectability to 'more useful purposes'; but fortunately it is not upon those little Pedlington's of the Turf that the welfare of our national sport depends. Still speeding onwards, with backs turned away from the city unfaithful to sporting traditions, we may catch a glimpse, on the well-wooded ridge to our right, of the turret which gives the 'time of day' to the army of grooms, and helpers, and attendants, who minister to the wants of inmates, permanent and temporary, of the Beenham stud, presided over by the dapper King of Forest and his doughty henchman, the bloodlike Cymbal. Grassy spurs and slopes are dotted over with meditative mares and frisking foals, and, still carrying the eye along the line of gentle declivities facing south, as we steam out of Newbury station, the stately mansion, 'bosom'd 'high in tufted trees,' stirs up recollections of a right good sportsman snatched away in the prime of life, in the cause of whose triple event winner all Berkshire went mad in Lord Lyon's year, nor faltered in their allegiance when the *rouge et noir* of Sutton assumed a different combination in the 'chevron' jacket borne by the peerless Achievement. Hereabouts we are well within hail of Kingsclere and ruddy-faced cheery John Porter, equally at home at putting the finishing touches upon Falmouth in his Derby preparation, or at finding his number first on the telegraph board as producer of prize flowers and fruit among horticultural competitors at Newbury. Alec Taylor's good-humoured visage peering out of the carriage-window as we quit the iron way at Hungerford infuses yet another spice of sport into the ingredients of the pudding we are serving up for the delectation of 'Baily's' June readers; and there is a satisfied and knowing look upon the face of our Jehu, under orders for 'Russley,' indicating that such expeditions are not unknown to him or his cattle. The old-fashioned hostelry is a sort of 'Angler's 'Retreat,' on which dear old Izaak might have worthily, as well as wordily, dilated; but it is hardly the sort of day made to order for followers of the gentle craft, with its gusty squalls of bitter east wind and leaden skies reflected in troubled waters—times when no decent fly or trout would care to be seen abroad, driving sulky wielders of the rod into winter quarters by glowing hearths and cheery ingles, deep in the study of a sporting daily almost a week old, or of a monthly magazine hailing from Cornhill, 'embellished with portrait' of the local sporting squire or lord, and with an odour of antiquity clinging to its green cover. But the road is before us, and still the atmosphere is full of sporting facts and fancies, rising thicker and faster as yon rolling downs, long looming in the distance, become part

and parcel of the landscape on either hand. Have we not heard and read of Chilton in 'Reports from Training Quarters,' and of what, save of racing, as those snug paddocks suggestive sloping towards the south, with hovels built in pairs, and though now apparently untenanted, erst haunted by sleek well-to-do matrons and ragged, graceless foals? At every turn we might expect to encounter a yearling string, just getting used to the 'leading' process, dancing and caracolling on their way to the broad pastures below, and eager to be off for a canter preliminary to the idle hours of a summer's day: or the 'father of the faithful' himself might turn the corner of yonder bowery lane, thoughtfully champing his bit, and slyly waiting the opportunity of a plunge and a kick as the trap comes rattling past. Still more landmarks of turf history arise as we follow the river winding through its wooded valley; on the opposite side of which lies Littlecote, a long grey tenement of other days, with outbuildings clustering round it, like some fairy palace of the woods; rich water-meadows in the foreground depastured by many a bleating black-faced flock, and slopes behind with long-drawn avenues of elm and beech echoing to the dreamy cawing of rooks. Here, glancing at the birthplace of Wild Dayrell, we may follow in imagination the 'Druid's' narrative of the manner of his foaling, of how the butler wheeled in a barrow to his box the future Derby winner, and of signs and portents which heralded the throes of stately Ellen Middleton. But half an hour longer, and 'Willy' Sherwood, who wore the red and green stripes in the ever-memorable Derby of 1854, bids us courteous welcome to an inspection of the Russley cracks, in the self-same yard as that from which the sherry-bay 'Isles' went forth to meet his conqueror Wild Dayrell at Epsom, the latter for long his 'dangerous neighbour' at Ashdown Park under the tutorship of Jack Sheppard—a lawless pair in name, though not by nature. But we anticipate a trifle, and must take our reader along pleasant Berkshire lanes, past thriving homesteads, and through straggling villages with grand square-built church towers, sentinels of the plain, before striking into bleak downland roads towards the Mecca of our pilgrimage. We seem to leave habitation, not to speak of civilisation, behind us at Aldbourne, whence our way lies along the 'bases of the hills' themselves, with farmhouses here and there 'sown in the wrinkles' of the huge grassy mounds, belts of plantation affording scant shelter to the flocks, so frequently 'changing pastures' in true David Cox style, with the shepherd on his white pony bringing up the rear. A short cut between two roads up a slope of turf, and we make the sign-post pointing 'to Russley,' soon to be descried from the hill-top with its cluster of horses and outbuildings, and few features of the old Merry era remaining, save the 'avenues that lead to nothing,' and the old 'crack's' box, from which so many bearers of the yellow-and-black have gone forth to victory.

Times have altered vastly for the better since the dark ages of the Turf, when training was reckoned as one of the 'black arts,' and its

professors, if not charlatans, at any rate full of low cunning and brutality, which have disappeared since mystery and ignorance (inevitable associates) yielded before the softening influences the 'sweeter 'manners and purer laws' which now sway the racing community. In fact we hardly know where the controllers of such vast and important establishments as Russley can be said to 'draw the line' against visitors desirous of satisfying their curiosity, and that which was formerly scouted as intrusion and espionage is now, thanks to a sensible change of front in the 'stable mind,' rather courted than discouraged. Even during the few last years, the dread of amateur touting has well-nigh disappeared, and the stranger with the shadow of a pretence, or the merest apology for an introduction, may penetrate into places once held as sacred as the *temenos* of a Greek temple, and see sights and hear sounds formerly religiously kept from eyes and ears profane. The pith is now gone of the story, which told how, when a swaggering novice had a few selling platers in training at one of our largest and most powerful establishments, its affable and obliging director could put up with the prying and inquisitive proclivities of his new employer only up to a certain point. 'He may see what he likes, and ask what he likes,' the trainer is reported to have said, 'but — him, I am not going to 'have him feeling the legs of my Derby horses!' Even this last restriction would seem to have vanished now, when noblemen and gentlemen throw open their stable doors to emissaries from the public, and rather court the inspection of commissioners, as well versed in veterinary knowledge as in breeding and racing lore, and looked up to as 'friends, philosophers, and guides' by those interested, from whatever motives, in the progress and condition of the cracks of the day.

The 'gude man's awa,' when we call a halt at the garden gate of the familiar home which has known the going forth and coming in of thoroughbreds for so many years, but 'tis a far cry to 'Weather-cock Hill,' and a short stroll down the avenue, clanging with rooks, and with emerald buds standing out in bright relief from dark trunks and branches of limes, brings us within eye-shot of the squadron homeward bound, the long line of bays and browns, blacks and chesnuts, with a grey by way of contrast and variety, debouching from the downland road, with the head lad in the van, and the rear brought up by the commander-in-chief of this equine army and his faithful aide-de-camp. What more glorious or interesting sight, than that of two score nags of the finest blood in England, well looking as well bred, and most with 'distinguished services' recorded in their favour, filing down the branching vista, in the prime of 'English May,' to the refrain of jockey-boy carol, or to the accompaniment of throstle and mavis from their retreats in dusky yew, or 'dry-tongued' laurel? A cheery 'good morning' from the chief and his staff, and the names of a few of the 'rear guard' are rattled off for our benefit, among them the 'grandest two year old in England,' Cobham bred, and another whose name has been in many mouths

before and since the clans mustered upon windy Carholme for the opening of a new turf campaign. The racing histories of most are written in our minds, and we may conjecture of a glorious future for more than one of those who have yet to sport the Westminster yellow-and-black, or the Rosebery hoops, when ripe and ready for 'silk.' Yonder strides along the chesnut cynosure of touting eyes on many a windy ridge, as he follows first one and then another of the professional staff of the Russley college of preceptors past 'one o'clock bush,' or leaves the schoolmaster behind as he breasts the last incline, which has found out so many weak spots in candidates for racing honours in the 'previous examination' on Weathercock Hill.

But the parade is dismissed to 'stables,' and while the attendant sprites are busy sponging and drying and brushing, and executing all manner of diamond and other devices on the lustrous quarters of their charges (in true Whitewall fashion), let us accept the invitation given for half an hour's rest and chat in the snug parlour, from the walls of which look down many mementoes of 'past grand masters' of Russley, tokens of high appreciation for zealous services rendered to former employers, and more than one trophy inscribed with names of warrior steeds and their deeds imperishably blazoned in the archives of the famous Berkshire stable. Likenesses of Lord and Lady Stamford suggest pleasing recollections of days of youthful service spent beneath the blue-and-black banner of Enville; the late owner of Doncaster and Marie Stuart smiles grim but satisfied approval from his frame by the fireplace, and a new and prosperous era in the fortunes of the house is marked by portraits of the Duke and Earl now masters of its destinies, the latter well matched by a face and figure familiar to followers of 'the Baron' in the palmy days of the blue-and-yellow of Mentmore. And of what is our talk during the half-hour sacred to mysterious rites of stable preparation preludeing a second inspection of its contents, but of 'racing past and future'—the latter subject diplomatically approached and delicately handled—of breeding and feeding the rising generation of aspirants to racing fame, of the teachings of old experience in stable management and training economy, and of the multitudinous topics which the atmosphere of the place suggests. Sporting novelists and dramatic delineators have represented the trainer as a cross between Mephistopheles and Sapphira; but here everything tends to dispel the vulgar illusion, so courteously are we encouraged to satisfy the curiosity naturally engendered by a visit to the most famous of training quarters, a veritable Whitewall of the South, and representative establishment of its kind in England.

Our youthful bump of veneration was invariably much exercised at the sight of that exquisitely sanded doorway in Piccadilly, opening up a straw-bed vista, of which not a grain nor stalk was out of place, and such path and yards we fondly deemed only fit to be trodden by the speckless butcher boots of its trim proprietor; but what are these when compared with a Russley stable interior, fit only for

reproduction by a Herring, swept, garnished, and polished up to the essence of neatness, and with the name of the occupant of each box opening upon the main avenue inscribed (together with its owner's initials) in the sawdust strewn upon its threshold? Was there ever a braver sight than this midday 'stables,' after all has been made tight and trim, with coats polished like mirrors, and each lad (himself a model of neatness and a paragon of civility) at his horse's head? You might eat every meal off wooden compartments and clinkered floor, to say nothing of the mangers; and nought seems out of place but the intruder upon the domestic homes of these, of whom (to parody Scott's lines) it may be said:—

Sixty steeds of name and fame
Fed in the stalls at Russley Park,
Sixty lads as their henchmen came,
Tending the stable from morn till dark;

and we see as much order, regularity, and smartness as in a well-appointed troop of cavalry, the captain of which takes a pride in the welfare of man and horse alike. The director-general of so gigantic an establishment as that presided over by Robert of Russley must needs be a strict disciplinarian, and a searcher into the minutiae of stable economy, not with other people's eyes, but with his own; and it is by administrative ability no less than by practical knowledge of and experience in his calling that the trainer can command and retain patronage similar to that which was accorded in old days to the wizard of Malton, and has now been worthily attracted to his young fellow-townsmen in the heart of the Berkshire Downs.

It is pleasant to recognise old friends with 'historic' names, and to renew acquaintances with those having yet a reputation to make, many of whom we have watched in leading-strings as they circled the sale-ring as yearlings; the while, as from a Woolwich infant, came the heavy bids thick and fast, carrying a weight of metal bound to tell in the end against fainter hearts and shorter purses. Over this chesnut daughter of Blair Athol men fought at Cobham, and from the same nursery of thoroughbreds came also the tall bay with an unmistakable 'Wild Oats' cut about him; while yet another Surrey sire is well represented by the namesake of a bloody duke, and may victories, as decisive as Culloden, be in store for the sturdy chesnut. The lengthiest and biggest Rosicrucian we have yet set eyes on hails from a quiet Kentish hamlet not a hundred miles from London; and the sharp-acted wiry bay, who has the credit of being able to use his white feet to a pretty tune, claims descent from a certain Forest King, whose lair we descried in our journey outward bound. The strapping chesnut boasting heraldic nomenclature, and the brace of youthful prodigies with names ending in 'caster,' we do not need to be told are descendants of the mightiest Derby and Cup winner of modern days, and are all three Eaton bred, as well as others we encounter in stall and box elsewhere. A thick-set chesnut four-year-old by Thormanby set us thinking that

there must be more in him than ever yet came out of him; but neither a flat-sided Roman Emperor, with the nose of the race, nor a dainty little nag of the true Sweetmeat contour and colour, are a patch upon this year's big winner at Lincoln, strong as a castle, ripe as a peach, and bright as a star, and not nearly done with yet. There 'poses' the handsomest horse in England yet, despite the fact that he has redeemed not even a tithe of the highest bid ever yet given for yearling; and close by stands the superbly quartered filly thrown in to the above bargain for her racing career, a bread-winner past and yet to be for the stable, and ready to show her heels to many a squandered field up the hill in which she revels.

The brown three-year-old, cast in hunter mould, boasts a descent identical with that of The Colonel, and might even emulate his deeds, though not perhaps in the yellow and black of Grosvenor; and one by one, like kings before the vision of Macbeth, are presented to us winners *in esse* and, we hope, *in posse*, from the counterfeit presentment of Cremorne down to the latest girl-graduate in Turf honours, one of Rosicrucian's handsomest daughters. Another glance at the 'finest two-year-old in England' in her box, and we are spirited away to yards and quadrangles well-ordered as the first, paying our respects in passing to the wiry Carnival filly, true daughter of the flying 'Molly,' and knowing her way as well as her mother over the Epsom half-mile; looking in upon a 'foreigner of 'distinction,' lately added to the Russley collection, and likely to repay a heavy 'claim' speedily and with interest; until we pull up short in the ante-chamber of the great 'Chief' himself, concerning whom so much has been talked, and written, and argued, from the remote back end of last racing season up to this 28th of May, which must decide the big chesnut's fate in the great race of the year. And inasmuch as his fate hangs in the balance during the time these sheets are taking the colour of our thoughts on this Derby morn, at the demand of the most inexorable of printer's devils, what need for us to dilate upon his make and shape, or to dive deeply into the composition of his pedigree table, seeing that by the time 'Baily' puts forth his green leaves in the leafy month, the whole world will have had the opportunity of seeing, and noticing, and forming judgments for themselves concerning him, and when the causes of his success or failure shall have been canvassed with all that minuteness of detail and result of accurate observation upon which a horse-loving community especially prides itself? Rather be it for us, as the first beaded bubble touches our lips, to drink success to owner, trainer, and horse, not unmindful of the memories which 'link us yet' with a glorious past, now taking the shape of the gallant chesnuds, hero and heroine of 1873, seemingly stepping out of their frames in search of fresh fields of renown; now reviving afresh with Hampton, the best and bravest 'little un' of modern days, and freshened up by the sight of souvenirs of many and various kinds, proffered by all orders and degrees of men to the presiding genius of Russley, in token of triumphs achieved, of favours conferred, and of friendships formed in

the course of a life devoted to the best-loved sport of Britons. Fain would we prolong the hospitable hour, fain reproduce our host's views upon the arcana of his calling, and certain well-digested remarks upon the feeding of young blood stock, on which we may take up our parable, when in serious instead of convivial mood as at present. It is almost with school-boy feelings of regret that we regard the hour of departure close at hand, so much of pleasure and instruction has been crowded into our brief visit to a place historic in the annals of racing, so much of kindly courtesy shown, and without a tinge of that reserve and mystification which is popularly supposed to invest the relations of professors of the training art with the outer world. One more health to host and hostess, as we fortify with a final glass for our bleak homeward journey; and then farewell to Russley—revisited under such fortunate circumstances, in the opportunity of seeing a collection of equine treasures hard to match, and of enjoying a day's sojourn amid sights and sounds dear to the hearts of those interested in the thoroughbred and his doings. Soon we are exchanging downland track for country lane and the King's highway, and the rain comes rattling down in earnest, dimpling trouty pools, and making poplar leaflets shiver, as we call a halt once more on the banks of Kennett.

AMPHION.

THE GREAT LAKE TROUT INTERVIEWED.

HAVING promised the editor of 'Baily' to provide for the readers of his magazine a sketch of the great lake trout of Loch Awe and its *habitat*, as well as to give some ideas of how it may be captured, I now proceed to acquit myself of that obligation. Holding that a magazine article, even of such a humble kind as I am able to write, should be as much as possible in the nature of a work of art—in other words, that it ought to be, in the first place informing, in the second place, when not incongruous to the subject, lively or amusing, and in the third place, that there should be some little dash of philosophy in it, I endeavoured to supplement my own knowledge of the subject, *id est*, the 'Great Lake Trout,' with the knowledge of other people; but in that endeavour I failed, any information obtained being of a very perfunctory kind. Nothing, in my poor opinion, is more disappointing than the natural-history treatises which have been written on and about fish; they only whet, they never satisfy, the appetite for information. I have my 'Yarrell' and my 'Couch' at my fingers' ends; but, even putting what I know myself of the great lake trout of Loch Awe and other lochs to their information, the sum of the whole is rather bald; nor are we much helped by other writers about this minor monster of the deep. Some of those who write about *Salmo ferox* are so gratified at having captured one or two of these piscine giants that they have either no leisure, or else lack the ability, to tell us more than that they have

hooked a few fish. In such narratives a great deal is usually said about how they did it, which is more or less—generally less—informing; about the wise observations they addressed to their boatman, and the pawky replies made to them by that useful functionary, who, as a general rule, is not given to flattery even when a more than usually clever capture is accomplished. Anglers who have often taken great lake trout have very little to say about the fish, its haunts, its habits, its ratio of growth, the food it eats, and the age to which it attains. Now it is surely most unsatisfactory to capture an animal, season after season, which one knows nothing about, yet there are men who fish Loch Awe every year with great equanimity and who are astonished when they are told that there is anything peculiar about the fish, or that it differs in any respect from other trout; to them a trout is simply a trout and nothing more, whether it belong to *Salmo fario* or *Salmo ferox*.

‘But where is Loch Awe?’ methinks I hear some reader of ‘Bailey’ ask. ‘Is it in Scotland, and, if so, what part, and how am I to reach it?’ Yes, Loch Awe is in Scotland, in the picturesque land of the Argylls. And as ‘Murray’ some years ago recognised the land of ‘the mountain and the flood,’ and made it the subject of one of his red-covered guides, there is no longer any excuse for that ignorance of Scotland, its scenery and its people, which was thought to prevail before the great bibliopole of Albemarle Street shone upon it his literary lamp. Scan your map and you will see, running parallel with Loch Fyne, beginning as I may say at the end of the Sound of Jura, a long and sinuous strip of blue—that is the home of the great lake trout. On the map—I have been looking over the one attached to the excellent ‘Sportsman’s Guide’ of Mr. Lyall—the surface of Loch Awe appears quite inconsiderable, but for all that it is a tolerably big expanse of water, over thirty-five miles long and on the average two miles in breadth. At the north end it is three miles broad, and there the surrounding scenery is grand in the extreme. As the proverb hath it, ‘it is a far cry to Loch Ow,’ but supposing a tourist or angler to have arrived in Glasgow, he is then within an easy distance of Dalmally, which can now be reached by railway. Let me just interpolate here that, when a tourist is at Glasgow, he is on the very threshold of the Highlands, almost within sight of some of the finest pictures which the divine brush has created. Within a period of some four or five hours after leaving the city of St. Mungo and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, the traveller may be in the heart of the Highlands—may be climbing the Cobbler at the head of Loch Long, or sailing amid the charming islands of Loch Lomond. From Glasgow to the most distant lochs and mountains: from the smoke and noise of a vast seat of population, to the heathery solitudes of Inverness or Ross, is little more than a day’s journey; from St. Enoch Square to the top of high Goatfell or the quiet repose of Glen Sannox is but the distance of half a day. ‘God made the country and man made the town;’ who, then, would linger amid the ceaseless whirl of machinery and the clang of hammers, when

in an hour or two he could bathe his body in the limpid waters of Loch Lomond, or inhale the health-giving ozone of the Highland mountains—who indeed but those whom fate compels?

Assuming, as I shall venture to do, that persons coming from a distance in search of the far-famed fish of Loch Awe will desire to reach their destination by the most varied and picturesque route, I recommend them to go by the 'Iona' steamboat, which in the season leaves the Broomielaw every morning at seven o'clock and carries the spell-bound traveller *via* the Kyles of Bute to Ardrishaig. By this means the tourist or angler will see the beautiful scenery of the river Clyde to perfection, and if he is not already cognisant of the fact, he will soon discover that the Clyde is the finest pleasure river in Europe; only those who have never seen the Clyde fly into raptures about the Rhine. Having experience of both, my verdict must be in favour of the Scottish stream, and, being an Englishman born, I think it an impartial judgment. The river is studded far and near along its shores with the pleasant habitations of men who throughout the summer season make it their hobby to hurry to the water—Glasgow merchants and shopkeepers, who convert a pleasure into a toil by a daily rush to and from business; and on either side of the water may be seen their picturesque dwelling-places nestling in sunny nooks on green hill-sides, with glimpses of the mist-wreathed mountains of the western highlands as a background to the scene. A lady writer of half a century ago, when the banks of the Clyde were less densely populated than they are to-day, wrote of the white cottages as being 'dropped here and there liked poached eggs upon 'spinach!' Now, there are water-side towns every few miles, and the going to and fro of many steamboats adds a lively feature to the scene. It is not my intention to dictate to the tourist or travelling angler the exact amount of admiration he should bestow on what he sees as he sails along in the 'Iona,' but if the immediate foreground were removed on the Dumbarton side he might feast his eyes on beauties of nature which men have come from afar to gaze upon, the 'land of the Lennox,' 'the country of the McGregor.' The home that was, of 'Rob Roy,' is not far off, and on the other side of the Clyde, below Greenock, is that land which the classic pen of Robert Burns has celebrated, and where many of his finest poems and songs were written. I need say nothing more of the 'Iona,' having already introduced that far-famed vessel to the notice of the readers of 'Baily's Magazine.' Nowhere but on the Clyde can such a medium of travel be found; she is a palace of a steamboat, with culinary resources which would put those of some of our clubs to the blush, and she is only excelled by that other grand boat of the same company which has recently been placed on the Clyde by the same owners, the 'Columba.'

The traveller will note with wonder as he leaves the great city that the Clyde, famed a hundred years ago for the purity of its water, its fine salmon and large trout, has been turned into a common sewer. There are still a few salmon in the river, but the

filth of Glasgow is a barrier to their increase. 'Down the water' in the various sea lochs there is good sport for summer anglers, and sea fishing is no bad pastime. As the traveller sails up the beautiful waters of Loch Fyne he should bear in mind that it is the home of the finest herring of British waters: 'Loch Fyne Herrings' are known from Cornwall to California, from China to Peru, as *the herrings par excellence*.

But we linger too much by the way; let us at once to our home on Loch Awe by coach from Ardrishaig, on Loch Fyne to Ford, thence by the steamer on the loch to any place we please. There are good hotels on various parts of the loch, upon which all men are free to fish without question. At Dalmally, if he arrives by rail, the angler may sojourn under the shadow of the mighty Ben Cruachan, and be served with turtle on fine linen in a banqueting-hall among ninety-and-nine other travellers; in the morning as he looks from his window, he can 'ravish his delighted eyes with the glad greeneries' of gorgeous scenery, whilst his ears may attune themselves to the melody of falling waters and the sublime voices of nature. Of creature comforts I shall not speak; the traveller, so far as the commissariat department is concerned, may fancy himself within hail of Leadenhall Street and Covent Garden. To-day, 'all the' comforts of the Salt-market' are vouchsafed to tourists in even remote parts of the Highlands. Could Johnson and Boswell rise from their graves and once more gaze upon the scenes of their travels, how great would be their astonishment! Two seasons ago, I counted five different brands of champagne on the wine-card of a Highland inn. Communication with the great cities of the lowlands is now so frequent and so easy that all the luxuries of the season may be looked for at either Oban or Dalmally, and in much humbler hotels as well. Good Scottish fare—cockie-leekie and haggis to wit—may be obtained everywhere; and the ubiquitous John Forrester of Glasgow would undertake, on receiving twenty-four hours' notice, to serve a veritable banquet on any of the twenty-four islands of Loch Awe, and detail a couple of his French *chefs* for the occasion, nor would the *menu* be wanting in any of the essentials of the choicest dinner of the period. There is a choice of houses of entertainment on Loch Awe, in all of which may be found well-ventilated rooms, soft beds, and wholesome fare with moderate charges to boot; but, as this article has no covert design of puffing, I refrain from all mention of names as being invidious.

Now for the fish which has brought us so far from home. It is more than twenty years ago since I first interviewed the trout of Loch Awe and saw a monster specimen of *Salmo ferox*. At the date I have indicated fewer people fished in that Loch than are to be found there at the present day. When first I went to the neighbourhood it was to pass a week amid the fine scenery of the district in the company of some artist friends. We had our tent, and encamped on the shores of the lake, living a rough but happy life, having with us 'Shakspeare' and the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' of Chris-

topher North and his friends Timothy Tickler and 'the Shepherd,' James Hogg of Ettrick, the author of 'The Queen's Wake.' These were joyous days. Strangers in the neighbourhood were then comparatively rare. One or two Glasgow merchants and professional men came occasionally for a Saturday and Sunday sojourn, but as a rule there was not, a quarter of a century ago, one person angling on the loch for ten or twelve that may be seen to-day, and still, especially in the early season, it is, as one may say, a scene of solitude where 'the silence is eloquent in the morning.'

It was my friend John Gamgee, a Yorkshireman—in vulgar parlance a Huddersfield bagman—who first told me of the great lake trout as being a special fact for anglers. Being in the cloth trade, Gamgee used to come pretty frequently to Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland, and one Friday forenoon late in the month of May, as I was coming from the University, my cheerful friend thus accosted me :

'Man,' he said, 'to-morrow you will have a holiday—extend it 'till Tuesday, and we'll run on to Loch Awe and have a day with 'the trout. I will show you, if we are fortunate, something 'wonderful in that line—the biggest thing of the kind you ever saw—'nothing, I assure you, at Kinross' (Loch Leven) 'at all like it. We 'can get to Glasgow to-night and be at Loch Awe to-morrow 'afternoon for an hour's fishing, spend a quiet Sunday there in 'visiting the islands and wandering about, have another hour or two 'on Monday morning, and be back here on Tuesday, in time for 'business.'

We did it, and enjoyed the work of travel and sport exceedingly. Gamgee's description of how he captured his first great trout was lively and served to pass the time as we drove over from Inverary to a farmhouse near the scene of action, where we proposed to live. As I have already remarked in writing of fishery subjects, it is comparatively easy, 'on paper,' to make a grand figure as an angler, but very difficult to do so in reality. My friend's narrative, however, must be taken as he told it; and, as I remember it in its essence, it was pretty much as follows :

'Man, it was altogether a surprise to me, the capture of that 'immense fish, having no idea of such monsters being in the loch. 'I used to try only for commoners; once I took a salmon by a 'fluke, a pretty fish too, it weighed ten pounds, I do believe. One 'day while trolling with two rods pretty much as usual, the day 'being, I remember, soft and balmy, with huge clouds being slowly 'driven over the water by a moderate south-west wind heavily suffused with wet. I was expecting nothing particular, but sat 'listening to one of Sandy's stories about "the old family," when 'I felt a terrific rush at one of my baits by something of tremendous 'size—I couldn't say what, because I saw nothing; but Sandy, with 'a quicker eye, had discerned what had occurred. "It's a fish, man! ' "Lord, what a size she is! Did your honour no saw her, sir, as ' "she did plunge up?" I certainly did not, nor could I understand

‘the boatman’s italics, “it’s a fish!” It was fish which I had gone for, and undoubtedly it was a fish that had made all the row. Sandy was equal to the occasion, however; in a moment or two he had told me it was no common trout I had to battle with, but just a *feeros*, and a big one too. It was what Cobden would have called “a work of great pith and moment” to capture that fish and get it into the boat, but in the end we managed to do it. Had it not been a greedy monster suffering from the pangs of hunger we must have lost it, for somehow or another it twice freed itself from the bait and again seized it with a rush which reminded me forcibly of a finish for the Derby that I had seen a year or two previously (in Wild Dayrell’s year, I think); it was such a rush as only a Loch Awe trout can make; you have nothing like it either on your Tweed or Tay, and as for your far-famed Loch Leven two-pounders, they are not in the hunt, as you will admit when you experience the sensation of handling one, with the *ferox* of the place we are going to. It took Sandy and I fully an hour to secure that fish, and when the work was over I was not a little proud of the feat, as the beggar dodged and danced about like a scaly demon till I was nearly tired out—now pretending to give in, then dashing away with another Derby rush, till I thought—although it must be admitted my man pulled his very hardest, and managed his boat with wondrous skill—he would snap the line and escape. At length I got him within reach, but even then I believe he might have given us more trouble had Sandy not given him an accidental stroke with his oar, which did the deed. That specimen of the *ferox* weighed eighteen pounds.* It was the first I had seen, and I was as proud of it as if I had taken a seventy-pound line in the legitimate way of my business from a Glasgow clothier. We celebrated its death with a big dram, Sandy and I, and he admitted—but of course with the usual provoking grudge—that I had done “gae an’ weel,” but he had been “often oot wi’ gentlemen who had “killed far bigger fish.”

The weather being fine, John Gamgee and I spent an agreeable two days lounging about the loch; but on the occasion of that visit we had no sport worthy of being chronicled. We did capture a specimen of the *ferox*, but it was a poor one, white in the flesh, and not good for food in any degree: the commoner trout

* At the date referred to fish of the size indicated were not uncommon, but stories of the capture of ‘twenty-five pounders,’ which every now and then find their way into the newspapers, must be received with caution, as *Salmo ferox* of that weight are few and far between. Three years ago I questioned one of the boatmen pretty closely as to the size of the fish of the period; it was a subject he treated with a considerable degree of reticence, nor did he volunteer any information, but, so far as I could make out, the run of fish at that time did not exceed thirteen pounds, and specimens of from seven to ten pounds weight had been more commonly taken than those heavier fish. The great trout of Loch Awe are undoubtedly becoming scarcer every year, and in time a very big fish will be a rare sight. Some persons attribute the falling off in size to the pike which abound in the water.

made a better figure at the breakfast table; they averaged, the twenty which we captured on Saturday evening, about half a pound each, and were excellent.

On Sunday we enjoyed a sail to Ellen's Island, but were not, of course, allowed to fish any; to fish on 'the Lord's day' in Scotland is a crime of the deepest dye; but, since the time I am writing about, I did upon one occasion handle the rod on a Sunday, when I caught a fine dish of trout. On the banks of Loch Awe all that fine Sabbath day we lazied about and listened to traditions of the place, to the story of Ellen, the daughter of Sir James McNaughton, who was the first person buried on the island; her father was governor of the Castle of Fruchland, and the unfortunate lady was drowned in the loch. There are a hundred romantic stories of love, chivalry, romance, and war, connected with Loch Awe and its twenty-four islands, but it is not at present my cue to tell these tales over again.

Sandy's little daughter recited to us in the boat a bit of Ossian, which tells the tradition of the lake. As it is not long I venture to reproduce it for the benefit of English readers:—

'Bera the aged dwelt in the cave of a rock. She was the daughter of Griannan the sage. Long was the line of her fathers, and she was the last of her race. Large and fertile were her possessions: hers the beautiful vales below, and hers the cattle which roamed on the hills around. To Bera was committed the charge of that awful spring, which by the appointment of fate was to prove so fatal to the inheritance of her father's and to her father's race. Before the sun should withdraw his beams, she was to cover the spring with a stone, on which sacred and mysterious characters were impressed. One night this was forgotten by the unhappy Bera. Overcome with the heat and chase of the day, she was seized with sleep before the usual time of rest. The confined waters of the mountains burst forth into the plains below, covering that large expanse now known by the name of the "Lake of Awe." The third morning Bera awoke from her sleep. She went to remove the stone from the spring; but behold no stone was there! She looked to the inheritance of her tribe: she shrieked! The mountain shook from its base! Her spirit retired to the ghosts of her fathers in their light and airy halls.'

Early in the morning of Monday, before five o'clock, we were again at work, and found we had been rewarded, the two of us—Sanders and his son doing the pulling—when we ceased at about half past nine o'clock, with twenty-seven very sizeable trout, that we made a point of carrying home with us to 'Auld Reekie,' some of which were much relished by a then prominent member of the Senatus Academicus, now, alas! no more.

My next fishing visit to Loch Awe occurred a few years later, and was very successful, as I succeeded, in the course of two long June days, in capturing so many as three remarkable specimens, and in losing two other fish, all of them *ferox*, one of them indeed a veritable giant, weighing a few ounces more than sixteen pounds! It is not so easy as some will imagine to describe how this work was accomplished, or the miles upon miles of hard pulling that was undergone before my labours were finished. There are said to be

on Loch Awe certain places which are the particular haunts of the great trout, but it was my misfortune, whenever these places were visited, never to find any of the fish at home. After sailing and fishing from four A.M. to about seven, varying the ground at a rate that was painful to the boatmen, the well-known rush was heard, and a greedy fish was at length secured; one of the men asserted, from the noise, that he was a big one, and he proved to be correct; the trout when brought to scale weighing a little over seventeen pounds. It was an artificial minnow that was the death of that gentleman, who gave my men, as well as myself, some trouble before he received the *coup de grâce*. As Mr. St. John so well says in one of his chapters of 'Sport in the Highlands': 'A twenty-pound *Salmo ferox* is no ignoble foe to contend with, and when you have him at the end of a common fishing-line he appears to have the strength of a whale.' So thought I as I strained every nerve to secure my giant on the occasion referred to. What would some of your gentle London anglers—men who sit for half a day in a punt, happy in the reward of half a dozen gudgeon—say if they had to tackle a fifteen-pound *ferox*? 'My conscience!' as Bailie Nicol Jarvie used to exclaim, but they would have a time of it!

The next one was less troublesome, and also much smaller, but still a fine fish; it weighed nine pounds, and likewise fell a victim to a minnow. Good tackle is absolutely necessary when trying for these large fish—it should be strong and as colourless as possible. Brown's Phantom minnow is an excellent bait, as it is deadly enough, and stands a great deal of wear and tear as well. When in search of the great *ferox* the angler should provide a very long line. I asked one of the Port Sonnachon ferrymen one day if sixty yards would be enough: 'More than that,' was his reply. 'A hundred, then?' I asked. 'Yes, and a hundred feet to that,' he said; and future experience showed him to be right. It is as well when you are fishing in Loch Awe, or anywhere else, to be on the best of terms with your men; boatmen are not a little *petted* nowadays, and in consequence need a good deal of 'management,' but it is proper for an angler to have a mind of his own; he pays the piper, and has the best right to call the tune. The boatman is learned in weather lore, and if he is at all versed in his business ought to be able to place his employer on the haunts of the fish; although, as a rule, all boatmen observe a certain stereotyped routine, which is not always good for business. It is very difficult at times to estimate the depth of the water, and how much weight should be put on the lines; the boatmen ought to be able to advise on these points with some success, most of them being good judges of the state of the water. Don't forget to remember your boatmen when you use your flask; think of the fate of the ignorant Tweed angler, who ignored his oarsman when he more than once wetted his own whistle. Kerss at once pulled ashore and left the boat, telling his customer that, so far as he was concerned, those who drank by themselves might fish by themselves!

The *ferox* of Loch Awe is said to have been 'discovered' in 1790 by a Mr. Morrison of Glasgow, who, seduced by the beauty of the scenery, was frequently in the habit of visiting the place; that gentleman was accounted somewhat of a hero by his friends, when from time to time he exhibited specimens of his prowess as an angler. Sir William Jardine was, I believe, the first scientific man to whom these great fishes were exhibited; he considered and wrote of them as belonging to a new species, and conferred upon the Loch Awe trout the specific name of *ferox*, as attributable to the habits and ferocity of the animal.

When you have the pleasure of interviewing 'Mr. Ferox,' he certainly does not commend himself to you by his good looks. 'Her nainsel's no pretty, yer honour,' said Donald McNaughton to me, and it was an opinion from which no one could differ; its head is too large for a handsome fish, and the teeth are too prominent, the very spots on the animal have a repellant look about them; but when first drawn from the water the fish has a sort of weird beauty about it that is fascinating in the extreme; it is, however, a beauty that soon fades away and can only be remembered. The *ferox* looks his character, having an immense tail of great squareness and very powerful fins; for *dead* strength of resistance I would back a sixteen-pound *ferox* against a seventeen-pound salmon. As has been already hinted, the Loch Awe trout is dreadfully rapacious, being endowed with a stomach of more than ordinary capacity: over and over again they have been captured with a sardine from the luncheon box.

The great lake trout of Loch Awe was at first thought to be unique, and the late Mr. Agassiz said in Edinburgh that it differed somewhat from the large continental species. We know now that these trout are found in various lakes. 'In Scotland this fish appears to be generally distributed in all the larger and deeper lochs. It is known to inhabit Loch Laggan, Loch Shin, and Lochs Loyal and Assynt, as well as Loch Awe, roving at will and taking tribute, with its dashing rapidity and powerful jaws, from the smaller fish of these lochs. Those who reside near these sheets of water capture the great trout by means of night lines. During the day-time they are occasionally tempted to rise to a small fly, but the surest method of capture is the trolling tackle, baited either with a small trout or the artificial minnow. They are extremely voracious, and having seized the bait will allow themselves to be dragged by the teeth for forty or fifty yards, and when accidentally freed will seize it again with renewed vigour.' Specimens of this *ferox* are often taken in Lough Nenagh in Ireland, and in Ullswater Lake in Cumberland; in Ireland it is known as the Buddagh. The great trout has also been found in Lough Corrib and in other places in Ireland. These giant fish need elbow-room, they must have space in which to feed and grow, they must also have a varied bottom, and all these conditions are found in Loch Awe. One may fish, however, for many days and yet not place a specimen in his basket, they are so

far mysterious that for weeks not one will be seen ; and that there is more than one kind is certain, the red-fleshed fish are as different from the white-fleshed ones as daylight is from dark. A good red trout of Loch Awe is a fish that any gentleman may be proud to offer to his guests, but the white-fleshed trout are of feeble flavour and coarse texture, not worth powder and shot, if the angler could have his choice. As has been already indicated, the *ferox* is game to the back-bone ; ‘ to be killed rather than surrender ’ is the motto of this animal.

‘ ’Tis a far cry to Loch Awe,’ especially from London or places still farther south ; but once there the charm is sure to work, and men will come again and again to that enchanting region of the Western Highlands of Scotland, where there are a hundred streams ready to offer tribute to the disciples of Izaak Walton. My description, I fear, is a tame one throughout ; I might have laid on the colour with a richer brush, but it is a part of my philosophy to leave something to be discovered by those whose fate it is to come after me—pass a June week on Loch Awe, and your dreams of Highland scenery will be fulfilled : capture a *Salmo ferox* and you will be Sir Knight among anglers.

GLEANINGS FROM THE GRASS.

IN our last, having devoted all the space at our command to the Pytchley country, it now behoves us to turn more westwards, and see what we have to record concerning the Warwickshire, North Warwickshire, and Atherstone hounds, reserving the Billesdon for the finish, lest some arrangement be made during the course of our writing concerning them, commencing on February 6th, with the Warwickshire at Shuckburgh as a starting-point. Frost still in the ground, and a lot of snow about ; a small field in consequence, and a late start. Present, amongst others, Lord Willoughby and his brother, Mr. Holland Corbett, Countess Stockau, Mrs. Pritchard Rayner, Miss Davy, Captain Unett, Messrs. F. L. Wedge, Browne, Wilkinson, and Kennedy, Captain Wheeler, and Mr. Rome. Found in Calcot bushes, hung some time, got headed, then away to the hill, where they killed him, and disturbed another brace, which got away unhunted, and many turned homewards. The ‘ chosen few ’ of the poet, however, went on to Ladbroke, and had a rattler, getting away at once towards Shuckburgh, and then turned for Priors Hardwicke, where they checked, after a twenty minutes that was all that could be desired, hunted slowly on to Priors Marston, and lost. The next day the Atherstone were at Newnham Paddox ; a large field out, and a good deal of work for hounds, ending with a fair run from Burton Pool over a lot of country to Little Ashby village ; time, one hour and a quarter. On Monday, the 10th, they had a capital day from Cadeby Gate, having killed a fox which jumped up before them in a hedge. After a quick gallop near Stapleton, they dropped

on a traveller at Brascote Spinnies, who took them by Cadeby and Bosworth, Osbaston, and Nailstone village, where he beat them. Then they ran for Nailstone Wings to Burton Hill, in the Quorn country. Another good day with these from Shuttington Bridge on Wednesday, the 12th, finishing up with an hour and twenty minutes from Clifton, which very few saw the end of out of a large field.

On Thursday, the 18th, the North Warwickshire were at Hillmorton village, but, save some few people disporting themselves over the brook, nothing worthy of record was done, and the day was simply horrible as regards weather. We must next come to February 19th, with the Atherstone at Shenton. They found at Sutton Ambion, and went away by Sutton Cheney, and at a rattling pace to Bosworth, by Cadeby, and on to Brascote so fast that very few were in it. Thence to Botany Bay, and straight through it to Newbold Hall, to the right of Osbaston for Barlston, where they checked. Castleman, however, recovered the line, and took him on to Nailstone, where he beat them (it was said) in a drain, after a rattling fifty-three minutes. They had another capital run for Nailstone Wings to Barden Hills, and on over the Forest by Greenhill to Charnwood Lodge, and thence to Ulverscroft, where they got amongst a lot of foxes and changed. The hunted fox was viewed crawling about in a farmyard, so beaten that he could have been picked up; but the hounds had gone on with another and a cold scent to Markfield, so it was too late, and this fine day's sport did not end with the blood so well deserved. On Wednesday, the 19th, they had a fast twenty-five minutes, from Masham's Osiers, with four inches of snow on the ground.

On Friday, the 21st, Shilton Station was the fixture, when of course every one went to Mr. Brooks' at Ansty Hall, and considering how he caters for them, the proceeding is little to be wondered at. There was a large field: the Earl of Denbigh, Lord Fielding, Lord Alexander Paget, Mr. and Hon. Mrs. Oakeley, Mr. Pole Shaw, Colonel Ruck Keene, Colonel Ewart, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Leith, Captain and Miss Townshend, Mr. Gerard Leigh, Major Jary, Mr. Gillespie-Stainton, Colonel and Miss Caldecott, Count Stockau, Mr. Rowland Beech, Mr. and Miss Brooks, Captain Riddell, Mr. Algernon Legard, Captain Atkinson, Mrs. Stanbridge, Mr. Walter Brown, Mr. Tinsley, Mr. Nuttall, Colonel Rattray, Captain Hunter, Captain Unett, Mr. Schwabe, Mr. Sheil, Mr. W. N. Heysham, Mr. A. Benn, &c., &c. They ran fast from Wolvey towards Shilton, on by Barnacle, and to ground in the railway near Bulkington Station. Sam Hayes also went to ground with his horse in a deep ditch at Copston Gorse, which was drawn next, some said, to avoid the shower of snowballs flying about, and the steed was only rescued by a large expenditure of spade husbandry. They found and ran to Newham Plantations, then turned above Monks' Kirby and crossed the deep country to Withybrook at a fair pace; on to Wolvey Gorse, and back to Copston across the road, where he almost jumped into the wheel-barrow of a disciple of Macadam, which, of course,

turned him, and he went away toward Wibtoft; but the snow was too deep to do much. However, they brought him back over Watling Street to the left of High Cross, and on for Sharnford, where scent failed. No more good was done that day. Next day they, for a wonder, had a good run from Binley, showing that very bad countries will afford very good sport at times. A grey old fox took them from Binley Common over the Coventry road and the race-course down to the brook. Running parallel with it, they crossed the Rugby and Coventry line, and going from hunting to racing, rattled by Willenhall House, where a rasper thinned the field, and down to the river Avon, which he did not cross, but turned for Chantrey Heath, went to the right of it, and down for Stoneleigh, where he was run into after a rattling gallop of forty minutes.

The next date in our diary is with the North Warwickshire at Bilton, on Thursday, the 27th, when there was a deep snow at Leamington and none near Rugby, so that men sat and wondered why tarried the wheels of the chariot, that is the special which generally brings the pack to these meets, knowing not the state of affairs a few miles off. At length they came, and except that men fell about, and a good deal of soil changed ownership, there is little to record.—N. B. The weather caused necessary alterations in drains and ditches, and where men expected a safe passage, there was often a great gulf fixed. The Warwickshire did better from Shuckburgh, as they had a rattling ring from Calcot Bushes toward Ladbroke, then for Napton on to Shuckburgh, and back to Calcot, where he beat them. The country grand, and the fences raspers, Lord Willoughby, Lord Camperdown, Captain Taylor, and Mr. Muntz *on dit* to the front. They then took a big red fox from Debdale by Birdingbury, along Frankton Hill to Princethorpe and Frankton Wood, so the two packs were nearly close together, and some even heard both at once, but this is no unusual thing in this neighbourhood.

On Friday, the 28th, the Atherstone had a curious day from Coton House, taking a twisting fox for half-a-dozen miles into the Pytchley country to ground at South Kilworth. They had a nice gallop afterwards from Twelve Acres, but not worth going into detail. To finish with, a fox crossed the road just before them, and was soon raced into. No doubt he was a disturbed one, as he was quite stiff when picked up.

On Tuesday, March the 4th, the North Warwickshire gave great contentment to such as met them at the Bull and Butcher, Ryton, though it is voted a bad meet and slow to go there. Nevertheless a good many did go, glad to hunt when and where they could in such an uncertain season. Avoiding the big woods, they made a raid on Wilcox Gorse, one of the best and surest finds in this or any other country. Here there was a dog and a vixen, and unfortunately they got on the latter and ran her over a queer country by Fulham Wood to Lawford, back to Fulham, and on to Lines Spinney, where she fortunately beat them. Those who like to jump had a glorious opportunity in this run, and a man might have got into almost bottom-

less ditches twenty times between the start and the finish. A strange incident occurred here. In the gorse Walter Dale came down and lost his horse, and of course supposed he had run away, as the bridle came off. Not so, however, for going through the covert to find the second horseman, a gentleman discovered him fast in a ditch amongst the gorse, into which he had fallen with the bridle beneath his belly, so it's no wonder he was never seen. It is just possible he might have stayed there until he was eaten by foxes as a piece of retributive justice, had they not chanced on him as they did.

On Saturday, March the 8th, the Atherstone had a very fine run from Arbury, the points being Kent's Gorse, where a fox was away ere Castleman had scarcely given them a cheer, Prettyfield Wood, and Firtree Gorse, beyond which they checked in some new-dressed land. Castleman held them over the Corley Road, and picked up the line, ran the valley to Cees Pool; then back to Lady Wood and Astley Tunnel, where he was almost in view, by Ansley Village as hard as they could go, and down into Birchley Heath; passed White Hart and Bentley Wood on the right, and scarcely touched Moor Wood and Purley Park, hounds fast running away from the horses. Here Castleman's horse hit some rails with a boggy, taking off so hard that he came down and rolled over him, knocking him out of time. At the Round Hill canal bridge Sam Hayes was alone with the hounds, and saw the fox not a hundred yards before them, very justly expecting a kill in the open every minute. However he struggled on, and had strength enough to jump the wall into Merivale Park, where the hounds had to be taken to the gate, which was three minutes in his favour. They soon picked it up, and ran across the park to the right of the hall, and over Mr. Pearman's land, crossing the colliery tram and Watling Street, above the Whittington crossing; thence to Grendon, and recrossed the line opposite the Hall, on up the hill by Mrs. Adcock's, near to the Cockspur Inn, where he turned to Watling Street at Hall End, then for Wilmcote and back to Pilesworth, crossed the Tamworth road, and beat them within a field of Alvecote Wood. A thirteen-mile point, and as hounds ran quite eighteen miles—time, two hours and twenty minutes—only five lived through to the end: Sam Hayes, Colonel Ruck Keene, Mr. J. H. Townshend, jun., Mr. and Hon. Mrs. Oakeley. There were two foxes before them between Hall End and Wilmcote, and no doubt they changed, as they never carried a head afterwards. With a kill it would have been perfect.

On Monday, March the 11th, they scored another capital day from Kirkby, near Leicester, and Castleman, notwithstanding his heavy fall on the Saturday, was able to once more take the horn. The fun commenced at Normanton Fox Covert, where they found a brace, and very soon another jumped out of a hedge before the tail hounds, which hindered, and they could only hunt slowly on to Enderby, then turned to Braunstone Spinney, and checked at a small fir covert. A halloo told them he was back, but they could not run him. An interlude with a vixen followed, and, having saved her,

they drew Normanton Wood, away into the osiers, and round by Stapleton village to Earl Shilton, but being headed, turned back to within a field or Kirkby Wood, then threaded the brook up to the Earl Shilton road, ran the long spinney, and on for Normanton Fox Covert. From here he took a straight line to Enderby, turned at the Leicester road, through Braunstone Spinnies, and to ground in the railway, after a good hour. Distance, twelve or thirteen miles.

The 18th found the North Warwickshire once more at Hillmorton, the principal incidents to record being that the weather was absolutely fine and mild, the covert fuller of foxes than usual even, and the field enormous, even for this country. The George was full, and Walker's overflowing. What was our surprise to see cheery, genial Captain Middleton turn up at the fixture, although he had piloted the Empress of Austria with the Wards the previous day. Verily, hard work does not hurt him. Then there was Mr. Victor Haig, from Fife, who had also travelled through the night to be there, and Will Goodall was looking on to see how they managed things on the opposition side of the Old Street Road. Altogether eighty horses came to Rugby by train, and were got off in good time. The first fox did little more than induce people to jump the brook. With a second they did the same, and then went away for Clifton and Upper Hillmorton, crossed the road by Cook's Covert, and going down into the fine vale again, went over the canal to Kilsby, where it was said he went to ground in a drain—a nice little spin and fine line. Found again in Bilton Grange, ran to Bunker's Hill, on to Lester's Piece, and by Mr. Line's house at Thurlaston, and on to Causton, where they stayed some time. Another merry little bit.

On Monday, the 17th, the Atherstone had a good day from Carlton. Found in Osbaston Gorse, fast to Barton-in-the-Beans, through Nailstone Gorse, and on for Odstone; then to Ibstock, where he played all kinds of pranks, climbing houses, looking down chimneys, &c. However, he managed to get a good start, and took them on at a rattling pace by Shackerstone Station, and along the line to ground near Snarestone, was bolted, ran to Shackerstone village on to Newton Regis, turned back, and was run into close to his old quarters in the drain. Time, two hours and twenty minutes.

On Friday, the 21st, they met at Newnham Paddox, and a large field met them, amongst them Mr. and Hon. Mrs. Oakeley, their son, and Lord Kenyon, from Eton; General Phillips, Mr. Pole Shaw, Lord Denbigh, Lord Fielding, Colonel and Mrs. Ruck-Keene, Captain and Lady Evelyn Riddell, Captain Townshend, jun., Mr. F. L. Wedge, Mr. Payler, Mr. Heysham, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie-Stainton, &c. It was a beautiful find and fair sport, but more of the character to interest those who like to see hounds work than hard riders, so perhaps we had better spare our readers the details.

The Atherstone, on Friday, March 28th, were at the Three Pits, and the Marquis of Worcester, who had been hunting the Duke's

hounds the evening before until a quarter-past seven, was out, but as bad luck would have it, the sport was scarcely of a nature to reward him for the exertions he made to get there. That day week found them at Brinklow, where they had two or three nice little spins, the best being twenty minutes, fast, from Highwood nearly to Anstey Hall.

On Monday, April 7th, they were at Barton-in-the-Beans, and had a good run with an afternoon fox from Bosworth, going fast to Carlton; then hunted him slowly over Congerstone Fields through Orange Hill to Shackerstone Station. Being headed, he went to Congerstone Gorse, and getting on terms, they rattled him very fast over the pastures by Odstone Hall to within a field of Nailstone Gorse, and thence by Barton-in-the-Beans to Nailstone village, where he beat them after a capital fifty minutes.

On April 5th the North Warwickshire met at the Boot Inn, Honily, and in the afternoon got on a fox at Pons Wood, who took them through Blackhill, Kenilworth Chase, Long Meadow, Bough Close, and Birchley Hayes, beyond which they killed him in the Atherstone country, after a fine hunting run of at least twelve miles from point to point.

So ends our record of the Atherstone and North Warwickshire doings, and we think our readers will agree with us that, considering the season, a very fair amount of good runs have been scored by each. We will now conclude with the performances of the Billesdon, which we have purposely kept separate and placed last in order that a more distinct understanding of the sport they have shown may be arrived at.

We must go back for our first instalment to Wednesday, the 18th of January, the day the Pytchley got out under difficulties at Crick, when Sir Bache Cunard, by hook or by crook, let all know that he would take his hounds to the sixth mile-stone on the Welford road, and as much damage had been done in the neighbourhood of Whetstone Gorse, he determined to inflict the long trot there on his field rather than not disturb them, a spirit which may well endear him to the farmers. Strange to say, the plunderers were not to be found, although Summers drew all round carefully. They then went to Ashby and found, but never really got on terms with their fox, and lost him near Peatling. Wistow was then drawn, when they found and got away over the plough, giving hounds a chance, as scent served them; then, getting on the grass, they ran over a pretty bit of country to Shearsby, where they came to cold hunting, but managed to hold on by Bruntingthorpe and accounted for him at Peatling. On Monday, the 20th, there being snow enough, they ran a trial heat, as it were, at Allextion Wood, and on Thursday, the 23rd, took thirty couple of hounds to Keythorpe Wood at 12 o'clock. Master and men were by no means left alone to enjoy a gallop in the clear crisp air, for Miss Cunard, Mrs. Arthur, Miss Studd, and Miss Braithwaite represented the fair sex, while the Messrs. Gosling, Baillie, Rev. F. Thorpe, D. Cave, Mr. Tailby, and Messrs. Hay,

Hildebrand, Douglas, Marshall, Braithwaite, Kendall, Grimsdick, &c., &c., were amongst the gentlemen present. A death in Vowe's Gorse, and another away at the same moment, left little time for ceremony, and away they streamed by Keythorpe and across the park to Keythorpe Wood, then over the open to Goadby, and crossed the brook to Noseley, where the curtain dropped, not on a tragedy, but nevertheless a merry little spin. A little more was done, then home, the comforts of a good dinner and good fire being all the more enjoyable for a ride in the snow.

On February 6th they had a very cheery day from Langton Hall, the morning slippery, but many ladies out from the Harborough hunt ball over night. Some good rings, with plenty of big fencing, served to keep all amused until it was time to go home.

On Monday, the 10th, at Laughton; country deep and fair day's sport, but not worth details. A tremendous field out; strangers from all quarters.

On Thursday, the 13th, they scored a clipper from Langton Caudle, and raced by Stanton Wood over the brook to Noseley, then by Goadby to Keythorpe, where he beat them.

On Monday, the 17th, at Shearsby; a large field out, in spite of a heavy snowstorm, amongst them the Misses Mackenzie, Mrs. Jones, Miss Davy, Captain Barclay, Captain Riddell, Hon. Alan Pennington, &c., &c. After a timely exertion of authority on the part of Sir Bache Cunard, they got away over an inclosed arable country with small practicable fences, ran their fox into the Atherstone country, and to ground about two miles from Dunton, at the end of forty minutes. Some said it was a pleasant change from the Homeric kind of thing they had been accustomed to. They afterwards had two rings from Wistow.

On Thursday, the 20th, at Ilston. Found a second fox in Glen Gorse, away by Oadby, to Stoughton, turned down-wind by Shilton and Glen Oaks, where fresh foxes caused a check, got right, and over the brook at Burton Overy, and then away over the Carlton Brook by Kibworth, where a snow-storm beat them; time, an hour and twenty minutes.

On Monday, March 3rd, they met at Foxton. Found at Bosworth, and ran fast by Mr. Mill's house, to Theddingworth, over the Hothorpe and Marston Hills to Lubenham, by the right of Market Harborough for Waterloo Gorse, then by Farndon to Clipston. Horses all dead beat, and it seemed as if hounds never would stop.

On Thursday, March 6th, they met at Major Bethune's house at Burton Overy, when a very large field was present, amongst them the Master, Sir Bache Cunard, Mr. and Miss Cunard, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Hope, Sir Henry and Lady Halford, Lord Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Tailby, Sir John Rae Reid, Mr. Foster, Mrs. Whitmore, Major Baillie, Mr. and Mrs. Bigge, Mr. and Mr. F. B. Simson, of Glen; Rev. F. and Mrs. Thorp, Mr. Hildebrand, Mr. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Douglass, Major Bethune, Mr. Laing, M.P., Mr. and Mrs.

Edward Kennard, Miss Aspinall, Colonel and the Misses Gosling, Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, Colonel and Mrs. Arthur, Mr. and the Misses Mackenzie, Mr. Block, Captain Laing, Miss Davey, Dr. Crane, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, Captain Cuthbert, Mr. and Miss Clark, of Rolleston, Mr. Alexander Barclay, M.P., of Scraftoft, Hon. Alan Pennington, Mr. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Hungerford, Mr. Bromley, Mr. Pigott, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Braithwaite, Mr. George Colman, Mr. Cavendish, Mr. Perkins, Mr. White, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Steward, Mr. Herman Gebhardt, Mr. Thomas Gebhardt, Mr. Underwood, Mr. Norman, Mr. and Mrs. Grimsdick, Mr. Tom Miles, Mr. Clark, Mr. Gleadow, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. and Miss Oldacre, &c., &c. Not less than two hundred horses, such as are rarely seen got together in any hunt, must have been assembled, and there was a large concourse of carriages full of ladies, while the day was so fine that it seemed determined to do honour to the occasion. The first move was made to the far-famed Glen Gorse, where they found as usual, and went away fast down to the brook, thence leftwards by Great Stretton towards Stoughton, where scent failed, as the sun was very hot, and no doubt the fox doubled back, which, in the face of such a field, was fatal. In Norton Gorse they found a rare good fox, who led them over the fine grass line by Norton village at a racing pace, the large hundred-acre pastures giving the well-bred ones a chance of striding away to the front. Turning a little to the right, they crossed the Carlton Brook, and on to Kibworth without a check. Distance, five and a quarter miles; time, twenty-five minutes. Here he ran the buildings, and getting round to the spinney near the Rev. W. Osborne's house, was killed. This was allowed by all the first flight to be one of the finest runs they ever rode; the line was simply perfection. Of course falls were numerous, and Mr. Braithwaite, the hardest one-armed man in England, was badly shaken; Mr. Clark's horse also rolled over him. The day was finished by a gallop from Sheethornes towards the Laughtons.

On Friday, April 4th, these hounds had a bye-day at Carlton Hall. They drew Norton Gorse, and found a brace, Summers luckily getting on the right one; ran him very fast by Billesdon Coplow, then turned to the right over the fine line by Skeffington to Rolleston, hounds hunting in a way that few packs could do under a warm spring sun. There are only a few jottings connected with the Billesdon Hunt, as their sport has not come so immediately under our notice as some other packs, and we do not care to record runs at second hand; but we venture to think quite enough has been said to show that neither hounds or country have lost aught of their ancient *prestige* in the hands of Sir Bache Cunard. He is deservedly popular with all classes, as he has done the thing in first-rate style, and in Richard Summers has a huntsman worthy to hold his own with any of his renowned predecessors.

We now turn to a subject which all interested in fox-hunting must think of with regret—the melancholy dispute as to who shall

hunt the country, which is at present in the hands of Sir Bache Cunard, but is claimed by the Quorn. We have put off any notice of it until the last moment in the hope that an amicable arrangement would have been arrived at ere our time was come for going to press ; but at the present writing no such good news has reached us. With nothing but the best interests of sport in view, we would warn those who are carrying this dispute through to the bitter end, that by fighting for rights which can, under the circumstances, never be carried out, they are doing incalculable mischief to the sport they want to uphold. Leicestershire has always been looked up to as the capital of the chase, and if schisms arise here, and things go to extremities, the disaffected are sure to take advantage of it all over England, and, quoting what is there done as a precedent, cause all kinds of vexation and annoyance. Far too much has already been written on the subject, and we have no wish to add one brand to the already smouldering heap, but we would solemnly warn those interested that there is one agent in the case they must take into account, and that is the small freeholder and tenant farmer. It is well to remember that the latter is a very different class of man now to what he was fifty years ago (which some writers seem to ignore or forget), and that if he is to find land for others to ride over, he will have his voice in the matter of who is to ride over it. In these days, with land going begging at any price, and farm after farm thrown on landlords' hands, no fear of eviction would stare him in the face, even were he less independent than he really is. But the old race is fast going or gone, and land now is held by men of intelligence and capital, who will be dictated to by no one, and in such a dispute as the present it is worse than blindness to ignore this. It is an admitted fact that hunting exists on sufferance, and it must not for one moment be thought that it is tolerated by farmers from any fear of their landlords. We may divide them into three classes : first, those who hunt themselves ; secondly (a class much to be admired), those who do not hunt, but still give every facility to those who enjoy the sport, and they are, happily, a very powerful body ; the third are those who do not hunt and desire to prevent others ; this class is kept in order by the desire to continue on good terms with their fellow-farmers. Let us ask, What would be the effect of losing the support of the second class ? It is well known that in Leicestershire all estates are intersected by *small freeholds*, and it is a fact that in most of the coverts on only one or two sides does the adjoining land belong to the owner of the covert. This is a most important fact in the case ; for instance, the celebrated covert John Ball belongs to Mr. J. T. Mills, but the land on two sides of it belongs to a man opposed to the Quorn, and who will not have them on his land. Very probably neither Masters, committee-men, or half those who hunt, know this ; but such is the case here, and in many instances. It is enough for the greater part of those who hunt that they are riding over a country, whether it belongs to a squire or a farmer they don't stop to inquire ; neither

are they very inquisitive as to the fact of whether it is wheat, swedes, or winter beans that come in their way. This last season, we know, an eager crowd was thrusting for a gate, to pass directly over across a field of winter beans just coming up. A hunting farmer was fortunate enough to shut the gate, and of course got a good share of abuse, as these bruisers had to jump a very small fence out of the field; but nevertheless he was doing them individually and the cause generally good service.

When we consider all these facts we feel sure we are right in advocating the holding out the olive branch and coming to some amicable arrangement. Boodle's can decide to whom a country belongs, but can its members say that any number of individuals shall have their land ridden over against their will? Can they stop actions for trespass? Can they cause wire to be removed, and prevent gates being locked and the hinges turned down? Can they prevent foxes being killed?

These are plain questions, perhaps unpleasant ones, but they are questions that will have to be met and solved, unless some compromise is effected; and seeing and feeling this, we hope, in the true interests of sport, such a solution will be arrived at. If it is not, we fear, to use the words of one interested, fox-hunting is over in South Leicestershire now and for ever.

THE REVIVAL OF THE BOXHILL COACH.

THERE are few things more pleasant than to revive old associations, even if they are under slightly altered circumstances. The sound of a long-remembered tune, the revisiting a well-known scene, the sight of book or letter, perhaps forgotten, are sources of delight to those who have a fond remembrance of past enjoyment. And what true sportsman has not? His, if any one's, is indeed a life of anticipation and retrospection. The hours devoted to actual sport are few, compared with those spent in preparation, and are often beset with difficulties which, by the knowledge of their being surmounted, enhance the pleasure of thinking over what is past.

How truly does Moore say—

‘When time, who steals our hours away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.’

For a long time the Boxhill Coach, to those who had been taught to look upon it as the *ne plus ultra* of Road work, while in the hands of the late Mr. W. H. Cooper, was but a memory—a pleasant one truly—of how a road should be worked, a coach horsed and driven, what proprietor and professional should be; and many of them began almost to despair of its ever being aught but a memory.

We will not now refer to the sad scene near Boxhill in 1875, which virtually deprived the road of its greatest ornament ; neither need we here linger over the last farewells at Stoke d'Abernon church (is not its glorious west window 'dedicated by many friends' an abiding memorial?). Our theme is the present, the revival of the Boxhill Coach.

The story is soon told as to how it came about. Mr. Cooper had always intended to resume work, whenever his health permitted ; that time, as we know too well, never came. During the interval his professional, Hubble, had been in the service of Mr. Seager Hunt, a relative of Mr. A. G. Scott's, who was, as all the readers of 'Baily' must be aware, the 'Fidus Achates' of Mr. Chandos Pole, Sir Henry de Bathe, and Mr. W. H. Cooper, acting most energetically, and with complete success, as Hon. Sec. to each when working the Brighton, the Dorking, and Boxhill coaches. Upon Mr. Cooper's decease early in last year, Mr. Hunt, after taking counsel with Mr. Scott, determined to revive the coach, postponing the opening day, however, until the latter part of May (the Queen's Birthday), out of respect to Mr. Cooper's memory. In the meantime we should say that Mr. Praed and Mr. Brand, who had worked the road during a part of the interval, had retired ; thus it was perfectly open. In the spring of 1878, when some considerable preparations had been made, Lord Castlereagh and a noble friend, having arranged with Mr. Sheather, of Devonshire Mews, to put on the High Wycombe Coach, which had not run since Mr. John Eden's death, finding Dorking a more convenient distance application was made to Mr. Hunt with the view of altering their coach's destination for the summer ; he, finding Mr. Sheather was prepared for an immediate start, whilst he was not, courteously withdrew, with the most distinct understanding (in writing, we believe) that he did not thereby resign his right to the road, but would commence running his coach in the autumn when the other was taken off if he then felt indisposed to wait until the following (this) spring. We should perhaps mention that we have heard Mr. Scott considers there is room on the road for both coaches.

Meanwhile Ventham, of Leatherhead, who had built for Mr. W. H. Cooper, was commissioned to supply a coach on that gentleman's pattern, so that the interval was really turned to very good account, and the delay made a source of attaining greater perfection. Colonel Stracey-Clitherow had also commissioned Ventham to build him a coach, well knowing that there was no firm in England better able to turn out the correct thing, as its head had studied under the celebrated Jones, of Southampton. Some time during this interval Mr. Hunt, Sir Henry de Bathe, and Lord Arthur Somerset, who had undertaken the venture between them, determined that it would be advisable to have a second coach, so that there might be constant supervision by the builder, who lived on the road, as well as no excuse under any circumstances for not starting on the homeward journey with a clean coach. Colonel Stracey-Clitherow very kindly consented

to resign the one in course of construction for him, and await the building of another. Thus they found themselves with two coaches perfect in construction, and, with a trifling exception, exact models of each other. The colour is primrose, with red undercarriage, which is as neat as anything can be, and was selected by Mr. W. H. Cooper himself. From personal experience we can say that they follow easily and smoothly, which causes a considerably less strain on the teams than there otherwise must be; that they have been built very much on the lines of Wright's old mails, and are in weight 20 cwt. and 20½ cwt. They look exceedingly strong and substantial, with perhaps a somewhat heavy appearance about the wheels, &c., but examination shows that it is look only, and that the use of iron has been as much as possible avoided, strength having been secured without it, and we doubt if any lighter stage-coach will be found running from Hatchett's this summer. Speaking of Wright's mails, a friend not long ago wrote to us saying: 'Side by side in a coach-house here stand two coaches, 'one built by Wright, the other by ——' (a London firm of some repute whose name we will suppress); 'the former 18 cwt., 'the latter said to be 23 cwt., but it looks to me heavier. I've 'been taking measurements, and results are in every respect favourable to the old builder. We drove the same team thirty miles 'on Tuesday and twenty-one on Wednesday in front of Wright's 'coach, which was loaded, and carried her load well. The other 'coach would soon kill the horses with such work.' Yet it has been asserted in a public print that the Boxhill coaches, known to resemble Wright's very closely, 'are not road coaches at all.' We may ask *en passant*, Who ever saw a coach used anywhere but on a road? Well, enough of this childish folly. Standing on the steps at Hatchett's will give never a man an insight into coaching, so we may dismiss it as ignorance pure and simple, and turn to a pleasanter theme, the commencement of the season.

The week which ended with Saturday, the 29th of March, had been an unusually severe and uncongenial one; happily there was an agreeable change in the temperature on the said Saturday, a day which had been long looked forward to by all real lovers of the Road, as upon it a revival had been promised of the famed and unrivalled 'Cooper's Coach.' On arriving at Hatchett's, shortly after ten, the number of people already assembled betokened something unusual; and, as the hour drew on, their number increased very sensibly, until when, at twenty minutes past, the coach was seen approaching from the stables, the footway had become impassable. Amongst those present we noticed the builders, Messrs. Ventham, of Leatherhead, and from the smile on their faces *they* were not ashamed of their handiwork. The coach, drawn by four greys, was driven to the Cellars by Mr. F. S. Hunt, the senior proprietor; on the box-seat was his brother-in-law (Mr. Scott), whilst Benjamin Hubble, who had been so long identified with the coach of which this presumed to be a revival, was behind. Of the team, perhaps the best-

looking one of a wonderfully good-looking lot was the off leader, a nearly white horse; they were, however, so 'taking' that we cannot stop to particularise. The harness was new, and a coach-harness, just the harness fit for its work, with not too much brass, but sufficient show for an end stage or London ground. Each horse's head had some primroses, and, glancing from them to the coach, we were struck with the similarity—the body was what it professed to be, not simply a yellow, but a good old-fashioned primrose.

Punctually as the hand of the clock pointed to the half-hour, we started, the road and both sides of the way being by this time blocked, reminding one of the scenes on a May-day a few years ago, when crowds were drawn to Piccadilly to see the coaches start. Proceeding down Regent Street to Charing Cross, and so to Westminster, and over the bridge, along the Embankment, Lambeth Road, Larkhall Lane, Clapham Common, and Balham, on arriving at Tooting Corner we turned to the left, taking the road to Mitcham, instead of as heretofore proceeding *vid* Merton Road. After Figges Marsh had been passed, we pulled up at a wonderfully old-fashioned place for our first change, which we learned was the Manor House. The lord of the manor was there to receive us, with several ladies. He joined our party, and went with us to Boxhill. The change was effected at the large yard adjoining the Manor House. Getting down, and having a minute to spare, we entered a stable on the right, where were twelve stalls, at the end a good-sized harness-room, with a loft the whole length over. Mr. Bridger (the lord of the manor) had placed the whole at the service of the proprietary, with a liberality, unhappily, rare in these degenerate days. The surroundings were so picturesque, and the 'change' so unique, it would have delighted the heart of a Henderson, and insured it the immortality of his wondrous brush.

The team put on was composed of big horses, and we very soon became sensible of the length of their stride by the way the coach travelled—it is due to the said coach to say it required very little to make it travel, for it followed wonderfully, and to these big horses it appeared more a pleasure than a toil). Lower Mitcham was reached under a mile; the season was too early, and the weather too adverse, for us to expect to see any cricket on the green, but at the public-house opposite we recognised Southerton, the celebrated slow bowler, who had come to the door, accompanied by his customers, to see us pass. All through Mitcham we were led to believe we were people of importance, for the street was almost lined with the inhabitants. Every shop-door appeared to have its occupant, whilst the public-houses turned out *en masse*, and certainly the greeting was most enthusiastic and hearty.

At Mitcham Station we turned to the right, and passed on the right the grounds of Morden Hall, with the deer feeding in the distance. The road winding to the left took us through Morden village and out at the George, where we were once more on the old route. The detour adds a long half-mile to the distance, but it has attractions

which makes the variation in the route far pleasanter than dull, dreary Merton, let alone the fact that the drainage works have taken possession of a considerable portion of that road, and are likely to occupy the ground all through the summer (an accidental discovery of Mr. Scott's, but a very happy one, for, in addition, whilst the stables at the King's Head, Merton, are good, those of the 'Manor House' are better, and gratis; and further, the 'Public,' with its attendant delays, is avoided).

Epsom 12.14, says the card (and a good card, for it gives the distances, as did Patterson and Carey in their 'Book of Roads'), and at 12.15 (one minute late) we are in Epsom, where a hearty reception awaits us. The 'change' is, of course, at the Marquis of Granby, which possesses splendid stabling—some of the best, if not the best, in the town—whilst the landlord takes as much interest in the welfare of the horses as if they were his own. We should like to see the helper who would venture to sell the corn where William Bentley was landlord; and we would give something to get out of his shoes were we a helper, and had turned out a dirty horse, for be sure 'he wouldn't forget to tell us of it.'

Two chesnuts at lead, with a bay and brown at wheel, and General Sir H. De Bathe on the 'bench' (we should have mentioned Hubble drove from Mitcham to Epsom), we were off once more over Epsom Common, past glorious Ashstead Park, through the village of that name on to Leatherhead, to pull up at the Swan, where once more a hearty welcome awaited us; and then, after two minutes' lingering, on again through the valley of the Mole, passing the stables where poor Mr. Cooper's small racing stud stood, through Mickleham village, with its pretty church, said to be one of the most interesting in the county of Surrey; and then Juniper Hall warns us our destination is not far off, and at 1 o'clock we pull up at Burford Bridge, only regretting that the 2½ hours allowed for the 23½ or 24 miles have passed so rapidly.

Here we find the second coach, apparently in every way similar to the one we have travelled by—on examination, we detect a slight difference in the hind boot, that one is deeper than the other, and that is all—verily twins, in appearance as in age, for both are new, and both expressly for this service. By having two coaches, the desired daily inspection by the builders is assured, as also a clean coach for the return journey. A look round the stables, and then, a merry party indeed, we sat down to luncheon, and many was the good story told; yet now and again the mirth was stayed when one or another of those present who had been interested in the coaching revival from its birth referred to this or that great one who had departed—a Chandos Pole and a Cooper—two men whose names must for ever glisten on the page of coaching history, Gamaliels at whose feet one at least had listened and learned. Verily he was looked up to and respected as the veteran of the party, although, with perhaps a solitary exception, he must have been the youngest at the table. The room we were in, and which has been allotted

for the 'coach luncheon,' has a history. Originally built for the great Nelson, he loved to style it his Banqueting Hall. Its windows open out on to a garden of singular beauty, and on to a scene of loveliness pen fails to describe. The place was a favourite resort of Lord Nelson's some eighty years ago, and here John Keats lodged when composing his 'Endymion.' Our party included two only of the proprietors, viz., Mr. F. Seager Hunt and General Sir H. P. De Bathe, their partner, Lord Arthur Somerset, having been unavoidably detained at Badminton, so we lost the treat of seeing him drive—yet another of his race who is destined, indeed, for 'four-in-hand fame.'

At 4 o'clock we started on our homeward journey, one only of the team which had brought us from Epsom returning. The stage is 7 miles in length, and here, as elsewhere, is the wholesome rule of a horse a mile (*i.e.*, double mile), so seven horses are kept over this ground. We pulled up at the Swan for the stated two minutes, and then on to Epsom, where a big team awaited us—and, in all our experience, we don't remember a finer specimen of coaching than over this ground. We sailed away, as it were, without apparent effort, every horse trotting, and when the Manor House was reached, a reference to a watch showed we had only been 41 minutes doing the 8 miles, or, at the rate of 12 miles per hour. A little behind at leaving Epsom, we had not only caught up the lost time, but had a couple of minutes to spare.

For our change into London, instead of the grey team of the morning we found a mixed team, recognising in the off leader the well-known chesnut gelding Harkaway, who looked very fit, and certainly travelled as well as ever he did, a perfect leader, going as straight as if he were between the shafts. His partner, a bay of great power and substance, with white heels and somewhat of a rat tail—the whole lot were remarkably good-looking, and, at the same time, essentially coach-horses, a faster team, we should imagine, by about 5 minutes than the greys of the morning. Here, at the Manor House, awaiting our arrival, we found Captain Hargreaves, of Portsmouth coach celebrity, with his drag. The team before him being due at Aldridge's in the following week, he followed us into London.

At Tooting Corner another drag awaited us, that of Mr. Cox, the horse-dealer of Stamford Street; he, too, fell in behind, the three coaches creating somewhat of a sensation as we drove along. Punctually to the minute we pulled up at Hatchett's at the time appointed, viz., half-past 6, and the crowd awaiting our arrival was very much like the one which had seen us off, except we noticed the absence of the ladies who had smiled on our start. Hubble succeeded Sir H. De Bathe on the box over the last stage. We forgot to note that standing in the doorway of the hotel in the morning (and he had come, we know, on purpose to see us off, a business engagement alone preventing him having come down to Boxhill, as he had wished) was Mr. Chandos Pole-Gell, the brother of the late Squire, and at one time a partner with him in the Brighton

Coach. This is worth recording, as his presence was such a reminder of old times.

The Road is divided into three stages: The first, London to Mitcham, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 54 minutes; the second, Mitcham to Epsom, 8 miles, 46 minutes; the third, Epsom to Burford Bridge, 7 miles, 42 minutes. The fares outside are calculated at $2\frac{1}{4}d.$ per mile (the standard adopted by the Brighton and Dorking coaches a few years ago), and half-price only is charged for an inside place. There are exceptions even to the above moderate rate of $2\frac{1}{4}d.$ per mile in favour of the public, which are fully set forth on the card; and the 'whole coach' can be secured by a payment of 6 guineas, and, we anticipate, when known this piece of liberality will be extensively taken advantage of.

From first to last the model has been 'Cooper's Coach.' Mr. Scott, although long since retired from taking any active part in Road matters (he was in harness for the last time in 1875, and withdrew when his friend Mr. Cooper did), has advised, and planned, and made all the arrangements. The ties of kindred, and the thought that in reviving this coach yet another memorial was raised to Mr. Cooper's worth, and yet another witness to his knowledge and ability in Road matters, was the incentive; and the result yet another triumph for the pastime—yet another illustration of the power and attractiveness of sport.

Hubble is the professional, both before and behind. He will, we anticipate, be comparatively rarely seen in front, as one of the proprietors is almost always certain to be present, and they have every one of them keen appetites for driving. Hubble has been Mr. Hunt's servant since the early part of 1876, and is only lent, as it were, to the coach, for he remains Mr. Hunt's private servant still—a capital man on the 'bench,' and withal respectful and respectable.

While speaking of those connected with this coach, we must not forget Mr. Samuel Barton of Epsom, who forages the horses, and does it most liberally, the allowance per horse per week being 3 bushels of 40 lb. oats, 1 peck white peas, 1 truss meadow hay mixed with 2 bushels first cut clover-hay and 2 bushels of bright wheat straw. The latter was added by the late Mr. Cooper's advice. Now our task is done, the opening day is recorded and the tale told, yet fain would we linger a while over other journeys we have had, were it not for fear of wearying our readers by treading the same ground again. We could tell how the coach has been taken up and patronised by people of all classes along the road; how gentlemen go to meet it for the sake of a drive, walking or driving to Boxhill for luncheon and a ride back; how the townspeople and villagers avail themselves of the lowered inside fares to go from place to place. How many parties have again and again thrice-told taken advantage of the six-guinea charge for the whole coach, to make a merry outing for their friends, and picnic within doors under the shade of mighty Boxhill and within stone-throw of the slow-flowing Mole. We could have much to say concerning changes in the teams, as experience has shown that

one horse is more fitted for this place or stage, and another for that. We could tell of the geniality that pervades the whole thing; of the practised coachmanship of Sir Henry de Bathe, the promise shown by Mr. Hunt, who owns himself a pupil of Hubble's, and is moreover a pupil of whom Hubble may well be proud, for there is no denying his hands, and the way he can humour them; and last, not least, the fine driving of Lord Arthur Somerset, who does credit to the school in which he was brought up, for it is really a treat to sit and watch him send them along. We could tell all this and much more, but Mr. Baily's space is limited, and we must not, even on such a subject as this, exceed due bounds. We must reluctantly quit the theme, and, now summer weather and leafy June have arrived together at last, wish the revival every success, full waybills, pleasant passengers, and, above all, plenty of ladies to patronise, during the interval between luncheon and the start homewards, the new lawn-tennis ground which has been laid out at the Burford Bridge Hotel.

RACING IN RED-COATS.

RED-COAT racing is hardly a decade old in Ireland, but already the system has become very firmly established in the land of the shamrock, and a first-class hunt that did not wind up the season with a day's chasing, in which two red-coat races for 12 st. and 14 st. respectively balanced a brace of farmers' contests for medium and heavy weights, would be considered eccentric and lacking in spirit and 'go.' Thus, as surely as primroses gem the hedges with floral galaxies, and cowslips and daffodils paint the meadows with delight, so surely do Meath and Kildare send forth notices and invitations to their special friends and the general public to come to such and such a place, where, if riders and owners of horses, they will be attached to the chasing squadron forthwith; but if merely spectators and picnickers, they will be guaranteed an olla of sport, a pleasant reunion, and hospitality boundless and comprehensive.

As it is a popular axiom that nothing is so successful as success, and as the red-coat variety of chasing has won its way to fame and popularity, it might seem absurd in the chronicler of these events to gird at or criticise their operation, or to hint that luck or the chapter of accidents does become a very powerful factor in their decision, from the fact of the promoters and arbiters of these Olympian contests having thought fit to steer a medium course between a few flags and their total absence—from a defined course and marked obstacles to an uncontrolled progress made as rapidly as possible between two landmarks, after the fashion of the ancient steeplechases, when the title itself declares the method pursued. And yet, seeing that it rarely fortunes that in this loose and less exact mode of crossing a country where the orders to the riders are to turn round such and such a landmark (a spire, a clump of trees,

it may be in the distance, a hill, or a farm-house); or else, perhaps, to make the best of their way from such a point to such a tower or steeple some three or four miles off, a number of good men and horses are not seldom put out of the hunt altogether by the want of some all-important local and topographical knowledge which others possessed, and that no real decision as to the stoutness, speed, and jumping capacity of the horses engaged can be gained in many such cases; it might be wisdom to follow the track of our forbears, who began in their dark ages as we are doing now, but gradually worked into the better and safer way:

‘A little flagging is a dangerous thing,
Flag all before you send them on the wing.’

For pace in hunting is now so superior to what it was fifty years ago, that while a tumultuous rush over a wild country is naturally deemed very hazardous, and the contest sometimes, and not unfrequently, degenerates into following the local guide and pilot somewhat in Indian file, it seems obvious that a flagged track is the fairest for all parties, more especially for the stranger in the gate, who is invited to join the glad throng, and who can, perhaps, have acquired little more than an imperfect and superficial notion of the peculiarities of the country he is called on to cross *au grand galop* in the two or three dozen times he may have hunted with the county pack.

There is another alternative, which, if horses could be polled, would probably have their unanimous vote; and that is a drag hunt, such as is very popular in some of our southern and western counties; but here again local and topographical knowledge comes into play, and gives the *indigènes* a superiority which, though it may not be turned to account, is certainly an existing entity, and is more especially likely to come into play where a bold wild country abounds in such barriers as ravines, coombes, or little intercalations of moor and peat mosses, fair to the eye but deadly to *rapid*, or even sometimes to *safe*, progress. Of course there is an obvious and plausible answer to these animadversions, which is, that in hunting these difficulties of country are continually recurring, and that the red-coat race is meant to be a contest between hunters, and not steeplechase horses; but the ready rejoinder is, that in hunting the rate of speed is arbitrary; that in a difficulty you can get off and lead your horse over a dangerous drop or through moory ground; whereas here you cannot do so without extinguishing your chance of success; and that confidential, pleasant, patent safety hunters are not selected by their owners for these curious but pleasant contests.

Whether these criticisms are fair or not I leave the public to decide; but the Irish public have already decided by a most unanimous voice that, for a county reunion and for a bit of pleasant excitement which has a little admixture of the best features of Punchestown, the Fairy House, and the Grand Military, all combined, there is nothing comparable to a red-coat celebration.

As some little sign or token of their general appreciation and popularity, it may be mentioned here that when H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was among us he always entered his hunters for these friendly strifes, and, as a matter-of-fact, won two of them, while recently the Empress of Austria entered one of her hunters for the Meath Light-Weight Race. Who was the originator of these fanciful and friendly contests, it would be hard to say now. That the idea came from England is a fact; but we think on this side of the Channel that we have bettered the instructions which came to us from the wise men of the East. The popularity of red-coat races is, I think, much due to Captain Hartopp, who, while on the Viceregal Staff in Ireland, was a most liberal and active patron of all things connected with the sport of Kings, making Meath—known in the Emerald Isle as Royal Meath—his headquarters; and perhaps the most festive day's sport recollected in the Meath *ana* was when the red-coat races were held near Moynalty, under Captain Hartopp's special auspices, where he entertained an enormous section of Ireland's hunting population under canvas. Another most interesting day in this connection was two seasons ago, when H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught entered two of his hunters in the Light-Weight class, and one of them came in first; while another, ridden by his equerry, Captain Maurice Fitzgerald, when looking and going as well as anything in the race, got engulfed in a little bit of moory land, which looked good going, but was really as treacherous as a quicksand.

Major-General Fraser gave a fillip to last year's celebration by adding a piece of plate, called, from the name of his hunting-box, the Bective Cup, to the other prizes of the meeting, the weight to be carried being 15 stone apiece.

To come to this season's events, Meath held what is popularly called its carnival on the 26th of March, or about *mi-carême* time. The meeting was shorn of some of its glory by the sad events which cut short the Empress of Austria's sojourn among us, and the only visible token of the Kaiserin's visit to Meath's broad pastures and broad obstacles was in three *objets d'art*—gold-mounted whips, as handsome as art and bullion could make them, prizes for the winner in each class of the red-coat chases, and for the successful champion of the Farmer's heavy-weight contest. If a most spectacular gallery, a huge carriage company, and such good knight-hospitaliers as Major-General Fraser, with his artificially-heated marquee, and Mr. J. O. Trotter, the M.F.H., not to speak of the minor Amphitryons and Luculli of the scene, a boundless extent of grass, and some twenty odd well-mounted competitors, could insure good racing, Meath had it all in abundance; but, as a fact, though everything else was about perfect, the racing was tame to a degree, and, though the beginnings promised well, the finishes were miserable and straggling. The course was not well selected for either riders or onlookers, and local topography came so strongly into use, that these races decided little that was ambiguous before. The curious

thing was the fact of the 14-st. horse beating all the lighter weights with the utmost ease, Mr. Dunne's Fawn, 14 st., ridden by Mr. D. McGerr, beating Mr. G. Murphy's Kinnaird, 12 st., ridden by the owner.

Kildare has not the same choice of good country that nature has accorded to its conterminous county, and the choice is all the more limited by social considerations, for society and sport go hand-in-hand in this well-peopled territory. The feast is a movable one in Kildare, which is only fair to the many soldiers who hunt each winter with the county pack, and who are invited to join these sports; and certainly the two last arenas have not been free from great drawbacks. On the present occasion the selection of ground was more happy, and did not err on the side of leniency; for any hunter that could accomplish it deserves his title, and could probably compete successfully in any part of the world.

The meeting-place was at the well-known hunting tryst, the 18-mile stone, the date the 5th of April, and the tide of carriages led you in their vortex for Mulacash Hill, about two miles from Punchestown Stand, and Punchestown Gorse. From these grassy slopes the eye ranges over an elliptical stretch of vale, in the middle of which is a square bit of woodland known as Selliatt Bog. The Gothic gables of Gowran Grange peeping out of young plantations close it in on one side, the woods of Stonebrook and Mullaboden hem it in on the other. The Vale has been well drained, but the deep cuttings and the ditches, broader than usual in Kildare, point to the fact that not long ago the tract was moory and snipe-haunted.

The interest of the day centred in the race for the 12-st. red-coaters, and the light-weight farmers. For the former some fourteen came to the starting field, and the first obstacle was a bank and ditch of average size, with a few 'quicks' on its top. The Hon. A. Byng was first off, but the place he selected for jumping was about the largest, and not admired by his horse, who declined. All the others got over it fairly well. Then came another bank and ditch, with a deep drop calling for well-planted shoulders and sound fore legs; then a brace of small banks and ditches in and out of a laneway. After this, less crowded jumping and more galloping, a few red flags have to be passed to the left, coming home a white flag has to be borne on the right hand, and this in the interests of the riders, who, failing to do so, come to a chasm unjumpable, or almost unjumpable. Half a mile from home four horses were in a cluster. There are two fences decidedly large for a finish, and somewhat of Meath calibre; these four do them cleverly; and Mr. Percy La Touche's Gondola and Mr. W. B. Morris's Wild Norah II. came home locked together so closely that the judge alone, the Marquis of Drogheda, could place them—Gondola I, Wild Norah II. in the position assigned her by her title. The 14-st. class was small, and apparently, with one or two exceptions, of no very high merit, as Mr. Sherrard's mare Medusa cantered in the easiest of winners.

The Farmers' race for 11-st. competitors was run at great pace, and was very weeding in its effects. Kilmaglish, a nice compact

horse of Mr. FitzPatrick's, came in first, but was disqualified for going the wrong side of a flag, and the winner came from the slower and surer division. Altogether the Kildare races were thoroughly successful, a rural rehearsal of Punchestown, with some of the best features of that meeting. Westmeath inaugurated Red-coat races this year over a severe course, quite practicable to hunters of experience, but to such alone I hear. The Ward Union men, who, as a hunt, have the most suitable arena in Ireland for red-coat races, and the likeliest horses, prefer the humdrum sleepchase track, and contend annually in friendly rivalry on the Fairy House course.

The Limerick Red-coat meeting near Fedamore Hill was most successfully planned and carried out, and on the 30th ult. Galway followed suit literally over her best race-track, that of Knockbarron, close to Caragh's famous Gorse, and the principal event was won by a very promising rider and first-class all-round sportsman, Lord Clanmorris, after an animating contest.

THE COBHAM MENU.

WAIVING all introductory remarks, and leading our readers straight to their mutttons, we may merely premise, in dealing with the yearling collection at Cobham (to be disposed of 'according to 'ancient custom' on the Ascot Saturday), that the high standard of former years has been sustained in a fashion worthy of the reputation of the Stud Company, and of the zeal and ability of its manager. A plethoric catalogue is before us, through which, however, we do not propose to wade by the slow degrees necessitated by critical notices of each lot; but we may be permitted to pick our way, and to introduce our readers to certain of the lions of the menagerie. Different customs prevail with compilers of the 'order of going' in yearling catalogues; for while some sow their cracks broadcast through the list, like plums in a workhouse pudding, others fire their great guns off first, in the hope that their weapons of smaller calibre may thereby have attention drawn to their milder report, while others again cram all the beauty, rank, and fashion into the fag-end of the list, like children who keep their biggest suck-a-bobs to the last. At Cobham the same plan has been pursued as in former years, viz., that of so arranging the menu as to lead those intended to discuss it up to the *pièce de résistance* on a *crescendo* scale, and then having reached the highest notes to descend, by an almost imperceptible *diminuendo* to what we may term the small deer (not 'beer,' Mr. Printer) of the entertainment. Accordingly we shall not, albeit small fish are proverbially sweet, linger long among the whitebait of the Cobham menu, but hasten to the next course, served as usual by Mr. Bell 'in his best style' in the crack yard of the establishment. Gourmands may, however, just whet their appetites by looking in at the fag-end of the first course, where they will find two appetising *plats* in a roan filly by Blue Gown, dam

Lady Fly by Chanticleer, and a grey by the same sire from Semiramis, a matron tracing back to the same distinguished source. We are glad to be able to say a good word for the descendants of Blue Gown, who has come in for all sorts of 'crabbing' and abuse from birds of ill-omen, for the reason, we presume, that he is a smaller type of sire than the slashing but helpless flat-catchers who are always going to set the Thames on fire, but never accomplish the feat so confidently predicted. But there are still better specimens of Blue Gown in the next, or principal, course, for his Armada colt is a model of compact power, almost the thickest youngster we have looked over this year, while another chesnut out of Reine Sauvage, by King Tom, might have been begotten by Wild Oats or Mortemer, and does infinite credit to the Derby winner of 1868. Wild Oats, of course, shows up well, and he has been most judiciously mated with mares likely to tone down some of the least desirable peculiarities in his conformation; the result being long, low muscular animals, such as his Queen of the Chase colt and filly out of Better Half, both shapely, muscular, forward youngsters, and full of the best running blood. Pulling out a different 'stop,' we next arrive at a 'harmony in bay and chesnut,' quite a family party, sired by the brothers Albert Victor and George Frederick, and consisting of a grand filly by the first-named sire out of Cicely Hackett (a very judicious purchase at Doncaster last autumn), and two home-bred ones by Mr. Cartwright's Derby winner out of May Queen and Letty West. The former is a chesnut filly 'whom to 'look at were to love,' and the latter a bay colt with a deal of quality about him, but with capital limbs, and big enough without looseness or coarseness, though he comes of a family in which these attributes are not unfrequently blended. Carnival, another happy hit in the way of 'importations' by the manager, has fortunately left behind him a numerous and goodly succession, prominent among which are a brown sister to Maraschino, and a chesnut colt from Miss Mannerling, both good wine needing no Bush, save as a purchaser, and as nearly every two-year-old by the defunct son of Sweetmeat has earned a winning bracket, we need not further enlarge upon their merits. In the corner box we recognise an old Middle Park acquaintance in the Henry-Creole filly, shaped all over like Newminster, and with her sire's bone and substance, but without his ungainly neck. A model of massive power is this young lady, and by far the best of her sire's stock we have yet seen. Now we come to the Blair Athols, and first, in the well-known box sacred to the progeny of Coimbra, to a bay sister to Claremont, the lengthiest of her tribe as yet, with the shortest of backs, the best of legs and feet, and the truest make and shape. Year by year does the blood of Kingston assert its well-tried excellence, and in no less a degree that of another landmark of the stud-book, Madam Eglentine, whose shapely daughter, Jocosa, has produced to Blair Athol an 'image of himself,' and, let us hope, as the ode runs on, 'a monarch 'of the world.' Colour, shape, action, and bearing, all points of the blaze-faced king of Cobham, are reflected in this brother to Sabella,

but Blair's Crinon filly is the apple of the manager's eye, as he turns the strapping chesnut over in her box for the inspection of visitors. From the thick square-built brother to Ladylove, from the elegant half brother to Altyre—a Wild Oats all over, from the Maid of Perth colt, each excellent in his own degree, we must perforce 'turn 'again,' like Whittington, to bow before this 'queen of the rose-bud 'garden of girls' at Cobham; and it is no wonder that after this we begin to go down hill, not a *facilis descensus* perhaps, but an easy transition to the second course of the entertainment, with its knick-knacks and tasty dishes designed to sharpen up the jaded appetite. The Scottish Chief colt is a gaudy, peacocky-looking customer, but with fine elastic action, and we can testify to the Fairy Queen filly's ability to gallop, while she is a true Adventurer all over. The former was culled from the Eltham sale last autumn, in like manner as Speculum's wiry brown son of Touch-and-Go, one of the best yearlings we have yet seen by the pride of Moorlands, and with an unmistakable Voltigeur head. From Yorkshire hails the sturdy grey Strathconan colt, with 'Rataplan' written on every lineament, and we come across Carnival again with his Alva and Juanita and Eva fillies and his slashing Sardinia colt, and George Frederick with his daughters from Cestus and Wild Swan, and his Frolicsome colt, and yet another brace of Blue Gowns out of Steppe and Catherine.

We have no need to linger longer among this bevy of thoroughbred beaux and belles, threescore of which come up to meet their fate this day fortnight; but we may assert, without fear of contradiction, that there are fewer feeble persons among the Cobham tribes than ever, and that the produce of the Stud Company holds its own remarkably well against the additions and importations to its strength rendered necessary by gaps in the ranks of foals made by the terrible epidemic of last year. There are but few unfashionably bred yearlings in the catalogue, and these make up in racing quality and general good looks for the drawbacks attendant upon comparative obscurity of birth. As it has been said of generals that they are the greatest who make the fewest mistakes, so perhaps in the case of breeders he may be reckoned the most successful who brings up the smallest proportion of indifferent yearlings to the hammer; and we think that this condition of excellence at least has been fulfilled at Cobham, notwithstanding the fact that every endeavour has been made to consult tastes and fancies of all descriptions of purchasers.

A.

CRICKET.

THE conviction that May cricket is something of a mistake seems to be steadily gaining ground among those who belong to the higher circles of the cricket world. Were any proofs wanting in support of this assertion it would not be difficult to find them by an analysis of the elevens collected in the earlier matches of the season. Mr.

W. G. Grace's judicious determination to turn his attention to the active pursuit of his profession of medicine has deprived the public of one of the few attractions provided for them during the month of May of late years, and we shall hardly be accused of prejudice if we express our view that the May meetings of 1879 in London have been, from the highest standpoint of cricket, very far from interesting to the outside world. That the Marylebone Club, with its vast array of over two thousand members, should have been represented by essentially second-rate elevens against the Colts of Middlesex, can hardly be a matter for surprise, as the youngsters of the southern shires have not of late proved themselves formidable antagonists, and an inferior team proved fully able to subject them to a decisive defeat. That with Alfred Shaw and Morley to bowl the authorities at Lord's may have considered it enough, even against Twenty-two Colts of England, to fill up the nine remaining places at pleasure, some of them by players certainly not of a very high standard of excellence, was not so very surprising; but that they should have been unable to get anything like a representative eleven to meet such a county as Yorkshire seems to augur a disinclination for early fixtures among those who form the *élite* of amateur cricket.

The opening match of the season was one at the Oval, between Twelve Colts of Middlesex and Twelve Colts of Surrey, each side with a captain; but the weather was cold enough to chill any feeling of enthusiasm, and though there were some not unpromising features in the play of both teams, there was not a sign of a bright particular star to strengthen the cricket of either shire. The Middlesex Twelve was composed of a mixture of amateurs and professionals; but the Surrey Committee, evidently anxious to recruit their paid forces, of late considerably reduced, had not an amateur in their team which for once bore something of a youthful appearance, and offered a strange contrast to the certainly not juvenile players who have been introduced to the Oval as Colts of late years. The game itself was well contested and not without some excitement, as Middlesex won by four wickets only; but it practically was of little value so far as the discovery of new talent was concerned. A. Cole, a player who has been very successful in minor metropolitan engagements for some years, batted creditably for Middlesex, and Walker, who came with a high reputation from Harrow, did well with the ball for the same county, although he did not give one the impression that he would be difficult on a good wicket. P. J. Henery, one of the Harrow eleven of 1878, whose form must have been thoroughly known to the leaders of Middlesex cricket, batted in the best style on either side; but other than these there was none to show any great promise. Mediocrity, too, was the chief feature of the play of the Surrey Twelve, and their evident weakness in bowling was only slightly redeemed by the batting of a few, though only one, Comber, of Redhill, whose play in each innings was marked by great care and steadiness, shaped in anything like correct form. The end of the same week saw Twenty-two Colts of Middlesex at

Lord's in opposition to an Eleven of the Marylebone Club and Ground. Except in bowling the Marylebone team could hardly be said to be possessed of any strength, but it proved more than equal to the task of winning; and a large majority of 126, with certainly a weak batting side, did not speak very favourably for the bowling of the Twenty-two. Alfred Shaw, Mycroft, G. Hearne, and Mr. Stratford were the four bowlers on whom the Club could rely for any assistance, but the help of the amateur was never required; and that the batting was not of a very high order may be gathered from the fact that in the two innings there was only one batsman able to secure double figures. The match on the following Monday between M.C.C. and Ground and Twenty-two Colts of England was a far more interesting affair than either of those mentioned, and was not unproductive of promising cricket. Why the fixture still rejoices in the appellation it has enjoyed for some years it is not so easy to state, but it certainly might more aptly be described as M.C.C. and Ground against Twenty-two professionals who have never played before at Lord's with a Captain. The word 'colt' is, we know, singularly elastic in cricket parlance, but it would appear more consistent to confine the expression to those players who have never previously taken part in a county match, than to stretch it to its furthest limit of tension, to qualify any one who has not absolutely secured a permanent position in his county eleven.

There are some who consider it inadvisable to test the batting of the Colts by such a high standard of bowling as that of Alfred Shaw and Morley, at a time when there have been few, if any, opportunities for practice; but such views are, we think, erroneous; and it must be remembered that players who have gone through the first ordeal of a County Colts match require some more substantial and reliable trial if they desire their claims to participation in first-class cricket to be recognised. The superiority of the Twenty-two to that which had represented Middlesex was recognised by the Marylebone Club by the substitution of Morley and Flowers for Mycroft and Hearne, and the addition of Mr. Robertson and Barnes to strengthen the bowling; but, taking the eleven throughout, the batting was only a trifle, if at all, stronger than in the Middlesex fixture, and certainly seven of the team could hardly, by any stretch of imagination, be regarded as certain for a number of runs. Why Sussex was unrepresented is best known to the Committee of that county; but now that Hampshire has again retired into oblivion, Sussex was the only one of the leading shires without a nominee, and Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire, as usual, furnished the bulk of the Twenty-two; the former county supplying six, the latter five, members of the team. The ground was slow after the heavy rains during the spring, and the scoring was so low on both sides that only one of the four innings reached three figures. The bowling of Alfred Shaw and Morley was a trifle too good for most of the Twenty-two, as was only to be expected on a wicket that certainly did not help the batsman; but more than one of them

framed well, and three at least, to wit, Wright of Nottingham, who bowls left hand and bats right, Boardman of Surrey, who played in the neatest style of all, though displaying little hitting power, and O'Shaughnessy of Kent, who showed by far the best cricket in the second innings, are all sure to be of use to their respective counties. Champion of Yorkshire, a right-handed bowler and left-handed bat, who represented his county on the following Monday at Lord's against Marylebone Club and Ground, got four not very good wickets at the close of the first innings of M.C.C., but he did not stay long enough either time to give any idea of his batting powers. Cole confirmed the reputation he had gained in the two Middlesex trials by careful batting in the second innings; and, taken throughout, the Twenty-two were a useful, hardworking lot, particularly smart and active in the field, far more so indeed than any of the team that have done duty at Lord's under the same title of late years.

Sussex, mindful of a disastrous season in 1878, might have been expected to have strained every nerve to make a good start this year, but if the result of the opening match at Lord's against Marylebone Club and Ground is to be taken as a sample of the cricket to be played by the county team during the next three months, there seems little hope of any great improvement on last year's record. With an amount of consideration that did them credit, the committee of M.C.C. had prepared an eleven that some might have considered to be below the capabilities of any county, and it is sad to think that the generosity of the executive at Lord's was not met in the same spirit. It does not need more than a superficial knowledge of cricket matters to prove that the Marylebone eleven, comprised as it was of Messrs. Russel, Studd, Vernon, Stratford, A. J. Thornton, Barnes, Colonel Slaney and Wheeler, Flowers, Hearn of Hertfordshire, and Rylott, were only a very moderate team, either in batting or bowling, and it is difficult to decide which redounds the more to the discredit of Sussex, in getting out for such scores as 75 and 30 against the bowling of Rylott and Flowers, or in allowing certainly an inferior batting eleven to reach such a total as 187. No doubt there was some slight excuse for the small scores of the county in the heavy condition of the ground, but there was nothing to account for their ill-success in the field except an utter want of sting in their bowling, which was of about as simple and easy a kind as one could well wish to have even in practice. A defeat by a third-rate Marylebone eleven, and by such a majority as an innings and 74 runs, cannot form a pleasing augury in the minds of the Sussex committee, and it is to be feared may have an injurious effect on the cricket of the county throughout the season. It is easy enough of course to preach and argue that there must be cricketers where the game has so long flourished and held its own, but it is certainly surprising that such an utter want of organisation should exist, and that the eleven should time after time collapse in such a ridiculous manner as was its fate last year. That the eleven wants an infusion of new blood is evident, and unless the bowling shows a very marked improvement

in quality on that shown at Lord's against the M.C.C. and Ground, Sussex will have to be ready for some long outings during the season.

No doubt those who are guided by the stern logic of facts and figures will argue that any exceptions that might be taken to the composition of the Marylebone eleven against Yorkshire on the 19th and 20th of last month were not justified by the results. It is true that nothing succeeds like success, and there are the records to show that Yorkshire had to endure an easy defeat by nine wickets, but none the less, in spite of such undeniable arguments, we shall hardly be accused of obstinacy if we adhere to our opinion that the eleven which represented Marylebone Club and Ground on that occasion was hardly worthy of a county that has always shown such good cricket as Yorkshire at Lord's. That M.C.C. and Ground did win, and with plenty in hand, was perhaps quite as much due to the glorious uncertainty of the game as to any proof of intrinsic superiority, and it would take some stronger evidence than that of one game to satisfy us that an eleven consisting of Alfred Shaw, Morley, and Mr. Stratford as bowlers, and such a weak batting lot as Messrs. Russel, Parke, Barnes, Vernon, Rhodes, Pearson, with Barnes and Pilling, were equal to Yorkshire on any public form. Emmett and Ulyett had only recently returned from Australia, and could hardly be expected to have recovered the effects of their long homeward journey sufficiently to reach their highest standard. The ground was just in the condition to help a bowler, and Emmett was fairly successful in taking six wickets at a comparatively low cost, but it was more the fault of the batsmen than any merit of his own, and throughout the match the Yorkshire bowling seemed to be far more easily playable than is usually the case. And if the bowling could be characterised as weak, the same charge might with equal justice have been brought against the batting. No doubt the Yorkshire committee had good reasons for introducing three new players into the eleven in Dobson, a son of old John Thewlis, and Champion, but neither of them gave us the impression of being as useful as Andrew Greenwood, Armitage, or Eastwood, and they certainly did not add to the batting strength. Haggas and Hall, both of whom fairly won places in the county team last year, were more successful, but Ulyett was altogether out of form, and indeed the only one who batted with any degree of steadiness was Lockwood, who played exceedingly well for his scores of 31 not-out and 26, though he too was not a little puzzled in timing the ball at the commencement of each innings. Alfred Shaw was a little more expensive than usual considering the state of the ground, as his six wickets cost an average of 12 runs, and most of the plunder fell to Morley and Mr. Stratford. That the Yorkshiremen have yet to learn the secret of playing slow bowling, a point in which their batting has always been woefully defective, was proved by their utter inability to stop much less to score from the bowling of Mr. Stratford at the close of their second innings, and that that gentleman seems to have got

exactly the measure of the Yorkshire batsmen, as he showed at Sheffield last year, was confirmed by his success on this occasion, when he was credited with five wickets, three of them bowled, at a charge of only a dozen runs.

In the absence of anything particularly exciting elsewhere, public attention has been directed chiefly to the two Universities, and already the pessimists do not hesitate to augur for Oxford as decisive a defeat in 1879 as was their misfortune last year. That on paper Cambridge seems to possess quite as good a chance under the captaincy of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton as under that of his elder brother must be evident to any unprejudiced judge. The supply of public school players last year was not of a very high standard, and hence neither Oxford nor Cambridge received any great acquisitions in this respect, though the latter had, if anything, the best material. The lack of Freshmen, such as Alfred Lyttelton, or Lucas, or A. G. Steel, was not so important to the Light Blues, as they possessed three undeniably good Seniors in Messrs. R. S. Jones, O. P. Lancashire, both of whom had figured prominently in county cricket, and H. Wood, a slow left-hand round-arm bowler, whom many considered quite good enough to have gained a place in the Inter-University match of 1878. At Oxford, with the exception that in the Freshmen's match the authorities discovered a player very likely to be of use in W. A. Thornton, an old Wykehamist, who has since proved that he can bat a little as well as bowl, there was very little new material for the consideration of the University authorities. The great fault of last year seemed so be the utter lack of confidence pervading the entire eleven, and it may be that the efforts made by Mr. H. R. Webbe this year may not be unproductive in collecting a team that will at least work together. The Cantabs will again be exceptionally strong, and it is certain that they will take a great deal of beating, but there is no reason why Oxford should not make a good show, provided they have one or two batsmen who will not be deterred from playing the game, and a smart fielding side to assist the bowlers. The Oxonians will this year be able to utilise, if required, the services of F. G. Jellicoe, the slow left round-arm bowler who took part in the Inter-University match of 1877; and in J. H. Hare, of Uppingham, and W. H. Patterson, of Harrow, they have two very steady batsmen, both of whom might be utilised as change bowlers. In the match between the First Eleven and the next Twelve, with two professionals, some long scoring was shown, and Messrs. H. R. Webbe (117), Hare (54), and Patterson (28 not out) all came out well, though the fielding of the other side was poor in the extreme, and the two professionals, Scotton and Selby, are hardly regarded as very dangerous bowlers. Jellicoe and Thornton were credited with ten of the thirteen wickets of the fourteen, and as A. H. Evans, the fast bowler who worked so hard against Cambridge last year, was not able to take part in the match in consequence of the schools, it must be conceded that the Eleven made a creditable show. At

Cambridge there has been a better chance of estimating the present form of the team that will most probably be chosen to oppose Oxford at Lords, and in their case everything appears to be as rosy as the best wishes of the University can well desire. The result of the first match against an eleven of England, selected by Mr. C. I. Thornton, of tall-hitting fame, was not a very great achievement, as the University only won by four wickets, and that when opposed to an eleven of no particular strength. Emmett, Ulyett, Barratt, and Mr. Robertson were the four bowlers on whom Mr. Thornton had to rely, and as the Cantabs were apparently on the most agreeable terms with Barratt's peculiar delivery, there was really little to trouble the University batsmen except the bowling of Emmett, which, happily for his side, was more than usually successful. Mr. A. G. Steel was an absentee from the University eleven on this occasion, and, considering the undoubted form he has since shown, both with bat and ball, it must be admitted that his presence might have very considerably increased the majority held by the Cantabs at the close of the match. The scoring on neither side was very high, but the ground had not, it may be assumed, then recovered from the effects of the frequent visitations of rain to which it had been subjected, and was hardly as yet in a state suggestive of run-getting. Lockwood, one of the soundest professional batsmen we have at the present time when in form, opened the season in brilliant fashion with a well-played first score of 68 not out, and the performance was of a higher order of merit in that he went in first, and thus saw all the ten wickets fall. The University batting was only noteworthy for the good play of the captain, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, who was each time the chief scorer, with 57 and 30, and things might not have ended so satisfactorily as they did had not the Hon. Ivo Bligh come to the rescue of his side with a very opportune and useful innings of 20 not out, which helped materially to win the match for the University by four wickets. Emmett's twelve wickets for Mr. Thornton's eleven cost less than 7 runs apiece, and, singularly enough, the most successful bowler on the opposite side was also a Yorkshireman, to wit, Mr. H. Wood, who secured eight wickets, though at a rather costly price of 107 runs. Mr. P. H. Morton, the fast bowler, who proved so destructive in the match between Cambridge University and the Australians last year, was punished in the first innings, but in the second he found out the exact length for his delivery, as he does most effectually now and then, and his analysis of seventy-four balls for 19 runs and six wickets was by far the best bowling feat of the match. We have already had to write so much on the subject of the inferiority of the elevens sent into the field to represent the Marylebone Club during the month of May that we are reluctant to continue in what may be regarded as a captious spirit. No doubt the blame rests on the execrable weather, which has not encouraged any of the leading amateurs to take the field; and it is, perhaps, the misfortune rather than the fault of the Committee that the elevens which have represented the club have been generally of

a class much below those of former years, and certainly below the standard of a society occupying such a distinguished position as does the M.C.C. as the embodiment of all the dignity and influence of the cricket world. The weakness of their opponents rendered the shortcomings on the Marylebone side less apparent in the matches with Sussex and Yorkshire than they would otherwise have been; but Cambridge University proved a very different opposition to meet, and the poor show made by M.C.C. and Ground in the match began at Cambridge on the 22nd of May was only a fitting reprisal. On this occasion the two amateurs, Messrs. Vernon and Stratford, who had to some small extent helped to give an appearance of strength to the previous teams, were conspicuous by their absence; and 'the Ground,' which furnished an imposing array in Alfred Shaw, Mycroft, Wild, W. Barnes, G. Hearne, W. Hearn, and Flowers, had the benefit of the valuable services of Messrs. C. Booth, A. S. Barnes, J. E. K. Studd, and G. B. Studd, the last of whom was in the Eton eleven of 1878, and played in the Freshmen's match recently at Cambridge. What possible chance such an eleven could have been expected to have against a formidable combination such as is to be found at the University is best known to those in authority; that it was defeated in the most signal fashion, by an innings and 78 runs, is now matter for history. Heavy rain throughout the second day no doubt did not tend to improve the prospects of the Marylebone team with the bat; but against bowling like that of Messrs. A. G. Steel, Morton, and Wood, backed up by generally brilliant fielding, no one would have been very eager to lay long odds that they would secure a total of 100 runs or upwards in either innings. Indeed, George Hearne, Flowers, and W. Barnes, the Nottingham professionals, were the only members of the team likely to be in sufficient practice to be relied on for a respectable sum, and of these Barnes, who carried out his bat for 21 in the first innings, earned the distinction of being the highest scorer on his side in the match. Alfred Shaw, who has not been so successful as usual in recent matches, was not able to secure a Cambridge wicket; nor was George Hearne, and the only one of the five bowlers able to make much impression was William Mycroft, whose bowling showed a very creditable analysis of forty-two overs for 58 runs and six wickets. Mr. A. G. Steel, who is this season not unlikely to be as useful with the bat as he has been to the University with the ball, was the principal contributor with 52, and Mr. R. S. Jones (41), one of the new choices, Hon. Ivo Bligh (40), and Mr. H. Whitfeld (34), of the rest helped chiefly to produce the total of 231, which formed the result of the Cambridge innings. As we have before stated, there was little batting in the Marylebone eleven to subject the bowling of the University to any very severe test, and Messrs. A. G. Steel and Morton had little difficulty in disposing of their opponents for totals of 95 and 58. As far as can be judged from the form that has been already shown by the Light Blues, it would appear to be perfectly safe to predict for them a repetition

of last year's victory in the Inter-University match at Lord's on the 30th of June. They have an eleven very smart and sure in the field, two dangerous bowlers in Messrs. A. G. Steel and Morton, at least a couple of useful changes in Messrs. Wood and A. F. Ford, an undeniably good batting side, with but little tail, and the best amateur wicket-keeper of the day. It is quite possible that the Oxonians may show a very great improvement before the day, and their chances are likely to increase if their team is settled and the men have opportunities of working together. They bid fair to show more steadiness of batting than last year, and they will have more than one batsman who will give Cambridge considerable trouble if allowed to get set. It is difficult to estimate their exact capabilities, as they have been comparatively untried this year as yet; but in wicket-keeping they will not have the same advantages as Cambridge, and they will have to be active all round to be their equals in the field. A. G. Steel and Morton are, on public form, better bowlers than any Oxford has up to the present produced; and, taking into consideration that the Cambridge eleven down to the very last man may be counted on for some runs, it is not easy to see how the result of the match of last year can be reversed.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

At the time of writing, the principal clubs have not got beyond opening trips, the first important fixture being the Royal London's Cutter Match on the 30th May, followed by the premier club, the Royal Thames, on the following day. With this month comes an *olla podrida* of races for large and small craft on the Thames water. The season opens somewhat inauspiciously, as the first big cutter match, that of the R. L. Y. C., does not fill, only the Neva entering; and as walks-over are not allowed, the day's sport, which will be duly chronicled in our next, is confined to the forty-tonners.

The rowing world, both professional and amateur, is very active just at present, and the recent important doings on the Tyne, in which Hanlon, the Canadian, may be now said to pose as the central figure, have vastly astonished the old-fashioned school of oarsmen, to whom the notion of really tip-top form, coming from outside, still remains unaccountable, in spite of the rude shock given to their nerves by the Australian Trickett's easy victory over Sadler. This was, without effort, explained away by the fact of the Englishman being quite stale, and besides, the visitor had undoubtedly improved vastly under the tuition of Harry Kelley, and on the decisive day was a far better sculler than when he arrived in England, so that the instruction received in the old country might claim a good proportion of the merit. With Hanlon and Ross the case is entirely different. The most bigoted upholder of our supremacy has not the face to assert that they have picked up any hints over here; indeed, the boot is on the other leg, as their innovations of swivel rowlocks, abnormally long slides, a slow stroke, and a very wide blade, are being rapidly adapted by the best judges in this country, and we may expect to find the performers at Henley, and the principal sub-

sequent gatherings, giving all these so-called novelties a good trial. Elliot, who meets Hanlon about the middle of this month, has already tried to adapt himself to swivel rowlocks and a lengthened slide, but it is very doubtful whether the result will be satisfactory at so short a notice, as the champion does not strike one as being a clever waterman or a man likely to adapt himself easily to any change from his accustomed style, and if Hanlon keeps well he will add another to his list of victories. The novelty of some of these Yankee 'fixins' may indeed be fairly questioned, as all the varieties have been tried before, though some, perhaps, in a less satisfactory manner. The swivel rowlock is but a light modification of that used constantly in yachts, boats, and sea-going craft, and broad blades were tried some years ago by Mr. H. H. Playford, a past champion and celebrated oarsman, when training a crew for Henley. The crew did not win, and the broad blades were shelved or shaved down; but more recently Mr. Gulston, certainly the most successful amateur of the last decade, took with him to the Philadelphia Regatta a lot of sculls and oars with unusually wide blades, all of which the natives were glad to buy after the rowing was over. Length of slide is of course a relative term, and he does best who finds out exactly how far he can slide to advantage. In these few remarks there is no intention of detracting from the merits of Hanlon, which are unquestionable, and have been promptly and generously hailed by none more promptly than by the best amateurs over here, while, come the original inventor whence he may, his credit is invariably shared, and to no meagre extent, by any who have the good luck to most fully utilise and perfect ideas perhaps originally somewhat imperfectly carried out.

Spencer was less fortunate in his races than we had anticipated, for though he had an easy bit with George Tarryer, the north countryman, Kempster, proved a foeman more than worthy of his steel, and after a very exciting race for a mile and a half, during which each in turn led and neither held much of an advantage, Spencer for almost the first time was beaten at his own game, endurance, and after two miles Kempster had merely to paddle well in front. This result was a great surprise to the supporters of the Chelsea man, who had hitherto invariably started slowly, but was able to row his antagonists down after a mile or two.

Henley Regatta, on the 26th and 27th, gives promise of good sport, and a new race for school fours will no doubt attract a large entry, though Eton, who might be expected to carry it off, will, it is said, not enter. This abstention, though surprising, leaves the result more open, and will probably tend to increase the number of competitors. For the principal prizes, those regular attendants, London, Kingston, and Thames, will as usual bid for the Grand, as with Jesus, whose team is a mighty strong one, with several of this year's Blues. London has almost an entirely new crew, most of the familiar names that might have been stereotyped in readiness for Mr. Kinch's programme, standing down at last. The new captain, Le Blanc Smith, is unfortunately forbidden by his doctors to row, and the Steward's Four, which has won ten times out of eleven, will also be represented by quite a fresh lot, as F. Playford intends reserving himself for the great sculling events of the season, and his friends anticipate victory in the Diamonds and Wingfield, as well as the Thames Cup at the Metropolitan Regatta. Kingston will have a strong lot, as will the Thames Club, though, for avoirdupois, nothing can come near the Jesus men. London and Thames have crews, both at present very rough, at work for the second eight-oared prize, the Thames Cup; and the Twickenham

Club is also to be represented, Mr. Goldie having been industriously coaching them for some time. The men are a light lot, but thus early, fairly well together. West London, too, may be seen in this race and in the Wyfold. Anybody might win the Stewards, as London with a fresh team cannot be expected to uphold the charter, and neither Thames nor Kingston are doing much practice. If the Shoe-wae-cae-mettes (of course that's spelt wrong) come, are equal to last year, and their entry is received, a 'treble event of some uncertainty, they should just walk in. Apropos of foreigners, the Henley authorities must have been edified to notice that G. W. Lee, whose qualifications as a candidate for the Diamond sculls were a good deal canvassed last year, and who rowed so close a race with Edwards-Moss, the winner, has now come out as a professional, being matched to scull somebody for so many dollars a side; so the Henley Senate will perhaps be a little shy of taking foreign entries without inquiry or guarantee. They are, however, gradually leavening their body with persons of some aquatic experience, the last accession being Mr. Hugh Mair of Phyllis Court, a member of the O. U. B. and Kingston Clubs. For the Sculls Playford should win, as Moss, his doughtiest opponent on public form, is only just returning from foreign parts and may be presumed to be out of practice. Playford when recently seen at Putney did not look up to his best form, but a little coaching may be expected to effect an improvement in this respect. In the Pairs, Hastie and Eyre have again a great chance, as the L. R. C. may be represented only by Gulston and Lebat, and even the great water jockey's skill can hardly expect to get much of a lead of the Thames men, while if last year's winners, Moss and Ellison, turn up, they will be rowing rather scratch. Another pair, Byrne-Jones and O'Malley of the West London, have been working for this event, but they too will be short of practice, so, altogether, Thames should win. The Wyfold, consisting usually pretty much of the second fours out of an eight, is mostly a very open event. If Kingston put their best four for this race, the finish should rest between them and West London. In addition to the crews mentioned, boats from some of the Oxford colleges may be anticipated, so that altogether a couple of fair days' sport may be anticipated on the charming Berkshire waters, and if Jupiter Pluvius is not among the entries, the reunion will be as delightful as ever. The Maidenhead and Marlow Regatta again occupies the day after Henley, so that travellers down stream will have an agreeable opportunity of breaking their journey under the grateful shade of the Bisham Woods, and combining *al fresco* luncheon with a little mild excitement.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—May Meanderings.

GAZING one morning in early May from the old walls of Chester over a scene which, familiar as it has been to us now for some years, possesses a freshness that never palls, we were conscious of a change. It was not alone that it was May only by courtesy and the calendar; that the sky was dull and leaden-coloured; that no wealth of pear and apple blossom gladdened the eyesight, or little of the greenery even of early spring was to be discovered; that the wind was piercing, and the dust offensive—it was not all this that so altered the prospect; depressing as were the several surroundings, we have been this year so familiar with them that they would hardly call for a remark. It was not so much the face of nature as that of human nature

which we found changed. Chester and the Roodee no longer boasted the gay and festive scenes of former years. In one respect the change was beneficial. The cakes and ale which had been such causes of offence to the Dean and many other reverend as well as secular persons, had disappeared, or, at least, had sought the silent shade. The booths, sacred to the rites of a very awful Venus and of a Bacchus soddened beyond conception, which were so long permitted to disfigure the course, had been swept away. The conviviality of the old city, too, was much toned down. People did not begin to lunch heavily at eleven and continue hard at it until half an hour before the bell rang for the first race. The manners of the populace were not quite so overpowering, nor was their language so strong. All this, therefore, might be considered so much gain, if unfortunately with decorum dulness had not also arrived. The times were hard, it is true, for all of every degree. The tawdry Phrynes and beery Strephons had found the pinching of the shoe as well as my Lady and her Lord. Not only was there little conviviality among the low life of Chester, there was but small gaiety among its upper, whether of county or city. The saloon of the Grand Stand, which used to show such a bouquet of Cheshire beauty, was comparatively deserted on the first day; only half filled on the second. 'Twas dulness all. The unwonted appearance of Chester's great neighbour—the Duke of Westminster—and the repeated wins of that yellow jacket—recalling such old memories—failed to rouse any enthusiasm. We were all glad to see Sir Watkin looking as cheery as ever, and in health renovated by his Algerian winter; and there were two or three old Cheshire faces which it is always a pleasure to meet, but the rest was so much leather and prunella.

Why it was so we can hardly say, except that on some racing walls Ichabod seems written. It is not Chester alone. We go from race meeting to race meeting, and there is one stereotyped phrase, 'How dull everything is!' that may apply to all. There is racing of some sort or kind, at one place better than another, but that does not alter the complexion of affairs. A gentle dulness reigns supreme. Bookmakers tell you there is no betting, and yet the curious thing is that the old breed of plungers is anything but extinct, as witness the example of that gentleman who, at the late Windsor meeting, improved the shining hour by laying 1400*l.* to 800*l.* on Parole—and many more instances we might find ready to our hands if we sought them. But, after all, these are the rare meteors who cross our path, fiery bodies of excessive brightness while they last, but apt to go out quickly, and sometimes with an evil smell. The generation of steady backers plods on in that six-to-four routine with which we are all so well acquainted, but they have been drawing in their horns, and as our friends from the north say, 'bet to nout.' We were much amused at seeing a veteran warrior who has been at the game as long as most of us, consenting at Chester to have two sovereigns on a horse trained in his own stable, and about which there was something like a 'tip' for the Cup in the inclosure. He was earnestly begged to have a pony or two, or even a mild tenner, but the Colonel was obdurate; 'two sovereigns, if you please.' But then that gallant warrior is a stayer, and though approaching the sere and yellow leaf, will see many of the young ones out yet, for there is no doubt some of the young ones are in evil plight—they can neither go forward, nor can they retire. Helplessly entangled in the depths of debt and difficulty—living, so to speak, a hand-to-mouth existence—winners one week, and so helping to reduce the balance against them; losers in the next, and again piling up the debt load, such, without the slightest exaggeration, is the life of many well-known racing men in the present day. The pity of it is that no position is exempt from this evil. The small fry of backers,

the men from the city, the men from Aldershot, and the men from the clubs—they come and go, and their records perish with them—but there is a higher grade of backers who are the turf patrons, aye, even the turf law-givers, and they, too, are in the same Slough of Despond, and theirs are the names that are bandied about at clubs and sneeringly spoken of at Tattersall's and in the ring.

All of which should make the judicious grieve, while at the same time lamenting their inability to suggest a cure. The trite aphorism that the evil may cure itself, is all that we can say; and, having in our moralizings left Chester out in the cold, we had better take up the racing threads and proceed with our story. The first day was flat, though the sport turned out better than had been expected. It was notable, in one way, for the success of the Duke of Westminster's colours, that familiar yellow jacket, which recalled days some forty years back, when 'a health to Cardinal Puff' was the popular toast on many tongues. Claymore, in the Grosvenor Trial, carried the first fruits of victory, and, though he had little but his good looks to commend him, still, as he had nothing but platers to beat, he scored an easy win. The, in one sense, great Maximilian made his appearance in the Belgrave Welter Cup, and, with Archer up, he became a great favourite, though at first 4 to 1 might have been had about him. He looked well, and was certainly a very different animal from a horse we saw about a year and a half ago on the Russley Downs. He, too, had not much to beat, for Lily Hawthorn, Telephone, Beadsman, &c., cannot be considered as anything very brilliant; and yet he only defeated the first-named by a neck, after a good race from the distance, in which Archer had to keep Maximilian going the whole time. Mowerina had no difficulty in disposing of Instantly in the Curzon Plate, Wadlow's old horse not having the dash of yore; and in the Members' Welter the once celebrated Morier, who was to have electrified the world over the Rowley Mile two years ago, went down before an extreme outsider, Mountain Ash. Morier did not seem at all a handy horse at the turns, and struck us as running unkindly, and not responding to Archer's call. However, the yellow jacket really scored a brilliant win in the Mostyn Stakes, in which Douranee carried her 10 lb. penalty to the front so easily as to stamp her a very smart filly. She really won in a canter, though Mr. Johnson's fiat was only half a length—but then it was one of Archer's half-lengths! Tam Glen took the Wynnstay Handicap in such style, and made such an example of that impostor King Boris, that it just looked a possibility that Mr. Jardine might carry away the Cup with him; and Lord Stamford's beautiful Siluria filly won the Maiden Plate in a canter.

It was curious to note that, despite the firmness of Parole in the market as the time drew on for the race to be decided, there was a growing belief that he would be beaten. By whom, or what, it was not so easy to say; and as the bookmakers, when the numbers went up, offered 8 to 1, bar one, it seemed as if they regarded the race as over. And yet one met many good judges—men who had not a bet on the race—who doubted the thorough staying powers of the American, though he had won the Newmarket Handicap. That last was, we confess, rather a stumbling-block to our own judgment, for if a horse could stay over the last mile and a half of the B.C., we did not see what was to prevent him doing so over such an easy course as this, a quarter of a mile longer though it was. And while some of the talent expected to see him beaten on the Roodee, they could not tell what was to beat him. Touchet was nominally second favourite, but those who were favoured with the confidence of Russley backed him and Ridotto coupled, we believe. There was something like a tip about Zucchero, but it

hardly came from headquarters. The Stanton stable has a large following, and, like true believers, the followers are always ready to stand by the prophet Wadlow. It was a touching instance of faith their backing Zuccherò, who certainly did distinguish himself in the race, for he had the credit of nearly knocking Ridotto off his legs at the last turn, just when Wood, in a very good position, was thinking of overhauling Reefer. However, we are getting on a little too fast, and must retrace our steps.

This was the first year of the shortening of the Cup course, an alteration against which we desire to raise our voice in the strongest possible manner. We are at a loss to conceive the *cui bono* of it. Do the authorities think that they will secure better entries, or that something less than half a mile shorter will tempt a few more doubtful stayers to contend? Surely it is a step in the wrong direction—a direct encouragement to that class of which we, alas, have so many specimens, the non-staying class. The alteration, too, was made at an unlucky time, when the sudden appearance of Parole at first threatened to send Chester Cup into limbo; but of course this was unforeseen by Mr. Lawley. That gentleman has proved himself a thoroughly efficient C. C., and no doubt he has, in what he has done, acted with the best intentions, but we cannot help thinking it is a mistake. Time, however, may prove that he is in the right; and, as we have a little recovered now from our 'Parole scare,' as some one has called it, and while yielding all justice to that good horse, do not expect Derby and Leger, our cups and our big handicaps to be taken by the Americans yet, perhaps next year will show us a better state of things. Undoubtedly it was a poor look-out this, and at one time, consequent on Parole's Epsom performances, it seemed as if the Cup would utterly collapse. But some of our sportsmen took heart of grace, notably Lord Rosebery, who announced his intention of running Touchet and Ridotto, and this giving a little encouragement to others, a field did come to the post; though, as the last cry of the bookmakers was '8 to 1 bar one,' the chances of the field seemed remote. And yet there existed a belief, almost amounting to a conviction, in the minds of many good judges of racing that the favourite would be beaten, though by what they declined to say. A doubt whether he was a thorough stayer, despite his Newmarket Handicap and Great Metropolitan wins, was expressed once or twice in talking over the *pro* and *con* of the race, and we believe that if we add that his own party and stable had not backed him for much money we should not be far wrong. At one time there were symptoms that Parole would start at even money, but at the close so lukewarm was the support awarded to everything else in the race, that he became a very firm favourite, and, as we have before said, 8 to 1 bar one went a-begging. The race is soon told. It was known that the pace would be made as good as it could be in order to find out Parole's weak point; and so Deluder, Astronomer, Votary, Mountain Ash, and Zuccherò in turns did their little utmost, the favourite and Touchet lying last. In this position they remained until, at the Grosvenor turn, Archer and Constable both brought up their horses, but when fairly round the turn and coming into the straight, a great shout proclaimed that Parole was done with, while Reefer, who for the last half-mile had been in a prominent position, was left with the lead, attended by Ridotto. The latter was somewhat interfered with at a critical moment by Zuccherò, whereupon Constable brought Touchet with a wet sail, but he could not overhaul Reefer, who held his own to the end, and won very cleverly by a length, with Ridotto third.

The result was a surprise to the majority, no doubt, and even those people who had expected to see Parole beaten had hardly imagined that Reefer would be his conqueror. He was almost the outsider of the lot, and his

owner was about the only person who backed him. Lord Dupplin certainly told one or two people he would win, grounding his assertion on his second to Mandarin at Sandown, but no one heeded the tip, and the 1000 to 75 that his lordship took to three or four times was the only entry of Reefer's name. Robert Peck's feelings on running second and third to his old cast-off may be imagined; and in that respect it certainly was a floorer to the so-called 'talent,' which after all turns out a very mild talent, and has to take its chance in the glorious uncertainty with the inferior lights of the racing world. That Parole is not a thorough stayer we think—supposing the race to have been a correctly run one—the result of the Chester Cup has fully proved. And if the proof wanted further confirmation, his win the next day in the Cheshire Stakes, where, carrying 14 lb. penalty over a mile and a quarter, he defeated Sir Joseph, Ridotto, Flotsam, &c., in a common canter, gave it. The unthinking raised a great clamour at his win, talked of 'not understanding it,' and 'wanting the running explained,' which confirms us in a belief we have long treasured secretly in the recesses of our breast, but have never dared to give utterance to before, that racing men, when they allow their prejudices to run away with them and the money to blind their judgments, are about as great idiots as any to be met with in a summer's day.

The other affairs at Chester do not call for much notice. The Duke of Westminster has a good mare in Douranee, though she was defeated the second day in the Badminton Stakes; but then Archer was not up. When the Dee Stakes was won by such a horse as Sunburn, it does not say much for the form behind him; nor at this present writing do Russley's Derby prospects look inviting. But the Driver is not going to be tempted into a prophecy, seeing that the great race will be run for while these pages are going through the press. He has, too, a wholesome dread of that Russley magician who turns old lamps into new ones, and plays the mischief generally with preconceived ideas and opinions. To sum up, Chester, if dull, yet afforded better sport than had been anticipated; and though it will never take the rank it once held, there is every prospect of the old meeting holding its own, and Chester cakes and ale, in the modified form we have mentioned—continuing to be the delight of a generation to come.

The Second Spring Meeting was held in wretched weather, with the exception of the first day, and was not productive of either much sport or any great sensation in the Derby market. Lord Calthorpe showed us a speedy colt by Hermit—The Doe, at least he was speedy among the lot he met in the Marden Plate, for they could never make him gallop; and there was one of those instances of what we may call Phantom Cottage not knowing its own mind in the Spring Handicap, with which we ought to be well-acquainted by this time. Mr. Tom Jennings's Paul's Cray shared with Drumhead and Hydromel the position of favourite, the others backed being Broad Corrie, The Dean, &c., with an extreme outsider in Paul's Cray's stable companion Prologue, who had been a bad second to Discord in the Craven Stakes. Nobody, however, thought of him, and the result was that he beat Paul's Cray very cleverly indeed. There was no doubt the money was on the beaten one, and it is curious how these things can be. Count de Lagrange also won the Two Year Old Plate with Oceanie, the first of the Feu d'Amours, a speedy-looking filly fancied, we believe, by the stable, though Early Morn and Shaker were both better favourites. The running of Charibert and Reconciliation in the Craven was yet further complicated and mystified by Muley Edris 'squandering,' as the phrase goes, Mr. Bowes' mare in the Burwell Stakes. As Muley Edris is, how many pounds behind Charibert, Providence and Mat Dawson only know; the result will be

a puzzle to all time, we feel sure. The discovery of the murderer of Eliza Grimwood, and the identification of the poor remains found in the Euston Square coal cellar, are easy tasks compared to that racing problem. What a pity there cannot be a detective department under the control of the Jockey Club, composed of racing experts, whose duty it should be to account for and explain contradictory running. It would help much to soothe and tranquillise the public mind, the announcement that Inspector Touchit and Sergeant Standin were busily occupied in investigating the curious running of Champagne Charlie and Cop the Brewer in the Catch-em-alive Stakes, and that these able and intelligent officers thought they had a clue. What extra special editions of the 'Evening Standard' would not be sold; what a rush there would be on the 'Sportsman'! 'Further intelligence' and 'important evidence' would be the least exciting of the headings that would attract the eyes of racing men. What a fluttering of the dovescotes there would be when it was announced that Inspector Touchit and Sergeant Standin had completed their case, and that an intelligent jury of the Jockey Club would, after an able summing up of the evidence by the Senior Steward, either acquit or condemn. But we had better get on with the Second Spring.

And here we must remark—'and our language is plain'—that the Second Spring is very hard to get on with. Still, it is refreshing to have to record that Mr. Dudley Milner had a good time on the second day, when his outsider, St. Cuthbert, won the Derby Trial Handicap, beating Lina, Thornfield, and everything else that was backed. To be sure, there is always a doubt when the 7 to 1 outsider wins, if his owner has not suffered him to 'run loose,' but we can only trust that so clever a young man as Mr. Dudley Milner would know better than that. Then the same gentleman beat one of Captain Machell's very warm favourites, Dreamland, in the Two Year Old Selling Stakes, with Magdalene, a filly not named with the best possible taste; and no doubt the daughter of Syrian was backed for some money. The big field of the day was in a Selling Plate over the Rous Course, where with sixteen runners they took even money about Paramatta, who got home, but not without difficulty, after a race with Elsham Lad. Prince Batthyany won a race with Episcopus, and Thunderstone beat Aventurier in a canter over the Ditch Mile, and that was about all. Thursday was a truly awful afternoon. It did nothing but rain, and it was very cold, so despite the fact that the card was a very promising one, the attendance was poor. Many had left by the forenoon train, and those who stayed rather repented them that they had not gone too. The ground was heavy, and that of course affected the running, and brought a few well-laid plans to grief. A good-looking brother to Ersilia upset one of them when he led Early Morn in the Exning Plate, but Mr. E. Hobson, in a field of fourteen for the Welter Handicap, managed to land *his* good thing, Leith, though it was only by a head he beat Episcopus. What Leith had done we did not quite know, but it was good enough to take 5 to 2 about when you could get it. However, it did not look very rosy when Morris, on Episcopus, challenged about a hundred yards from home, but Greaves managed to keep the favourite in front, and won after a very fine race. The two favourites for the Selling Stakes, Antycera and Moonstone, had it all to themselves, the latter winning by a head, and going into Joseph Dawson's stable to join the second. The Flying Handicap was remarkable, not only for the extreme outsiders being first and second, but also that they both, Beddington and Athol Lad, were roarers. Which is the worst we can hardly tell, but we suppose Prince Charlie's brother, who was a head behind Mr. Bush's horse. Backers had a little pull on Khabara in the Second

Spring Stakes, but they were all out, both in the Selling Stakes, in which Wellington beat Garswood, and also in the Plate over the Cesarewitch Course, in which Mr. Beddington determined to have a public trial with Strathern to see what his Derby chances were. The result was that Strathern was beaten at the Bushes, and that Pedagogue defeated King Duncan very easily. So much for the Second Spring.

Bath and Salisbury, York and Doncaster,—our readers scarcely want a repetition of these not very interesting histories. Bath is a very charming old city, with a splendid market and good hotels. To be sure the ascent to Lansdowne is stiff, and when you get there the climate is either Siberian or one with a tendency to promote sunstroke. You are generally smothered with dust, too, under either of these conditions; and then the return trains of the G. W. R., on the last day, have often a pleasant trick of being an hour and a half behind time; but these little drawbacks—and they are the merest trifles—we don't know a pleasanter place than what facetious reporters call 'the city of King Bladud.' We have not been there for some years, we regret to say, and had almost forgotten the traditional joke about the Bath waters and their effect on Derby favourites, until we saw it crop up in connection with Rayon d'Or. Salisbury, too, is very nice; rather primitive in its ways, but comfortable as to its hotels, and the Cathedral much resorted to by contemplative men, who try there to work out the Derby problem, which about this time often gets into a hopeless tangle. The walk up to the pretty course is a thing to do and enjoy, and the view therefrom is one to gladden the eyes. We have also, we regret to say, not been to Salisbury for some years either, but the loss is ours; neither have the pleasant places in which the lines of York are cast been revisited by us in the spring time of the year. In fact, the week before the Derby we generally go into 'retreat,' and, shutting out all foreign and external matter, try to concentrate our thoughts and brains on the great problem. We listlessly hear of a multitude of good things—of meets of the Four-in-Hand, of Orleans and Ranelagh cricket matches, of pigeon handicaps at Hurlingham, of days of sprightly idleness and nights of quiet revelry—but these are not for us. We went into retreat this year within sight and sound of the sad sea waves, and devoted ourselves to our Bacon and our Brill. These haply may be familiar names to most of our readers, but if they are not, we decline to enlighten them as to our whereabouts. Suffice to say, that 'the vile body' was rather a trouble to us at this time, and that the remedies of Bacon and Brill were sought and found efficacious. Other ministering hands there were to help the Driver on his lonely way, and he returned into the world refreshed and comforted, to find Cadogan the favourite for the Derby, and some much-belauded reputations in a very shaky condition. But this by the way. We must turn to a more important item of our budget.

The sixth Manchester Horse Show was held on May 8th. Last year we noticed a falling off in both numbers and quality; but what shall we say this year? Certainly a good many classes that failed to bring any grist to the mill have been expunged, but still entries were few, and quality scarce. The number of judges, too, has been reduced; but this did not signify when Lord Combermere and Sir G. Wombwell, a host in themselves, were in office. They commenced with Hunter Brood Mares, but this class has never filled at Manchester, and had better follow in the wake of the classes that have been cut out of the list. Here the animals exhibited were so inferior that the judges awarded only one prize. Hunters up to 15 stone were few in number, and Andrew Brown, well known in Yorkshire, won with Gambler, a horse that failed to make his mark in the show-yards of

last season, although frequently exhibited—here he was *facile princeps*. We did not like The Primate, who was second; and Andrew Brown's 'horse,' as he was simply described in the catalogue—no name, age, or pedigree (these things ought not to be allowed), who was placed third, although a fine galloper, was not nearly up to the weight. The next class, without condition as to weight, was a decided improvement, and showed us Golden Drop, who won so many prizes last year as a four-year-old; although he has not improved as much as we expected, he still retains the gift of going. Lord Castlereagh was second with Catterick, who may be described as 'useful,' if not quite a 'show horse.' Sir W. Eden showed a nice horse in Herdsman, by Dalesman, who could not, however, get nearer than fourth (the prize previously withheld from the Brood Mares being very properly added to this class); Andrew Brown's 'horse,' here entered as Cockney, 5 years, by Londoner, dam by Old Arthur, again finishing third. In class 9, for four-year-old Hunters, Shepherd of Beverley won somewhat easily with Liberator, a chestnut horse up to great weight, and a fine mover; he, however, is a long way from being perfect—with his hind legs very far away from him. The irrepressible A. Brown was second, with Katerfelto, a horse showing great quality, but one of the very worst movers in all his paces we ever saw win in any show-yard. Mr. Newton of Malton (who has generally introduced us to the winner) had this year to put up with third place. The horse he showed, Golden Plover, is own brother to Golden Drop, and very much like him, but up to more weight. Had this grand-topped horse differently formed fore-legs and better action in his slow paces, he would take a higher place than ever his brother did before him. In the next class, for three-year-olds, Mr. Newton won with a grand colt, The Doctor, who is so furnished that he looks like a five-year-old, but who has a very 'young mouth.' He is by East Coast (who must be the best sire for getting prize-winners in the country), and will hold his own in any company. Andrew Brown took both the other prizes in this class with two colts that will improve very much as the season advances. In the other ring there was a capital show of agricultural horses, and Lord Ellesmere was, as usual, very successful; the Stand Stud Company being his most formidable opponents. That nice horse, Star of the East (the property of the Company), who won in Paris, added one more to his long row of medals by winning the Roadster Stallion prize. We never stay to look at the jumping; and rain coming on, we were glad to take our leave, hoping to see a better show next year, as Mr. Douglas's arrangements leave nothing to be desired.

The Dartmoor foxhounds finished their season by a meet at Delamore—the seat of the Master, Admiral Parker—on Wednesday, May 7. Two hundred of the stalwart yeomen of the South Hams sat down to a banquet laid out with taste, and a sumptuous profusion, pleasing alike to the eye and to a more homely and exacting sense, and greatly was it relished, from the loyal heartiness of the entertainer, set forth as it was by a reality that chimed harmoniously with the word. It was pleasingly and satisfactorily dissimilar in comparison to the red-letter days of a similar nature in the neighbourhood of certain large commercialities, where ancestral rarities occasionally found other homes in the house of the stranger. There was a gallant show of thorough men—puissant South-Hammers—with muscle, sinew, and nerve well-fitted as yeomen or volunteer, to deal with the enemy in the gate at a moment's notice. Each had bulk enough to carry a Frenchman to participate in a chevy over the wilds of the moor; and, strange to say, the finish of the afternoon's run ended within a stone's throw of that discreditable prison,

where, in former days, so many brave Frenchmen were inhumanly incarcerated to linger out their existence in cold, fogs, and an insufficiency of sustenance. It is a solace to remember that in our early days we were instrumental in aiding one unhappy person—a man of descent—in escaping from his loathed dungeon among the bogs.

There was a very large gathering, and all were glad to see Mr. Trelawny, who had been slightly indisposed, resuming his accustomed position in the field. A meet on Dartmoor without him would lose one of its most distinguished essentialities. The hounds moved off about twelve, and were thrown into Holm Bush waste; a challenge, and a fox was quickly on foot. Little was done; they ran into Wardon Wood, to which this ringing fox pertinaciously held, with an indifferent scent, and, as the day was wearing on, they were taken away for the moor. Found a vixen near Cholvich Town, and ran the covert until they were, fortunately, stopped. A moor litter is not to be squandered and made rare by acts of wanton destruction. There was a holding scent, but the day was not propitious; a blinding snow-storm came on with a piercing nor'-wester that sent many home, but for those that remained a reward was in store for their perseverance, which they well deserved. Some ragged coverts of gorse and rushes were drawn on the edge of one of those black, fathomless morasses that are the great drawback of this open moorland. The hounds feather, a whimper. 'Yoi at him!' Conqueror, by the Garth Conqueror, and Primrose, her first year, by the Wynnstay Pilot, with Mandate fly to the note. They fling about wildly with sterns flashing, for they know that he is handy. 'Steady, good hounds!' and Boxall has them well in hand. John Whitmore, the whip, has his hand up, and before he has time to lift his cap, with one rattling crash in chorus they are gone. 'Away!—'for'ard away!' flying over the deep ground under Shell Top, they leave Hentor Tor to the left and the bogs about Yealm Head to the right, away into 'the desert dwelling-place' of the great poet, and 'the only fair spirit for 'a minister' is not wanting; for Miss Parker has gone right nobly, riding with great judgment and nerve, holding her horse well together through the deep ground, with a few others that went well to the end. The hounds bear away to left over Watern by Arter Tor, downwards to the Plym, which is crossed, and on, on, clinking on, they face the rise towards Ringmore Down, on towards the stronghold of Sheep's Tor; they throw up; little cause to say 'Hold hard!' but Miss Parker is well with them. Round they swing in a body, at a pace grand to see. No beagling this fox, and Senator, by the Garth Senator, crossing the line in his stride, turns over on his side to keep the lead. 'Yoi! on him again—away, For'ard!'—past Leather Tor and Down Tor, and the dark waters of Claeyswell Pool, when they sink to Meavy Vale, cross the river, and the Plymouth beat towards the inclosures—he is not beaten yet. Skirting the Walkham Valley, he turns to face the moor once more, a gallant fellow; but it is all against him. Boxall, who has been well with hounds on a large well-bred chesnut, and John Whitmore go their best, for the bristles are up; yet on he goes, crossing the Tavistock road at Merivale bridge. They chase him far, far on, and then comes a race for blood, silent and stern; but he got to ground in view at Kingston granite quarry, after a clinking run of one hour and twenty minutes; distance nine miles. Messrs. Calmady, Collins-Splatt, Adams, Munro, Collier, Sherwell, Matherill, and Captains Karslake and Bouchier went well throughout the run, and were there at the finish. Worthy of note also was young Parker, an Eton boy, on a well-bred cob that carried him straight as a line. *Floreat Etona!* During this worst hunting season in the memory of man, the Dartmoor hounds have had a fairer share of sport than their neighbours, as the following will show.

1878. Nov. 9. Chaddlewood : 50 min., hard running, and killed ; second fox, $1\frac{1}{2}$ h., to ground. Nov. 12. Laughter Mill : 40 min., fast, and to ground. Nov. 16. Meavy, Dartmoor : a fast 20 min. Nov. 19. Tolchmoor Gate, Dartmoor : $1\frac{1}{2}$ h., and killed ; a clipping 40 min., and to ground. Nov. 23. Lee Mill : 25 min. spin, and earthed ; 1 h. 10 min., and earthed. Nov. 26. Felham, Dartmoor : 20 min., and killed. Nov. 30. Pamflete Brawn : $1\frac{1}{2}$ h., hunting run, and earthed. Dec. 7. Marly Toll-bar, Dartmoor : 1 h., and killed. Dec. 28. Goodamoor, Dartmoor : $1\frac{1}{2}$ h., hunting run, and earthed.

1879. Jan. 15. Bittaford Brook, Dartmoor : 2 h. good run, and earthed. Jan. 23. Felham Village, Dartmoor : 1 h. 10 min., and killed. Feb. 4. Meavy, Dartmoor : 2 h. 10 min., hunting run ; 25 min. spin, and killed. Feb. 6. Carew Arms : 20 min. race, and killed. Feb. 13. Tolchmoor Gate, Dartmoor : 20 min., and earthed. Feb. 15. Paslinsk Bridge : 30 min., and killed. Feb. 18. Plym Bridge : woodland run of 2 h., and killed. St. Ann's Chapel : 30 min., earthed ; 1 h., and killed. Feb. 27. California Inn : 2 h. 20 min., hunting run, and killed. March 1. Ivybridge, Dartmoor : 35 min., earthed ; 1 h. 20 min., killed. March 8. Dowesland Barn, Dartmoor : 45 min., a race of eight miles, and killed. March 11. Kingsbridge Road Station, Dartmoor : 55 min., and killed. March 15. Blackford, Dartmoor : fast 20 min., and earthed. March 18. Skewaton Farm, Dartmoor : a good run, 25 min., fast, and killed. March 25. Bloody Pool Brake : $1\frac{1}{2}$ h., a good run, and killed. March 22. Ivybridge, Dartmoor : 4 h.—very creditable foxhounds—hunting, and fresh found, with a spin of 30 min., and killed. April 26. Plym Bridge : 50 min., fast, and earthed. May 3. Two Bridges, Dartmoor : two good runs from Believer Tor. May 7. Delamore, Dartmoor : 1 h. 20 min., good run, and earthed.

A great deal of excitement has been caused in Hertfordshire hunting circles by a breach of etiquette committed by the Master of the Colline Dale Staghounds, which, if allowed to pass unnoticed, might encourage others to do the same. All through the season a stag had been roaming about the parks and woods round Hertford in a thoroughly wild state. The surrounding landed proprietors took great interest in him, giving strict orders to their keepers not to have him molested until he began to get mischievous, and it was decided to hunt him. All arrangements were left to a good sportsman, Mr. John Roberson of Bayfordbury Park Farm, who lost no time writing to Mr. Rawle of Berkhamstead, the only Master of Staghounds in Hertfordshire, asking him to bring the hounds over on the 12th of April to have a day with him. Right well were the followers of the buckhounds entertained at the farm before starting, and all who have ever hunted with jolly old Rawle can picture his delight at finding the stag directly in Earl Cowper's Panshanger Park, and enjoying such a run for two hours and a half that rarely falls to the lot of the luckiest of hunting men. A blinding snow-storm and thick fog made it impossible to take the stag, though dead beat, so he was left in a reservoir at Cheshunt. Not liking to be done like this, Mr. Roberson rode about day after day to look after the stag, tracing him from place to place, and paying away money to insure his safety, till the following Wednesday he returned to his old quarters in Bayfordbury Park, when Mr. Roberson immediately telegraphed for the Berkhamstead hounds to come again, fixing Tuesday the 22nd for another meet at his house, to which he invited his friends far and near. Saturday is market-day at Hertford, so Mr. Roberson attended as usual on the 19th, returning home about two o'clock, as he had asked Mr. Rawle to come from Berkhamstead to make final arrangements for Tuesday. Little did they think of the

disappointment which was in store for them. Meanwhile the Colline Dale hounds from Hendon met at Hatfield, six miles off, and some one seems to have told the Master, Mr. George Nurse, the whereabouts of the stag. Without permission from anyone to draw their coverts, he trotted off with his followers to Bayfordbury, found the stag, and took him after a long run, thus spoiling a day to which all the county people were looking forward, and which Mr. Roberson, who with his neighbours was at market, had taken so much trouble to obtain. Never in the annals of stag-hunting has such an outrage been perpetrated, for masters of recognised packs have their regular countries the same as foxhounds, and are bound by a sense of honour never to interfere with one another, nor would they ever think of drawing coverts, or even enlarging one of their own deer without permission or invitation; but here the Colline Dale aggravated the offence by coming unexpectedly on market day whilst all the surrounding farmers were of course from home. Further comment is unnecessary; but no one with any pretensions as a sportsman or gentleman will encourage a Master of Hounds capable of committing such an act. On a previous occasion, we found it necessary to call attention to the fact of two indignation meetings of Middlesex farmers having been held to protest against the proceedings of the Colline Dale Hounds.

Whatever the Royal Academy may be great in this year, we do not think that the sporting pictures, pure and simple, will add to its honours. Do they ever do so? This may seem a rather ill-natured question, but it is one which a study of the Academy walls now for the last ten or twelve years, during which the increasing taste for hunting and other sports has also increased the demand for this branch of art, compels us to put. Hunting pictures especially are in great demand, and though now and then there are little breaks in the cloudy mediocrity of the great majority of these subjects, can our readers remind us of one truly admirable painting among the 'Gone Aways,' the 'Stole Aways,' and the 'Full Cries' with which we are all so familiar? One picture there was, three or four academies ago, that comes before our mind's eye as we write, painted, we believe, by Mr. Carter, depicting a scene with the Devon and Somerset staghounds on Dartmoor. It was so much out of the conventional line, besides being an admirable work of art, that it excited much attention, not altogether, though, of a favourable nature, for we well remember the bold innovations of the scenery and the peculiar country ridden over were rather coldly received by the critics. Nothing so bold and original is there this year from Mr. Carter's brush, though he has sent a picture, 'Time to be off,' a fox just breaking from his hiding-place, roused by the first whimper, which is very clever and true. One, to our eyes, of the most taking sporting subjects in the exhibition is Mr. J. J. Noble's 'Freedom and Imprisonment,' a pack of hounds relegated to their benches, while through the bars they see the huntsmen leading the other pack to the field. The different expressions of anger, disappointment, and impatience on the imprisoned pack are very cleverly drawn, while the horses are exceedingly well grouped, and there is true tone and colour throughout the picture. There is, of course, the usual 'run,' in fact there are one or two; but Mr. John Charlton is responsible for the most important, though, by-the-way, it is the end of the run which he has depicted. 'The Death; Recollections of a Kill with the Pytchley,' has been much admired and praised we believe, and the hounds baying the fox are certainly very spirited. Still there is something wanting to give *véraisemblance* to what are our notions of a Pytchley kill. Mr. Charlton has had also the misfortune to be commissioned to paint one of the inevitable 'presentation' pictures with which we are every year

inflicted. The portrait is that of a very excellent sportsman and M.F.H., Mr. John Harvey, late of the South Durham. He is mounted on the usual good-looking hunter, wears the usual spotless coat, boots, and breeches, and sits in the usual stiff and impossible pose. The horse looks as varnished as the boots, and the upraised hat of Mr. Harvey does ditto. He is supposed to have viewed the fox away, and the hounds, dashing out of covert, are well drawn. But it is the fate of these 'presentation' canvases that they must be in a great measure unreal. The great object is, of course, to get a likeness of the man and of 'the old horse,' or 'old mare,' as the case may be. The accessories are of secondary consideration; and so it comes to pass that we have a succession of admirable portraits of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, on more or less well-painted horses, but still with a stiffness in both horse and man savouring more of Madame Tussaud's academy rather than that of Burlington House. Do not our readers know them? *We* do, to our cost. In a hospitable mansion where it is our privilege often to sit round a charming table, the sole drawback to our enjoyment are the engravings on the walls. They are the portraits of M. F. H., past and present, originally painted with the most scrupulous regard to accuracy, and with the most wooden regard to detail. They glare at us from out their frames as we take our *bisque*, or *croute au pot*; the man with his hat on, and the man with it off; the gentleman sitting like an image on a fiddle-headed hunter, but which latter being 'the old horse,' has a prescriptive right to be as ugly as he likes; and the frantic gentleman who is waving his hat to imaginary hounds. Our host gloats over them, and is fond of calling our attention to some particular image *à propos des bottles*, and demanding of us if it (the image) is not 'wonderful,' to which we make the expected reply—but it is rather trying. No, the painter of hunting subjects, either portraits or runs, and whose work shall, while true to nature, be a work of art likewise, is yet to come. Meanwhile, as with the increasing passion for the chase comes the increasing demand for this style of painting, so long will the Academy walls exhibit such examples as we have quoted.

By-the-way, why did not Mr. Wallis Mackay take some of them in hand in his most amusing 'Piccadilly Peep-show?' In that extremely clever little work we feel sure the reproduction *à la* Mackay of some of the hunting and other sporting pictures would have drawn forth additional laughter from all who saw it. One subject verging on sporting life he has given us in his own peculiar view, of 'The Poacher's Widow,' than which nothing more ludicrous, perhaps, is to be found in the show, unless 'Elijah in the Wilderness,' opposite to it, does not bear away the palm. What talent is exhibited in the work, those who knew the artist's former works—notably 'The Battle of the 'Roosters'—need not be told. His drawings are quite unique and unrivalled, and we are glad to see some 'Sketches in the Lobby of the 'House of Commons' announced to appear, the work of his pencil. But we do hope next year he will remember the hunting subjects.

It may interest our many readers to hear that the late Lieutenant Melville (of the 24th Regiment), who so courageously lost his life endeavouring to save the regimental colours after the battle of Isandlana, was a contributor to 'Bailey,' writing under the *nom de plume* of 'Green Facings.'

We have received from the St. Pancras Iron Works Company, St. Pancras Road, London, an entirely new catalogue of improved sanitary cow-house, and piggery fittings, which the recent stringent Order in Council respecting keepers of cows will make especially useful now.

That was a night greatly to be remembered in the Upper House when Mr. Anderson's Metropolitan Race-course Bill was read a second time by a

triumphant majority. It really was a great victory, sweetened, too, by the anticipations of defeat. Everybody who took any interest in the matter heard rumours of a very strong pressure that was sought to be put on the supporters of Government, to induce them to vote against the bill. It was stated that Lord Granville had been won over to oppose it, and that he would second its rejection, as moved by the Duke of Richmond. The Sunday previous to the debate was quite, as Lord Beaconsfield once said, 'a day of canards' among racing men, and the supporters of the measure were disheartened, for it was confidently affirmed that the bill would be rejected by a decisive majority. But, despite of zealous whips and personal solicitations from the noble President of the Council and the popular Chief Secretary, better and common-sense counsels prevailed, with the result we know. Lord Granville confessed that he at first was inclined to oppose the measure, but it was chiefly through ignorance of its scope and aim; and throughout the debate the weight of argument was all in favour of the bill. Lord Enfield's was a telling speech, to which the Duke of Richmond's was a feeble reply. In one respect the noble proprietor of Goodwood may be complimented for the courage he displayed in defending the Jockey Club from the imputations cast upon it of perpetually promising and never performing. There was a happy audacity in his Grace's assertion that the Club was the proper tribunal to decide on these matters, and that they would legislate on them. No doubt the first proposition is quite right, and the Jockey Club is the proper tribunal; but for their moving in the matter we have waited and should have had to wait in vain. Every one knows that our turf authorities have been appealed to over and over again to do something, but *quieta non movere* has been their motto, and beyond some petty details of racing their legislation has been unworthy of the name. At a meeting of the club, held during the First Spring week last year, Mr. Chaplin inquired what steps the club intended to take with reference to Mr. Anderson's measure then before the House of Commons, and if the stewards were prepared to legislate on the matter themselves. We need hardly say what was the result, but we will quote the official account from the pages of 'Weatherby.' 'After some further discussion, in which Sir G. Chetwynd, Sir J. Astley, Mr. Chaplin, and Lord Rosslyn took part, it was agreed to leave the matter 'in the hands of the Stewards.' Precisely so. An easy way of shelving a disagreeable subject; for, no doubt, it was fondly hoped by the club that Mr. Anderson's troublesome Bill would be settled in the Commons, or, at all events, that the Lords would make short work with it. They have the satisfaction of knowing now that to themselves as a body is due the fact that the measure has become, or rather will shortly become, law. They have abnegated their functions. No real sportsman wishes for the interference of the legislature in matters of sport, when there is a proper tribunal before which such matters should come. But if the tribunal will not act, what then? If two or three years ago, when the evil that Mr. Anderson's Bill seeks to remedy was at its height, the Jockey Club had put its foot down boldly on these Metropolitan meetings, we all know that we should never have heard of the present measure. Therefore when his Grace of Richmond told us that evening in the Lords that the matter ought to be left to the Jockey Club, he certainly exhibited a courage almost without a parallel, and if we were criticising the conduct of a person less eminent than the Lord President of the Council, we should be inclined to use a stronger term. In the handicapping of the future, when the entry for the Great Audacity Stakes is submitted to Messrs. Weatherby's skilful manipulation, they will have to put 10 st. on the noble owner of Goodwood's wide domain.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.

THERE was a splendid and stately ceremony at Madrid in the winter of last year, on the occasion of a royal marriage, to which came representatives of every Court in Europe. Rank, valour and beauty, historic names in many lands, here met the chivalry and *sangre azul* of old Spain, and among that press of knights, few more distinguished or striking figures could be found than that of the Queen of England's special Envoy, Robert Erskine, fourth Earl of Rosslyn.

To us in this country that face and figure have been now for some time familiar. On the other side of the border, the home and cradle of the Erskines, they know them well; and as Her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland no man is more liked or esteemed than Lord Rosslyn. They know him well, too, in High Leicestershire, when the scent and the pace are both good and the fox a straight-going one; and Londoners meet him in Piccadilly and in the Row. We think we have seen him at Newmarket. Yes, surely, there on his hack near the Birdcage—with glass fixed to his eye and keenly scanning the horses as they come out from or return to the paddock, for an excellent judge of a horse is he—sits the subject of our present sketch. Indeed, of all things that live and move and have their being Lord Rosslyn is fond; specially fond is he of all associations with animal life and with sport, from rat-hunting to racing, and we fancy a favourite motto of his would be—

‘Nihil humani alienum a me puto.’

BORN in 1833, the second son of the third Earl, who had been Under-Secretary of State for War and twice Master of the Buckhounds, he went to Eton in due course, and in 1850 matriculated at Merton College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1852. Fond of travel and adventure, he proceeded shortly after this to Africa, passing a winter at Tunis; and then joining the Coldstream Guards as an itinerant, went with them to Constantinople in 1854. Lord Loughborough, as he then was, took this opportunity of exploring

the Balkans, riding over the country that has recently been the seat of war, to Schumla, where he was during the memorable siege of Silistria. It had been his desire to accompany the Guards to the Crimea, but he was compelled to return home. In 1857, and again in 1859, he unsuccessfully contested the county of Fife, and from that date to 1866, when on the death of his father, he succeeded to the title, he devoted his time chiefly to hunting. Scarcely a country, not only in Scotland but also in England, that he did not manage to visit, and this with only a few horses. In 1869 it was that Lord Rosslyn formed the nucleus of his present breeding stud, by giving the modest sum of 10*l.* for Lord Derby's famous old mare *Meteora*, then supposed to be barren, but who bred for her new owner two fillies, one of which, *Flying Cloud*, is still at Easton, and her foal by *St. Albans* was sold last year for 500*l.* For the last few years the sale at Easton Lodge has been a feature of the July week at Newmarket, and Lord Rosslyn has been a fairly successful breeder.

Lord Rosslyn is a Mason, and a working one. He has been twice Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and one of his constant efforts has been to increase the Benevolent Fund in Scotland and to assimilate in some measure the Scottish Masonic charities to those of England. As chairman of the Festival held on the 25th of last month for the Masonic Charity for Boys, at the Alexandra Palace, his Lordship took occasion to enforce these views. He is not a drone in the busy hive of life, but, fully recognising the honoured saying "*Noblesse oblige*," does that which his hands find him to do, with all his might.

We have glanced at Lord Rosslyn's sporting tastes and his love of country life, but we fancy his keenest enjoyment is in the hunting field. For the last ten seasons or so he has lived a good deal at Skeffington, in the High Leicestershire country, and, as we have hinted above, is generally found in the first flight there. Newmarket is a secondary passion, and it is not often that the pretty colours of 'bronze and turquoise' are seen on the Rowley Mile; but he is fond of breeding, and the Easton Stud will, we hope, even in this year of unremunerative prices, hold its own. Popular in manners, well read, of a high poetic fancy, and with the tastes of an accomplished gentleman, Lord Rosslyn is a prominent member of English society, and a worthy representative of a time-honoured name.

OWEN SWIFT.

WALKING through Covent Garden Market the other day we fell in with an old ring-goer, who informed us of the death of Owen Swift, one of the few remaining survivors of the race of British Boxers. This set us thinking of the changes in manners, customs, and habits that have taken place since the days when

Corinthians supported the Prize Ring. Young swells no longer sit over their wine after dinner until they become half drunk, but instead they are 'nipping' from morning till night: they do not begrime their faces with snuff, but they are seldom without a cigarette in their mouths, even in the presence of ladies; they bet and gamble at their Clubs just as deeply as many used to do at Crockford's, but there is this great difference, that when they have lost more money than they can pay, instead of putting a pistol to their heads, they compound with their creditors and start fresh. The old English custom of deciding a quarrel with the fist has been voted to be low, brutal, and demoralising, but we fail to perceive that the present generation are at all more refined, more courteous, or more tender-hearted than their fathers were before them.

Five-and-forty years have passed away since we first set eyes upon Owen Swift, 'The Little Wonder' of the Prize Ring, and one of the best men of his weight that ever stood within it. He was born, of Irish parents, in 'The Holy Land,' as St. Giles's was called; in which rough school he learnt how to take his own part, and at a very early age he had settled all the boys of that locality, both big and little. Swift followed the occupation of his father, that of a plasterer, and we fancy we can see the little fair-haired boy, as he was then, in his working suit of white flannel jacket and fur cap. Of an evening the lad would earn a few coppers by setting-to at the various sparring-rooms of the metropolis, where he attained that finished skill in the art of attack and defence which afterwards characterised him. Whilst yet unknown to fame he was tramping down the Barnet road, along with another lad of about his own age, on their way to a fight which was to come off near town, when they were overtaken by a hackney-coach, and both boys jumped up behind, and, being called upon, refused to get off. Now in the coach was a fighting man of some note, Tom Reidie, commonly called 'The Colonel,' who got out to chastise these insolent brats. Reidie, however, was in no condition, and he soon discovered that in the little fair-haired boy he had caught a Tartar. 'The Colonel' was too good a judge to continue fighting, saying, as he left off: 'You young scamp, when you have been flag-hopping as long as I have you will find the difference.'

Owen's first essay in the Prize Ring, when only fifteen years of age, was for thirty shillings a side with Tom MacKeevor, whom he defeated, upon Primrose Hill. His next attempts were in offhand contests for purses, got up at race meetings and other sporting gatherings, when he silenced the pretences of Tom Norman, Jem Cooper (a sturdy gipsy), and several others. But the battle that chiefly brought him into notice was with Bill Isaacs, a Jew, upon Harpenden Common. Swift had walked down from town during the night, a distance of twenty-six miles, to assist at a field day of the fancy. No sooner were the principal performers off the stage than a subscription purse was collected to keep the game alive, and Swift and Anthony Noon tossed up for the privilege of contending

with Isaacs for the possession of it. Swift won the toss, as he also did the purse, after a merry fight of fourteen rounds. The style in which he finished off this ugly customer gained him friends and backers amongst some tradesmen who used to frequent the public-house of Reuben Marten in Berwick Street. During the two following years (1832 and 1833) we find Swift contending, for trifling stakes, with Anthony Noon, Jem Collins ('Ball-o'-wax'), Ned Brown ('the sprig of myrtle'), Jack Allen, and Bill Murray, and in every case with success.

Crow Lockett of Oxford, a man of about ten stone and a half, being matched with Jack Adams of London, the backers of the countryman took Swift down to his training quarters to give him a trial with the gloves. In a glove fight Owen gave Lockett such a dressing that the friends of the latter thought it advisable to save any further expense, and to forfeit the money that was down.

At this time came the turning-point in Owen's fortunes, by his being taken by the hand by the burly, jovial Jem Burn, who made him the conductor of his sparring-room. Jem Burn's was a favourite resort of 'the golden youth' of that period: many a member of Parliament slipped away from the House, or smart Guardsman, escaped from a slow dinner party, might be found passing the evening in the private room, opening upon the sparring ring, which Jem had set apart for 'my gentlemen.' Over the mantelpiece of this room were the following lines, written, to the order of Jem Burn, by 'Chief Baron Nicholson':

'Scorning all treacherous feud and deadly strife,
The dark stiletto and the murderous knife,
We boast a science, sprung from manly pride,
Linked with true courage and to health allied,
A noble pastime, void of vain pretence,
The fine old English art of self-defence.'

In vain did the play people attempt to bribe Jem to give them an entrance into this sanctum; in vain did counter-jumpers seek to gain admission, for Jem would detect them in a moment. 'There 'is as much difference,' he would say, 'in the breed of men 'as there is in the breed of horses.' The audience that used to assemble at Burn's was sure to appreciate such skill as Owen's with the gloves, and he was not long in finding a liberal backer in the Hon. Henry Fitzroy, who was ever after his staunch supporter. Swift was still a mere stripling when he met Phil Eyles of Westminster, for 25*l.* a side, upon Wimbledon Common, and won without a scratch. 'Knock him down next round, and I 'will give you a sovereign,' said Jem Burn, and Owen quickly earned it. Eyles missed a desperate round right-handed blow at Owen's ear, which, if it had reached its destination, might have altered the state of affairs, but Owen cleverly avoided it by taking a half step back, and then, shooting out his own right straight from the shoulder, floored Eyles like a shot. In this fight Swift displayed such extraordinary powers of hitting, that his friends did not hesitate to match

him for 50*l.* a side with Bill Atkinson of Nottingham, who had challenged all England at nine stone. The men had never seen each other until the time appointed for weighing. 'Is that the boy who is to lick me?' said Atkinson, in the most contemptuous tone, when he observed the youthful appearance and quiet, unassuming manner of his opponent. 'Yes, and I will bet you six pounds to four that he does it, too,' answered Jem Burn. From Swift's evident superiority, after they had been in the ring a short time, odds of three and four to one were laid upon him, although, owing to Atkinson's shifty mode of fighting, ducking his head and dropping, Swift had been unable to plant a finishing hit. Dick Curtis was incapacitated by an attack of the gout from acting as second to Swift, but he was, upon his crutches, near the ropes. 'Get close to him, Owen, and pick him up with your right,' was Dick's advice. The very next round Owen acted upon this suggestion, and, as Atkinson ducked his head, caught him a terrific upper cut on the nose, and down he went, smothered in blood. 'That is a settler,' said Curtis, and he was right, for the Nottingham man either could not, or would not, come again. Swift, after putting on his clothes, sat and looked on at the second fight, and, after a good dinner at Newport Pagnell, drove up to London and showed in Jem Burn's parlour the same evening. In June of the same year Swift defeated Anthony Noon, 'the pocket Hercules,' as he was called, near Andover, the battle lasting over two hours. For this battle Swift had reduced himself below his proper fighting weight, and, when he got into the scales at Andover, he only drew 8 st. 8½ lbs.

These victories left Swift the undisputed champion of the light weights, and, although he was willing to meet any man half a stone above his weight, for two years he was unable to get a match. Swift's popularity was now at its height; his partisans talked of him as if he was invincible, and his backers allowed their partiality to overrule their sober judgment to such an extent that they matched him for 100*l.* a side against Hammer Lane of Birmingham, a taller, longer, stronger, and two stone heavier man than himself. Such a match ought never to have been made. The men met near the Four Shire Stone, the junction of the counties of Oxford, Gloucester, Warwick, and Worcester. Swift fought beautifully, and planted his left time after time, without a return, until Lane's face was materially altered, yet his strength remained undiminished. 'That does not hurt Hammer,' said an enthusiastic Brum. 'Does it do him any good?' asked Burn. However, what Lane could not effect at long bowls, owing to Swift's superior science, his strength enabled him to accomplish at close quarters by hugging and wrestling. Swift gradually got weaker, and, being thrown heavily in the 104th round, became insensible; nature left him more from exhaustion than by punishment, which, except from a few blows on the body, was comparatively trifling, and he had not a black eye. Swift was excessively mortified at the result, but his reputation did not suffer one atom from his defeat.

Space will only permit us very briefly to notice some turns up, in which Owen acted a conspicuous part, about this period, which afforded considerable amusement to the sporting world. Amongst others, his serving out a saucy fellow who threatened to lick any six of the party upon the drag on which Owen was returning from Goodwood races; his taking the bounce out of the big bully of Hampstead, who did not find out his mistake till too late; and, again, in company with Dick Curtis and Sambo Sutton, between them thrashing eight navvies who had insulted some women; to say nothing of his besting Jem Bailey, a man of upwards of twelve stone, when that ruffian had assaulted gouty old Jem Burn. Not that Swift was quarrelsome or overbearing, but that he was ever ready to chastise insolence, or to protect those who were unable to defend themselves.

Swift would probably have remained idle for some time longer had not the Marquis of Waterford, who had hitherto been one of his principal backers, in order to promote sport, offered to find the money for Izzy Lazarus to fight him for 100*l.* a side. This was a tough job for Owen, seeing that his opponent was a stone heavier than himself, and as good a boxer as almost any in the list. The result was a rare good fight, for although Swift had all the best of the fighting, there were several changes in the battle, each man in turn being the favourite, and it was only Swift's finished science and unflinching gameness that ultimately pulled him through triumphant in two hours and fifteen minutes.

Owen made only one more appearance in the London ring, when he defeated a fine fresh young fellow, named Brighton Bill, in ninety-five minutes. The latter died from the effects of the fight, and Owen was compelled to leave the country, making his way to Paris, where, for a time, he gave lessons in sparring. One of his pupils, Lord Henry Seymour, matched him against a French professor of *the Savate*, each man to fight in his own style. The contest took place in a room, and at starting the Frenchman gave Owen a dreadful kick, but our little hero dealt out his blows right and left so hard and fast that he beat his man in a single round. Sparring one day with Lord Henry Seymour, Owen gave his lordship a tap upon the nose, which the latter begged might not be repeated. In the next bout Swift gave him a dig in the stomach, to which he had an equal objection. 'Well, but, my lord, where am I to hit you?' said Owen in great perplexity. 'Oh! hit me anywhere; hit me on ———.' Mr. Bailly refuses to print the rest of Lord Henry's answer. Jack Adams, who at that time had a sparring school in Paris, jealous of Owen carrying off so many of his pupils, challenged him for 50*l.* a side. The fight came off in the Bois de Boulogne, and in the second round Adams claimed a foul, but it was not allowed, and Swift got the stakes. This unsatisfactory termination caused another match to be made, which ended in an easy victory for Swift.

For these breaches of the peace Swift was summoned before the

Paris Tribunal of Correction, and, as is the custom in that country, was interrogated by the prosecutor. Amongst other questions, he was asked how he was enabled to endure the physical exertion of a long fight. He replied that it could only be done by being in condition. This led to a series of questions and answers as to the method of training to get into condition. For the next fortnight young Parisians might be seen going best pace, muffled up with sweaters and great coats, who, on being asked what they were doing, replied, 'Conditioner pour boxer.' The Paris Court sentenced Swift to thirteen months' imprisonment, but he managed to escape to London, where for some time he remained in hiding. From thence he made a flying visit to Leicester, disguised as a woman, in order to witness the fight for the championship between Deaf Burke and Bendigo. When the Spring Assizes came on at Hertford, Swift surrendered and stood his trial for manslaughter, and was acquitted, the prosecution failing to identify him. The Royston post-boy who drove Swift to the ring, on quitting the witness-box, winked at Owen as he stood in the dock.

Having finally retired from the ring, Swift went into business as landlord of the Horse Shoe Tavern, in Tichborne Street, of which he remained the host for some years. In his style of fighting Owen Swift resembled the celebrated Dick Curtis, using his left, upon which he mainly relied, with the greatest precision and the quickness of lightning, whilst his activity on his legs kept him out of danger. At in-fighting he was equally good with both hands, and the best thrower ever seen in the ring. When to these qualifications were added his admirable generalship and indomitable gameness, we may fairly say that he was one of the best little men that ever pulled off a shirt.

This sketch of the career of a brave man has been supplied by one who knew him well, for the edification of those readers of 'Baily' who have a regard for the manly character of Englishmen.

SUMMER SCARLET.

HAD any foreigner, well versed in his 'Burke' and 'Debrett,' as well as the annual list of hounds which appears between the green covers of 'Baily' as each November comes round, been early at King's Cross station, say a quarter to nine on the 19th of June, he might well have wondered what brought the very select party there assembled and waiting to take their tickets together, had he not known that there was to be a grand gathering that day of summer scarlet in the midland counties. He might have wondered also, how it was that some of our most celebrated sportsmen, like Saul, exceeded their fellows by the head and shoulders, and became the mightiest amongst the sons of Nimrod, as he noted Lord Macclesfield, who still can hold his own in the Vale portion of his

South Oxfordshire country when it comes to riding, or hunt his fox on the cold hills of the Chilterns, as well as he could years ago when he first took the horn as Lord Parker. Hard by him he would have seen Mr. George Lane-Fox, the descendant of a line of sportsmen, who deservedly stands at the head of Yorkshire hunting men; and when we say Yorkshire sportsmen are unsurpassed by any county in England, it will be seen how the name of Lane-Fox is esteemed in the hunting world. Here also is the Marquis of Worcester, who for some years has carried the horn at Badminton, and is admitted by all good judges to be a huntsman worthy of that pack and country, and we heard a man say not long ago that he considered it the best all-round country, hill and vale, in England, and could not say him nay. Others soon join the group; the Marquis of Waterford would rank worthily with these welter-weights, and we know that his eighteen stone does not stop his being amongst the hardest and best of the sons of Erin in the chase. The Hon. J. W. Fitzwilliam and the Misses Fitzwilliam were also there. Sir Richard Glyn brings back memories of the Blackmoor Vale, and Mr. George Fenwick reminds of the grand pack which he has bred on the borders, whose merits are to be confirmed substantially before the day is over; then there is Mr. E. Egerton, Mr. E. Frewen, Lord Waterpark, and Mr. W. H. Williamson, reminding us of old Yorkshire show days. Jack West walks by, and stops to tell us that he was just too late in making his entry, or the Vine would have figured amongst the packs represented. Mrs. Williams (we believe), in full war paint, convinces us of the fact that horses are to be shown as well as hounds, and fences to be leaped for public delectation. And then, just before the bell is sounded and the whistle blown that sends us on our journey, Mr. Frank Foljambe passes, with the consoling remark: 'There'll be a lot of countries vacant, if we should have 'a smash;' which immediately set our companion on the search for his ticket which entitles to a claim on Mr. Vian's company in case of misadventure.

Then we are off, and quickly speeding through literally a golden country, for all along the Harrow grass every field is gay with buttercups in the yet unmown meadows; and, alas that we should write it, all the corn land beyond is equally gay with the all-pervading charlock, worst of foes to the farmer. The fens, marked by long lines of peat-like walls, show where the wetness of the season has necessitated the cutting of new drains; and once through this, we steam into Peterborough, and our goal is almost reached. At the station we meet the Rev. J. Russell, who, at eighty-four, has come all the way from the west of Devonshire to this scarlet tryst, and who must have hunted ere many a Master of Hounds himself falling into the 'sere and yellow leaf,' was born. Peterborough itself is *en fête*, and gay with flags, for the Prince of Wales is again to be present at the Hound Show, and it behoves the inhabitants, as loyal subjects, to make holiday. We are soon in the Skating Rink, the best place we ever saw for the purpose; and the arrange-

ments are such that even Mr. Tom Parrington himself, who judged here last year and is present again this, will admit have never been surpassed, even at his well-known Yorkshire gatherings. Never a better one did he have than this, and twenty-one kennels from all parts of the country are represented. In fact, it reminded us strongly of thirteen years ago, when the Yorkshire Show was held in Knavesmire, and the Prince was also present, and all Masters came in their scarlet and boots; not that they did so at Peterborough, but here were huntsmen and whips enough to enliven and light up the scene. How well we remember the late Mr. George Foljambe, then being led across the judging ring to inspect the prize puppy of his year, and after *feeling* him all over no man there could have formed a better appreciation of his merits than did Mr. Foljambe. Lord Waterford, Col. Anstruther-Thomson, and Mr. F. T. Drake formed the bench, and round the ring were many of the best-known Masters of Hounds and hunting men in England: Earls Fitzwilliam and Spencer, Lords Galway, Willoughby de Broke, Waterpark, and Fitzhardinge, the Marquis of Huntly, Sir Bache Cunard, Col. Anstruther-Thomson, Messrs. H. Langham, A. H. Sumner, Chas. Lindsell, R. Arkwright, J. Wicksted, W. E. Oakeley and Hon. Mrs. Oakeley, R. A. Carnegie, Reginald Corbett, &c. &c. There were a few ladies, and, unless our eyes deceived us, we saw one who was formerly well known on Exmoor, and since then with the Fitzwilliam, Captain Middleton, well known wherever hounds can show good sport, we had almost said; at any rate there is scarcely a good county in England or Ireland where he has not shown them the way. Sir Thomas Whichcote, Hon. F. Henley, Hon. R. Spencer, Lord Yarborough, Lord Colville, Lord Kesteven, Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, Sir John Astley, Lord Esme Gordon, Rev. A. Legard, Mr. Cecil Chaplin, &c. We must not forget Mr. John Holiday, who acted as a kind of steward of the ring at the Yorkshire Hound Shows, and now comes every year to have a look at them at Peterborough—long may he do so! or that fine horseman, Mr. Frank Gordon; neither should we overlook another hero of an age that is fast passing away, Captain Skipworth, who knew his way to the winning-post as well as any one in the early days of steeplechasing. Of huntsmen past and present there was a large number, headed by Frank Goodall; and where two or three were gathered together they invariably formed themselves into a sort of jury, and discussed the claims of the candidates for honours as scientifically, no doubt, as the judges themselves, though perhaps not so impartially in all cases; for we heard one chaffingly say to another who was expatiating on the merits of a young hound: ‘Aye, what a good-made one it always ‘is when it’s by *our* Ralleywood or Senator,’ or whatever the sire may be. Of course an entry from twenty-one kennels, with only one absentee, twenty bright huntsmen and their whips in full war-paint, amongst whom George Carter towered like a Triton among minnows; and as they came in with their charges one after another we were much amused at hearing some one ask an ex-huntsman well known for his neat get up, ‘Who was the best huntsman that

'had been in the ring yet?' 'That's what I really can't tell you,' replied he. 'No; but you could a few years ago, without much trouble, when you used to show,' rejoined a friend at his elbow.

There was a grand show of young dog-hounds, and George Carter, when he brought in the Milton cracks, Sinbad and Shiner, by Spanker, out of Scornful by Rubicon and Smoker, their brother, who made another couple, with Warfinger, by Wrangler out of Stately, seemed as proud as a young wife showing her first baby, and well he might be, for it was a rare two-couple, rich tans, with plenty of bone and power, on short legs, and yet, withal, not so coarse as some extra strong ones are. They had, however, foemen worthy of their steel in the Oakley Stormer and Struggler by the Duke of Grafton's Sepoy out of Duchess, a couple of rare-made youngsters, much marked with black over the bodies, and with very dark tan heads. The decision hung in the balance for some time, and then they split the Fitzwilliam two-couple and took second prize, Shiner and Sinbad being awarded first honours, and we should think a much nearer thing in hound-showing has seldom been seen. As all the rest were good it would be invidious to particularise them.

Another rattling lot came out to compete for the prize given to the best two-couple of working hounds, as may be expected when Milton challenges Brocklesby, and the Pychley threw down the glove to the Cottesmore with the Burton, Grove, Holderness, Oakley, and Earl Fitzwilliam's also in the fray, it is then literally and truly a case of Greek meeting Greek, and the tug of war is strong when each kennel has selected its best warriors to do battle. Alfred Thatcher was the first to pass the ordeal of the judges, and with his last year's winners, Glider, Aimwell, and Armlet, aided by Saffron, a son of the Belvoir Saffron and Novice, he showed a bold front indeed. The rest followed in order, and when the Fitzwilliam came, 'Where is last year's crack, Hermit?' was the universal query. 'Why,' said a sarcastic huntsman, who has forsaken the saddle for the sign-board, 'don't you know he is a Somerset, and their shoulders will get stronger as they grow older? Perhaps that is why he's left at home.' Well, the old dog was a little on coarse side himself, so perhaps his sons may turn after him, but the blood is good enough to stand a little chaff for all that, and numbers of his stock have been bracketed as winners, while we know they can take their own part in their more legitimate occupation. Whitmore had a couple of last year's lot in the ring again, in Flasher and Bluster, the former by Milton Furrier out of Dabchick, and the latter by Baronet out of Liberty, and made up his two-couple with Bachelor by Bugler out of Discord, who jumps all his gates clean like a greyhound, and never smeuses a fence if there is a chance to jump it, and Gallant by the Duke of Grafton's Spartan out of Gipse, who has a great character in work. However, he could not repeat his second of last year, and honours fell to Milton, with Spanker by Seaman out of Niobe, Sultan by Selim out of Rosimund, Roman, a hound of whom we spoke favourably when visiting the kennels last season, and Selim, another two-year-old, who was decorated with

Hermit last year, and the Brocklesby got second honours. The Fitzwilliam were in great form with their dog-hounds altogether, for they actually took first and second in a capital class of stallion hounds with Sultan and Spanker, the Brocklesby Glider and the Pytchley Comus, last year's cracks, being then first and second were passed by on the other side.

When the judging was in full swing a sudden movement of some of the spectators told us something was up more than usual, and an order to form-up the competitors before judges showed that the whole scene was to be photographed; and as one of Carter's charges did not recognise the necessity of being perfectly still during the process, but insisted on flourishing his stern, George created no small amusement by seizing the offending member, and holding it quiet *vi et armis*, which we should imagine will produce a curious effect in the picture.

Luncheon-time is, as a rule, a great institution at hound shows, and it is as religiously observed at Peterborough as elsewhere, and so three-quarters of an hour was no doubt very pleasantly passed by those who indulge in such frailties. We preferred watching the course of events to earning indigestion ere half the day's work was done, and duly noted the refreshment people who dispensed the good things of this life (well, that is not quite such a mendacious assertion as it might have been), as their stores waxed fainter and fainter, until they finally collapsed, and sent into the town for a reinforcement of sandwiches. Another source of amusement was watching how the townspeople crowded into the seats reserved for Masters of Hounds—the janitors of the entrances of course being bound to lunch as well as other people—how, with notices staring them in the face they took possession, and settled themselves comfortably in for a good stare at the Prince, for it was very evident they were not of those who care about hounds. A gentleman in a buff billycock hat, gig lamps, and an enormous weed, with a lady whose gay head-dress and well-worn boots scarcely accorded, stuck themselves just opposite a notice writ large as to the people for whom the seats were reserved. When, however, the time came for operations to commence once more, they were very much astonished at being requested to give place and go into a lower room. And one old lady said, with a complaisant smile to her companion, 'Well, we have not been asked to move yet, and 'we won't turn out until we are, will we, dear,' nodding and smiling to her companion. However, her reign was short, as was that of a cheeky young man, who said, 'No, he was not a Master of Hounds, 'but a very large subscriber.'

Soon after two o'clock the Prince came in, and having lunched took his place at the side of the judging ring, just under the box erected for him, and the unentered bitches were brought on the scene. Invincible as was Carter with the less robust sex last year the tables were quite changed this, and although he had all the luck with his dog-hounds he was not in it with the bitches, save in one class. They were good throughout, but the plums of the cake

were no doubt for the Tynedale, Grove, Brocklesby, Lord Middleton's, the Oakley, Pytchley, South Notts, and Warwickshire kennels, the latter only sending one couple out of two entered. The Tynedale and the Oakley then came out from these, though it took some little time to weed them down, and there was no small amount of chaff going on amongst a group of Masters, two of whom were left with the last lot, as they were looked over again and again, though we fancy that most had pretty well decided that Mr. Fenwick's Rarity and Redolent must win, and his Surety and Racket were but little behind them. 'You must have capital walks,' asked a noble lord, who knows more than most people about hounds. 'Very good, but not many of them,' was the rejoinder. 'Ah, yes, I am sure that half the goodness goes in at the mouth, when they are puppies,' and thus John Ward's maxim with regard to horses was borne out by a good judge in these latter days.

Mr. Arkwright—or rather we should say, perhaps, the Oakley, speaking by the book—was second with Dauntless, a daughter of the Duke of Grafton's Driver and Spillikin, her companion being Sportly, by Somerset, who took the place of Wrathful, named in the catalogue. So long was the contest between these two lots, that the respective Masters came in for a good deal of friendly badinage as to the state in which they found themselves during the ordeal, although we fancy most had pretty well spotted the beautiful Tynedale bitches as the winners before the decision was finally known; at any rate, Rarity and Redolent were first, and Dauntless and Sportly second.

This decision made, the candidates for the Marquis of Huntly's cup for the best three couple of hounds of any age, dogs or bitches, in the yard, were brought out, and as it is post entrance, only those with wonderful memories for hound faces, or such as have time to interview each huntsman individually, and know what he takes into the ring, can give a correct account of the competitors; however, of course it was confined to hounds competing in other classes, and several kennels had a look in for it, some sending two lots, but in reality it was a duel between Milton and Milton Ernest, Carter relying on his dog-hounds, and Whitmore on his bitches: both evidently were right in their selection, for two better lots perhaps seldom or never competed, but it made the task a hard one for the judges, as it is difficult to compare the sexes; they, however, acted on the maxim—we believe a sound one—that it is more difficult to get a good lot of dogs than a good lot of bitches, and the cup went to the Fitzwilliam, though one of the judges said he never saw such a lot of bitches together before, and although beaten, they were not disgraced.

A very strong class entered the ring to compete for the prize offered for the best two couple of working bitches; but although there were some noted hounds amongst them, to say that the judges had much difficulty in placing the Oakley lot first would not be true, as it was settled almost at once. Some who are pretty much in the hound world appeared rather surprised at the Milton Ernest kennel turning out such a lot of hounds as it did on this occasion,

but since our first visit there, now some years ago, we have been convinced that for bone, power, and good looks, the Oakley were quite equal to packs of which a great deal more is heard, and this exhibition proves that we had formed a correct estimate of them. In colour they are certainly plainer than some, having so many hounds in the kennel that are black and white, with very little, or often no mixture of tan, nevertheless there is the stuff that kills foxes. The two couple shown in this class were Filigree, by Danger out of Fury; Dainty, by Duster out of Virgin; Dinah, by Lexicon of Dowager, and Ruthless, by the Grove Romulus out of Bluebell, all black and white, and matching each other like peas. They were the same with Flighty and another that had made such a stout fight for the Champion Cup. It was great fun to see old Filigree, when she recognised Mr. Arkwright, set all rules of etiquette at defiance, and bound over the barrier on to his knees; but not content with that, she was quickly for making her way through the rows of spectators and off, until captured and put back again by main force. What they had to beat will say more than we can for their goodness, when it is remembered that in the two couple Carter sent to oppose them were Harebell and Sarah, Rosebud and Sunbeam, respectively first and second in the young class last year; they were, however, again divided, Harebell and Sarah having Rhetoric and Skilful as companions, and to them the second honours were awarded. The class altogether was first-rate, and any Master who could have taken home the lot would have been well set up with brood bitches.

The class especially set apart for matrons was well filled, and here also the Oakley showed of what grand stuff their kennel is composed, for the five-year old Flighty, by the Milton Furrier out of Dabchick, was placed first—a grand bitch, with as much power as a dog-hound, black and white, with a deep-coloured tan head. Wanton worthily represented Brocklesby, and the gay tan daughter of Warrior and Gaiety would have been first instead of second in many classes. With these closed our view of summer scarlet. Men said there were hunters, and good ones too, in the other yard; that there was jumping to be seen that would put Islington to the blush, for they spoke respectfully of a certain wall which the competitors were called on to negotiate; but we, like Gallio, cared for none of these things, and rather lingered in the hound yard while one couple remained, or there was one bit of pink to light up the scene. It is the fashion with some to sneer at summer hounds, but we know they are never kept as horses are, for show and nothing else, and it cannot hurt them to come for a day from home and let men in distant counties see what treasures other kennels than those immediately around them contain. We always enjoy these passing glimpses of illustrious strangers, and still more the chat with old friends, by whose side we have ridden years ago in distant countries, whose hand we seldom shake, save at such gatherings as these, which form a sort of intermediate link between one season and another, and break the monotony of summer with a flash of scarlet.

SOME NOTES ON COARSE-FISH ANGLING.

ON the 16th of this month the coarse-fish angler of the Thames resumes the rod which has lain idle, in conformity with the Fresh-water Fisheries' Act since March 15th. First in the rank of coarse fish for the month comes the barbel, then in their order, as the summer progresses, follow on the chub, roach, bream, dace, gudgeon, perch, pike, and, perchance, tench and carp. By the time specified, the debility and loss of flesh occasioned by the spawning have given place in most of the fishes named to increasing vigour and size, and the sport afforded is of much more general interest than that evoked by the 'lordly' salmon or 'princely' trout. It is true that some of them—the pike, for example—do not so readily recuperate after their domestic difficulties; but, taken as a whole, the date named may be fairly said to be a fit one for the letting loose upon the piscine tribes the many coarse-fish anglers of the metropolis and its suburbs. The time of year is a holiday time, too, and, in this uncertain climate of ours, it would be cruel to compel the city-pent angler to forswear his favourite sport, even if the condition of the fishes rendered such a course desirable.

Although confessedly the various members of the *salmonida* family come in for the lion's share of attention from the patrician sportsman, it must not be supposed that the coarse fish are not deserving of the notice of the high-class angler. The number of fishers who, during late years, have adopted bottom-fishing as a solace for sparse sport with the fly or minnow, is hardly capable of computation. A recent writer has estimated the number of persons in London and its neighbourhood alone who make angling their chief recreation at 5000, and of these it may safely be said quite two-thirds, if not more, are coarse-fish anglers. Some remarks on the general and some on the special characteristics of what are termed coarse fish, may not therefore at this season be out of place.

I placed the barbel first in the list of 'coarse fish' above given, because it probably during June affords more sport than any other fish. By the end of May, if the weather has been tolerably mild, *Barbus vulgaris* has completed spawning operations, and in a couple of weeks has left the shallows and returned to the deeps, where in large shoals it congregates till some fortunate Piscator succeeds in decimating the ground-grovelling community. Its strength and dogged, sullen sort of courage makes it an admirable substitute for the 'game' fishes—i.e., trout, grayling, etc.; and there is the advantage, too, that if they be fairly on feed, a continual excitement of capture is sustained, for, when he takes it into his downcast head, the barbel becomes as voracious and bold-biting as ever did trout when the green drake flutters its ephemeral wings. This season seems a rather backward one on the Thames however, and my readers who contemplate spending the first few days of the season in the pursuit of the barbel, will do well to be liberal with the necessary preliminary baiting. The barbel sometimes sheds as many as 8000

ova, and buries it in the gravel. *A propos* of this same ova, it has been an idea current from 'time immemorial,' as the papers say, that it contains poisonous qualities. A certain Antonius Gazius describes his feelings, after swallowing two boluses of the roe of a barbel, in a most comical way. He got black in the face with stomach-ache, his legs swelled, and a general *malaise*, lasting for several days, ensued. It is just possible that the raw roe of any fish might occasion gastro-intestinal irritation, and it is not at all to be wondered at that it did so in this case, seeing our philosopher quite believed before he made the experiment that he was about to poison himself.

The chub will probably be next in order of condition, and as its sporting power very nearly approaches the barbel, I give it the next place in these few desultory notes. As my readers are aware, it spawns in shallow, weedy places, and soon completes its share of the business. It then rushes into sharp, strong streams, and feasts on the green silkweed (*Conserva rivularis*) with a ravening appetite for some little time. By the middle of June, however, it returns to its accustomed haunts under submerged boughs or beneath the shadow of some huge willow, or under the cool shelter of an undermined clay bank. Then is he ready for the fisher's rod, and very pretty sport he affords. Some *Gruyère* cheese for the hook bait, and dry, strong-flavoured Cheddar for ground-bait, are necessary. The latter is crushed up almost to a powder in a mortar, or, as the Thames fisherman practise it, chewed and blown out in a cloud of minute particles, which float down to the hungry 'loggerheads' below. But does this satisfy their greedy appetites? No. The chub is a gross feeder, and the tiny particles are only an appetiser. The hook-bait, as large as the top of one's finger, in which the hook is cunningly concealed, is next dropped overboard, and the light Nottingham line is paid out. Down wanders the float, and presently it disappears; a quick stroke fixes the steel—the rest is known to the reader. Some very interesting pastime may be got out of fly-fishing in the evenings for this fish. A red-palmer never comes amiss to our 'thick-headed' coarse fish, and the finger of a black kid glove, stuffed with wadding, so as to represent a black slug, and thrown as a fly, is often excessively effective.

So also in regard to roach (of which fish large swarms are, as I write, reported as having been seen in the Windsor districts), some very respectable sport may be expected in the upper waters of our national river and in the clear-running Colne. And your half-pound roach is no mean, despicable 'water-sheep,' though Walton says he is, on single hair. I recollect, three seasons ago, at Datchet, dropping on a magnificent shoal of large roach, and in two hours two rods had thirty-nine pounds weight of them, and not one was beneath half-a-pound—one, indeed, went over 2 lb. by an oz. By-the-bye, roach from the Thames over 2 lb. are as rare as white blackbirds or black swans, or other *rara aves in terris*. A very old friend—he is eighty-two!—who has been a Thames angler from his youth up, assures me that throughout his lengthened career he has never

taken but one roach over 2 lb. 8 oz., and is, therefore, very sceptical when he hears a brother roach-fisher telling of weights above this with apparent self-possession.

Bream are not to be met with at all fishing stations on the Thames. They are exceedingly conservative, and preserve their haunts from year to year without much alteration. One seldom catches bream above Staines, or lower than Sunbury; but what a prodigious quantity exists between these stations! Penton Hook, Chertsey, Shepperton, and Walton Deepes furnish annually—one is almost inclined to say tons—of fish which (*pace* everybody who writes to the contrary), after all, are fairly good fighters, and, notwithstanding Blakey's assertion that the bream is like a pair of bellows in shape and taste, I don't despise it when properly cooked. Do not some connoisseurs, indeed, pronounce for 'a carp's head, a bream's middle, and a pike's tail?' There are three species of this fish known to Europe—the *Abramis brama*, the *Abramis blicca*, and another, with a most dreadful name, *Abramis Buggenhagii*, or Pomeranian bream. One specimen only of the latter have I ever seen from the Thames; the others are plentiful. June is the spawning month for these fish, and they are rarely in good season till the beginning of July, or later. That the bream has been in good repute is sufficiently indicated by the old distich—

' Full many a fair partrich had hee on mewe,
And many a *brome* and many a luce in stewe.'

The tackle and baits suitable for barbel will take this fish, and, when it does start biting, it is almost as fearless as that fish.

Dace and gudgeon may be denominated 'small fry,' although much amusement may be derived from their capture. Dace at Teddington, on a fine August day, may be sought for by not only the masculine angler, but by Mrs. or Miss Piscator as well. Who has not indulged in gudgeon-fishing, also? Why, a clergyman in olden times is even credited with forgetting his bride because of the fascinations of gudgeon-fishing. Jesse, in his delightful 'Angler's Ramble,' says, 'The clergyman of a parish in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court, who was engaged to be married to the daughter of a bishop, enjoyed his gudgeon-fishing so much, that he arrived too late to be married, and the lady, offended at his neglect, refused to be united to one who appeared to prefer his rod to herself.' I shrewdly guess that more matches are made than marred whilst gudgeon-fishing, notwithstanding this episode. The *modus operandi* of fishing for these 'small deer' need not at this time be enlarged upon.

It need hardly be said that perch are not to be classed with any of the foregoing fishes. *Perca fluviatilis* is aristocratic in his way, and in no wise consorts with such plebeian fishes as those belonging to the Cyprinidæ family. He does not object to partially feeding on the same food, but it is seldom one finds a perch, unless for a very closely interested motive, taking up his abode with barbel, bream, and such like fishes. However, about the end of August or the beginning of September is the best time to seek them. A lively

minnow, cockspur worm, or brandling, is the lure, and I believe, given fine tackle and skill on the part of our angler, that a perch is morally unfitted to reject either of these baits, providing they are well-'scoured.' The paternoster (why *paternoster*, ye learned philologists?) is the orthodox tackle, and very delightful tackle it is, depending as it does on the sense of feeling on the part of the angler for the hooking of the fish. But I know a far more artistic method of luring the big 'pearches' from under the thick osiers and overhanging hawthorns. It simply consists in impaling two or three fresh-water shrimps (*Pulex gammari*) on a roach hook, and throwing them as a fly under and round about the aforesaid covert. With what a rush the recalcitrant perch springs out after the dainty morsel, and how surely he is guided with forceful persuasion to the punt side, and thence into the 'well,' the experienced fisherman can alone say. Various other 'dodges' have been resorted to for the capture of the perch. Ground-baiting with bones not cleanly scraped of their meat, and another kind of ground-baiting, which I will describe, has at least an air of ingenuity. A glass globe filled with water, in which is introduced a crowd of minnows, is lowered in a deep, still place. The globe is, of course, covered in with netting. After a few days the envious perch, observing the assembled multitude of minnows, form a 'committee of taste,' and finally decide to devour. Unfortunately, however, their good intentions are frustrated for the nonce by the glass sides of the globe. Presently the angler, who has been leisurely waiting till a number of his coveted victims are congregated, drops down beside the impervious globe a well-appointed paternoster. The sequel needs not to be told.

Pike-fishing ought not—at least this season—to begin until the russet hues of autumn have dotted the beeches and birches, and the sun has lost its violent brilliancy. The monogamic luce takes a considerable time, without leave, for his domestic duties, and does not hurry to get into condition. In the February number of 'Baily' I had something to say anent pike-fishing, and, as the usual procedure is pretty well known, I shall be forgiven details now. I hear from the upper districts of the Thames that these fish are very backward, and it therefore behoves all sportsmen this season to leave them alone till August at earliest.

Tench and carp naturally are mentioned together, though why, it is hard to say. In some respects they are totally dissimilar. The carp, for example, has the largest scales of any freshwater fish, and the tench, on the contrary, excepting the eel, has the smallest; the carp chiefly feeds at morning, and the tench at night. Yet they are very sociable one with the other, and while it is common to find a carp pond, or a carp hole, where tench are not, I never yet caught tench from anywhere without either securing or seeing carp. These fishes are not found, however, in great quantities in the Thames. In the upper reaches of the river tench are frequently caught—at Maple Durham, for instance. But carp are chiefly got lower down, and Teddington and Twickenham have furnished many

a splendid *Cyprinus carpio*, but seldom a tench. Anyhow, they are both forward this year in all waters within my ken, and Windsor Park will see carp and tench in the pink of condition by the second week in August. Should a bottom-fisher of the Thames take either of these fishes before the time, let him observe the appearance of the vent, and the general colouring of the fish, ere he give it its *coup de grâce*.

Thus rapidly have I scanned the chief coarse fishes of the Thames, which furnish for so many thousands a pleasurable and innocent recreation. From loom and factory, from desk and study, come pale-faced or rugged men. Scantily furnished with the good things of this world, it is true, yet loving Nature, and her unconserved beauties and their 'gentle' art, they throng the bank, and, with a perseverance worthy of perfected manhood, they wait the change of luck, and seek with healthful mimic toil to compass the capture of their favourite quarry. The 16th of this 'leafy' month will witness the exodus of such brethren of the craft; and although I acknowledge that such will be of the working-classes chiefly, yet there are doubtless numbers of the readers of 'Baily' who will make shift to visit the river as well. The time has not arrived yet when our statesmen and painters, poets and authors, are insensible to 'coarse-fish angling'; and the surly growl of Johnson has not yet received its utter verification—'A worm at one end and 'a fool at the other.'

But of all the necessities requisite for the enjoyment of a day's 'coarse-fishing' on the Thames, a good, obliging, and skilful fisherman is the chief; and next, an hostelry wherefrom one may derive such well-appointed creature-comfort as may be within the power of the host or hostess to give. The blessing of such a coadjutor as the former was not forgotten by the Sheridans in times agone, and gentlemen-customers should not forget it now. The following is the inscription on a rod which the brothers presented to John Tagg, of Hampton Court, for his signal specialty as a fisherman, and I give it as an example of the appreciation these historic men felt for faithful and untiring skill. It is somewhat of a curiosity in its way also:—

JOHAN. TAGGO,

Piscatorum facile principi,
Puntorumque propellatori,
Undisque profundissimis Thamesis Molisque
Certe pernoscenti,
Dianæ fontibus et canalibus
Bushî paradisum irrigantibus
Egregie imbuto,
Viro per orbem terrarum noto!
Viro vix alii mortalium secundo!!
Viro incomparabili!!!
Hoc signum admirationis
Sheridanii
Brinsleius Franciscusque,
Laudum ejus fautores,
Faciendum curavere.

Under this was also written :

‘PRESENTED TO JOHN TAGG,

For his many virtues and transcendent talents in fishing, by Sheridans Brinsley
and Frank.’

Thus was a good Thames fisherman rewarded.

I trust in the next number of ‘Baily’ to give full and ample information respecting the various existing fishing stations on the Thames, with remarks as to the hotel accommodation and reliability and skill of each fisherman, from personal experience.

JOHN H. KEENE.

GOSSIP ABOUT POACHERS AND POACHING.

‘GOSSIP’ is an easy title to write under; it admits of greater freedom of narrative than when a more formal article is planned, and what I have to say to the readers of ‘Baily’s Magazine’ about poachers and poaching will be all the better said when divested of the formality of what may be called forensic writing, namely, exordium, argument, and peroration. My anecdotes, observations, and reflections about poaching and poachers extend over a period of some forty-five years, and being tolerably varied and numerous cannot be all given at one time. I am able besides to supplement what I know myself by various pithy entries from the memorandum books of the late Colonel Mannering, of Ellangowan, who, in his capacity of justice of the peace, was enabled to collect a great mass of information regarding the characters and ways of working of the Tweedside ‘blackfishers,’ and other border poachers as well with whom, in his judicial capacity, he was brought in contact. Having said this much by way of introduction, I shall now proceed with my gossip.

Nothing annoyed Colonel Mannering so much as the changes brought about in the incidence of poaching by the opening up of railway communication between remote country districts and great centres of population. ‘Before the steamboats and railways,’ he used to say, ‘poaching was simply a pastime easily dealt with; now poaching has become a profession, and cannot be put down,’ and there was certainly truth in what he said. Before the beginning of the railway era, all heavy goods from country districts required to be sent to town by means of the carriers, and that being so it was not possible for any very large quantity of poached game to be transmitted, because of the extremely limited carrying capacity and slow rate of progress of the country carriers of fifty years since. The carriers, too, as a rule, were well known; their routes, and the kind of goods they carried, were patent to all along their line of travel, and although one or two were unscrupulous enough, the majority were undoubtedly respectable men, who would have refused to countenance any organised system of poaching. Nevertheless, many a hare

and many a salmon, killed on the sly, found their way from country to town. That kind of illicit commerce sometimes became known by accident, and in more than one instance there arose a scandal in consequence. I remember in particular one case of the kind, which I shall narrate as briefly as possible. A city grocer in a good way of business used to carry on a considerable trade with a small border farmer in the way of exchange. The farmer, who did a great deal of poaching under cover of his respectability, was in the habit of sending a box twice a week to his correspondent. It was supposed to be filled with butter and cheese, as well as vegetables and fruits in their 'season,' but in reality the bulk of the contents consisted of hares, partridges, and pheasants. The farmer's 'little game' was discovered in consequence of one of his boxes having been accidentally left at a house of call used by the carrier, at which he readjusted his load; the box being placed out of sight in a disused harness room. The place being ill-ventilated and close, the birds began to decay, so that the contents of the farmer's butter box speedily became manifest by their evil odour. Such a discovery in a remote country district became more than a nine days' wonder. 'John Baird's butter-box,' as soon as the story became known, was for a month the talk of church and market, and John himself was ultimately dismissed from his farm and forced to leave the neighbourhood, not because he had been discovered poaching, but because he had sold the game; had he only poached for his own pot, as his neighbours did, no one would have thought him any the worse for doing so. As the philosopher of the parish said, 'It's a dreadful thing to be found out.'

In the early part of the present century there was, in one sense, no inducement to systematic poaching. Fifty years since fancy prices were not paid for game; a poacher could scarcely obtain more than tenpence for a hare, sixpence, indeed, was the common wholesale price, and no wonder, seeing that a quarter of choice grass-fed lamb could be purchased in the summer months at similar prices. Hence poaching, as a business, had not assumed the extensive ramifications of the last twelve or fifteen years. As a pastime, however, poaching has prevailed from the earliest days, although in some counties gentlemen were so slow to recognise the fact that it led to great demoralisation before efficient steps could be taken to stop it. Had some of our landowning magnates been quicker to act than they were, poaching would never have attained the dimensions of these later years, during which the poacher has become a thief on a larger scale than our forefathers would have thought possible. I remember when it became known that one or two persons of a particular neighbourhood had turned professional poachers, and established a regular commerce in all kinds of game in the cathedral town of Carlisle; three years elapsed before a really good conviction could be obtained against any of the gang, but at last one of them, a village shoemaker in the county of Dumfries, was taken in the very act of bagging a brace of pheasants, and in due time brought before Colonel Mannering and his brother justices.

The case was abundantly clear, and in passing sentence upon the delinquent the Colonel gave him a terrible wiggling. 'You have been convicted,' he said, 'upon the clearest evidence, of stealing two pheasants and four hares. Not only so; it has come out, in the course of the investigation, that you sell the game which you capture. I almost, feel, grave as I think the offence, that I could have looked over it if you had been out of employment, and your object in trespassing had been to provide a meal for your family. But you do not require to resort to such practices for that purpose; you have plenty of work, and there has been found on your person a bank order for seven pounds, no doubt received in payment of the stolen goods which you have sent to Carlisle. Sir, the man who would steal a hare would make no bones about stealing a sheep, if he thought he could be sure of escaping the consequences. It is, I hear, argued by persons of your kidney, that the game on an estate does not belong to the owner of the land. I can only say that it cannot surely, in any sense, be held to belong to the poacher. I sentence you to three months' imprisonment, and if the person who received the game were before me now, I would certainly give him double that period. He must, I fancy, be a greater blackguard than you have proved yourself to be by stealing hares and pheasants in order to sell them.'

Upon another occasion the Colonel held forth from the bench as follows:—'There has been of late a great deal of whining about the severe sentences passed by the justices on poachers. Whose fault is that, I should like to know? No man is compelled to poach, is he? And if he chooses to poach in defiance of the law, he must take the consequences, and serve him right. A poacher is generally a thief from choice.'

Leaving the Colonel and his trenchant ways of dealing with the 'game thieves,' as he used to call them, I beg to introduce to the notice of the readers of this magazine 'Jemmy Skinners,' the first professional poacher I ever knew. Jemmy was at one time well known as a hanger-on about the stables of Mr. Ramsay, of Barnton, and also as an occasional groom at Lauriston Castle, near Edinburgh. Jemmy had gained the reputation of being half-witted, but was not quite so 'daft' as some people thought him; at all events, no man was cleverer at snaring a hare or smoking a pheasant, and the plantations of Barnton yielded him tribute whenever he pleased to go in search of it. Jemmy had a large number of customers whom he supplied with game, for which he made no charge, and would only take payment in kind. A butcher in Edinburgh gave him a leg of mutton for three pair of rabbits and a hare; a grocer gave him tea and sugar for an occasional pheasant or brace of partridges; whilst a publican exchanged strong ale for pigeons, or any other winged creature that Jemmy could find for him, and though last, not least, the Laings of the Royal Horse Bazaar gave him their old clothes, an obligation which the grateful creature duly repaid with the fine pheasants of Barnton home park! In those days no county police-

man prowled about to put disagreeable questions to heavily laden wayfarers, and Jemmy was in consequence able to make his way from Barnton to Edinburgh with a pheasant in each of his pockets and a partridge or two concealed about the voluminous skirts of his coat ; rabbits he never tried to conceal. This much has to be said for Jemmy, that nothing would ever induce him to touch a barn-door fowl ; he drew the line at what he called ' wild beasts.' A grocer's wife once asked him to bring her a pair of ducklings : ' Na, ' na, mistress,' was the reply ; ' I'll no' do that ; it wad be stealing, ye ' ken, and stealing's a sin.' The poor man's ideas of *meum* and *tuum*, it will be noted, were a little hazy. Jemmy flourished in his own way for many a year ; no person knew where he slept ; he had no home ; he did not even go to sleep in any of the hay-lofts to which he had access ; he was a mystery, and a mystery he remained to the end of his days ; where he died, or of what disease, or where he was buried, I never could ascertain.

' Salmon Bob,' a fish poacher of my schoolboy days, was a different character altogether to Jemmy Skinners ; he was ostensibly a cadger on the Great North Road, and in particular supplied salmon all the year round to a large number of people between Perth and Edinburgh, doing in the latter city a good business in poached fish, his price being at the rate of threepence a pound weight. Fond of money, and of saving habits, he accumulated quite a little fortune, ' all made,' as he used to say, ' by my own honest industry !' ' Salmon Bob' was possessed of one special virtue ; he never dealt in ' black' fish, and singularly enough he had a happy knack of finding clean salmon, both in the Forth and Tay, when other people could only capture ' Bagots' or ' Kelts.' Bob was in league with many assistants, who found fish for him to sell when he was too busy to do his own poaching. He was drowned in the exercise of his avocation, his body being found in the Forth a little way above Stirling. He had been originally a weaver at Kinross, and after his death the bag of money which he had earned by his ' honest ' industry,' and amounting to no less a sum than 1700*l.*, a large figure for the period, was left to his granddaughter, a poor girl, who, as they say in Scotland, had a ' want'—in other words, was deficient in intellectual power. Bob, it may be mentioned, however much he might be suspected, was never found out ; he continued to sell his poached salmon to the day of his death.

Speaking of salmon and salmon-poaching, it may be asserted, I think, without fear of contradiction, that there has been more trouble experienced on the river sides, and especially on Tweedside, from the misdeeds of poachers than in the most extensive pheasant preserves, or even on the largest grouse moors. The trade in foul salmon, which for so many years was carried on both in England and Scotland, was a disgrace to all concerned. For a poacher to steal a good clean salmon is bad enough, but to capture these fine fish in the very act of spawning is much worse. A salmon, valuable at all times, is never more so than when in the act of repeating the story of

its birth. To kill at that critical season an animal just about to deposit fifteen or twenty thousand eggs on a spawning bed, imperils our future salmon supply to an extent that cannot easily be measured. The destruction of salmon eggs and young salmon by forces of nature over which man can exercise no control is sufficiently enormous, without the devices of the poacher. Happily fewer salmon in an unwholesome condition are killed nowadays than was the case some twelve or fifteen years ago, so many of the outlets for the sale of such carrion being absolutely closed ; but there is still, as the public prints bear evidence, enough and to spare of salmon-poaching during all seasons of the year. In the days when foul salmon were marketable the chief outlet for the filthy commodity was to be found in Paris, where, in the course of years, tons upon tons of it were converted by the skilful cooks of that city into a palatable commodity. None but persons who have had personal opportunities of becoming acquainted with the facts and figures of the capture, are able to estimate the evil which was done to the fisheries in the spawning season by the ruthless slaughter of the breeding fish during close time. I was told by a Tweedside poacher that to take twenty or thirty big salmon in a night was looked upon as 'poor sport.' These fish—I am speaking of a period which embraced from the year 1852 to 1865—were all sold to English buyers, some of them were boiled and disposed of as potted salmon, but the majority found their way to the Continent. The Tweed commissioners of to-day have still, as has been indicated, a determined band of poachers to deal with. Poaching is in fact a hereditary business on the Scottish borders ; the sons of noted poachers of thirty or forty years ago may be found trying their hand at the business to-day, with all the cunning and boldness of their fathers, nor is it thought any disgrace on Tweedside to be convicted of salmon-poaching ; no matter how large the fine may be, fifty people will readily give contributions towards its payment. During the long winter evenings some twenty years ago, and even at a more recent period, little bands of daring adventurers used to sweep the 'redds' with only too fatal effect ; and whole villages would be living on salmon, such as it was, for weeks at a time ; and even now many a 'fish,' as the poachers call a salmon, clean or foul, is made to contribute to the commissariat of the peasantry, while in my father's early days on Tweedside, every ploughman or weaver near the river or any of its important tributary streams had his winter stock of pickled salmon. The great fun of the winter season, however, used to be a 'burning of the water,' a sport seldom now practised. In some of the border villages the women have been known to go out occasionally to aid in the harrying of the waters. 'Yellow Bell' was an adept at the sport ; she was more daring than her husband on the water, and, Delilah-like, could entice the bailiffs on duty to quaff a mug of strong ale at a distant place while her male friends were engaged in spoliating the river. Many stories might be related of salmon-poaching under difficulties ; of border frays and terrible encounters with the water watchers,

but they are all of the same kind, and must end in the confession that even now, with a wide-awake body of river police educated up to all the tricks of the business, the poacher all over the border has often enough the best of it. One great feat of 'Yellow Bell' is still a sore point with some of the bailiffs on Tweedside. Under the pretence that she was assisting a daughter engaged in domestic service 'to flit,' *i.e.* to remove to a new situation, she obtained the assistance of a Tweed bailiff to hurl on a wheelbarrow a heavy trunk, supposed to be filled with the girl's clothes, to the railway station; that trunk contained in reality eleven beautiful salmon packed in ice, which ultimately found their way to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This incident always reminds me of an Edinburgh story, in which a thief-taker in search of a stolen hundred-pound note was made by a clever woman to carry about in his hand the stolen treasure as he searched her house, the bank-note having been wrapped round the end of a tallow candle inserted in a ginger-beer bottle.

Harking back from the particular to the general, throughout Scotland poaching as a 'business' may be stated to have originated with the introduction of steamboats. Before these vessels began to trade between Leith and London, many a barrel filled with hares used to be forwarded to the great metropolis by the Leith and London smacks of the olden time; but as these ancient vessels were often enough from three to five weeks in making a voyage, the kind of goods I have specified were very frequently spoiled before they could be offered for sale. The introduction of steam boats making the passage in two days and two nights solved that difficulty, so that the London commissariat speedily began to be enriched by a steady supply of Scottish game of all kinds, as also fresh salmon. At the period indicated the grouse moors of Caledonia had not become so fashionable as they are nowadays, moor-fowl not having become the important article of commerce we now find them. Had any person in the year 1830 ventured to predict that forty years hence a brace of these birds would come to be publicly sold at the price of a guinea, he would have been set down as a lunatic. Nor would it have been considered a possible thing fifty years since that at any future time hundreds of persons would annually visit the Scottish highlands to kill these animals—not only so, but that they would pay highly for the privilege, as also that handsome houses would be built for their accommodation and the poor Highlanders be enriched by streams of English gold. Half a century ago there was, comparatively speaking, very little game in the market; at that time resident proprietors did not, as a matter of course, sell their hares and pheasants. On estates of which the heirs were in their minority, factors and agents had no alternative but to dispose of the game; as a rule, however, there was, compared with the quantity witnessed to-day, very little game on sale. Grouse had not then become the bird of fashion, nor fifty years ago was the public wealth so great as it is now; living was therefore on a less costly scale than it is to-day, when two or three dishes of game in the season are *de rigueur*

upon the dinner-tables of fourth-rate houses. In small country towns any inordinate display of hares or pheasants, even at the Christmas season, would, at the period indicated, have been remarked. Caution was therefore exercised by those persons who dealt with the poachers, and received game to send to larger seats of population as opportunity offered. The spoil was usually hidden in back shops, or concealed in cellars till the time arrived for its transference; while much of the game of that period reached individual customers and country hotels by circuitous routes and peculiar messengers, direct from poachers of the Jemmy Skinners type. The lax morality of well-to-do shopkeepers, and even merchants of capital, in purchasing poached game, furred or feathered, was somewhat remarkable; it was of kin to the extensive dealing which everywhere took place in smuggled whisky, as well as in brandy and tea, upon which no duty was ever paid.

As regards hares, partridges, and pheasants, in certain places throughout Scotland, special centres agreed upon; collections were made by various persons to be forwarded to the large towns of England, *vid* Liverpool and London, with which steam communication had been established from Glasgow and Edinburgh respectively. Ready money in these transactions was the rule throughout, and the person who took the most trouble and had the greatest risk in the matter, namely, the poacher, was very poorly paid for his dishonest dealings. For a hare he would be allowed sixpence, for a pheasant ninepence, and for partridges about fourteen pence a brace; the profit on these, on their being handed from the receiver to the collector, would average all over about three halfpence a head, and the person who sent them to market took his chance: if game was scarce his profits were large; if there was a glut, he might sustain a loss. When the trade in poached game was established in London, hundreds of hares and countless braces of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch's pheasants used to reach Edinburgh by the hands of carters bringing paper from the mills on the banks of the Esk, and by cadgers who had established friendly relations with the poachers. At first the game used to be shipped in barrels, under the pretence of its being flour, but in time the shipper, grown bold by immunity from all consequences, sent the stuff away in hampers quite openly. The trade in game, legitimate and illegal, as will readily be supposed, received an immense impetus from the opening up of the country by means of railways. These modes of transit acted in two ways: they admitted of the shooters, that is, the lessees of the grouse moors, getting to their ground with rapidity and economy, while they likewise afforded the greatest possible facilities for the speedy transit of all kinds of game to the most remunerative markets. A wonderful trade in grouse and various other birds, as well as in hares, resulted from this cause, and when the poachers saw these increased facilities of transport, they at once took advantage of them. Half-a-crown for a brace of birds was to them a kind of gold mine, the knowledge of which quickened their

industry. New organisations were arranged, and clever but unscrupulous persons at once set about making money as soon as the 12th hove in sight. Certain epicures of the clubs and of society must have a bird on that very day; moreover, they must not only have their bird on that day, but it must be ready for the spit. Now these wants could not be supplied were it not for the poacher. That gentleman goes to work long before the 12th, and it is not affirming too much to say that grouse can be had ready for the table, quite 'high' enough for the most fastidious palate, in many places in London, on the morning of the eventful day. Of late years, since attention has been directed to the fact, some of the dealers have become more careful, but, curious as it may seem, grouse can always be had in London, and in other large cities as well, on the forenoon of the 12th of August.

The grouse poachers in many districts used to make a tidy income. Some of them, indeed, earned so much money in the few months during which the birds may be sold as to be independent of 'honest labour' for the rest of the year. Three men on a Derbyshire moor could earn by poaching about seventy pounds sterling each; by the 8th or 9th of August they would have a hundred brace of birds in London, and as many more in Manchester, Liverpool, and Bradford. They only went for the big prices, which are usually obtained for early birds only. Some of the railway guards on the north of Scotland lines made a good thing of it at one time by 'standing in' to a well-organised plan of changing the birds. A buyer would purchase for a mere trifle, from keepers or others, all the small grouse, the 'cheepers' and 'piners,' that might be shot. These would be packed in carefully marked hampers consigned to dealers in the south, at Manchester, London, &c.; in the course of transit these packages were emptied and filled with selected birds from other hampers, the 'cheepers' and 'piners' being left in their places, so that however the quality might be, the number of birds would be at least the same as advised, while the top prices of the market were bagged by the cunning conspirators. Many such tricks are doubtless still practised, and when gentlemen receive a shabby brace or two of grouse in a present from some sporting friend, it is not at all unlikely but that an unfair exchange has been made in the course of the journey!

It would be easy enough to swell these reminiscences of poaching and poachers into many more pages, as the subject is one that abounds in illustrations; there is, for instance, much to be told about the commerce in pheasants' eggs, and the tricks practised on those who buy them. It is often enough the case that a man is made to purchase eggs gathered in his own preserves! *A propos* of the trade in pheasant's eggs, here is a little story. A very shrewd dealer in game, who had been in the trade for many years in a certain city which shall be nameless, was once upon a time very cleverly 'done' in the matter of a 'deal' in pheasant's eggs by a band of poachers, who were in league with a country dealer. Being very hard up for

money, they took into their confidence a small poulterer, who went to town and arranged to supply the person alluded to with a few dozen of very fine eggs, all of them from keepers, he said, who were giving up hand-rearing. Glad to do a stroke of business, a contract was at once entered into by the city game dealer, and in due time the eggs arrived; the town buyer, in order to see that all was *en règle*, put the eggs to various tests, and although he made them out to be a first-class lot, still there was a something about them he did not like; it was an undefined something, however, which he could not resolve. The trade in the eggs grew, and was carried on for three or four weeks, when at length a gentleman, who, liking the look of the commodity, had bought largely at first and ordered more of the eggs, found out to his great astonishment that, instead of hatching pheasants, he was only breeding bantams! The plot was thus revealed. The undefined 'something' felt by the purchaser was resolved. The eggs had been dyed, the dyeing being done so skilfully as to defy identification. The country dealer was imprisoned for the fraud, in which his connivance was clearly enough proved, but, unfortunately, the other scoundrels who had had a finger in the pie could not be identified, and so escaped the consequences of their fraud.

I shall conclude my reminiscences for the present with a story of how a gentleman was cheated in stocking his land with hares. He had bought a large estate, and, having a numerous circle of friends, was exceedingly anxious to offer them good sport. With that view he proceeded to a poulterer, let me say, by way of fixing a locality, in Birmingham, and bargained for a thousand living hares to be sent to his place. The price was fixed upon, and the dealer at once set his myrmidons to work—poachers, of course—to procure them, a good price being offered. By-and-bye the game began to arrive, and was duly delivered over by the poulterer, the mortality, of course, being considerable—about one in five, I think. However, after some six hundred of the hares had been obtained, the fur began to get scarce, the industrious poachers finding that their motions were too closely watched by suspicious keepers who had noticed their hares becoming fewer. Determined not to be balked, the men hit upon the plan of recapturing some of the animals which they had already stolen from other estates. They caused a watch to be set upon the transport of the animals, in order to find out where they were sent, their exact destination not being known even to the poulterer himself, the goods being removed in a spring van at stated intervals, by which plan of operations they were somewhat puzzled at first; but to a persevering poacher nothing is impossible. The spring van was watched to its destination, and, to make a long story as short as possible, the hares were recaptured and brought back to Birmingham, to be again sent forward by the secret conveyance to the place they came from! Thus the gentleman paid for a thousand hares, while in reality he only got half the number, through the fine irony of the situation.

The cunning and address of the poacher is proverbial; he is *the*

sneak of the period, and a terrible desperado besides, when he is roused to self-preservation. 'Joseph Rushbrook,' as drawn by the masterly hand of Captain Marryat, may be taken as a true type. After knowing many of the class, and seeing and hearing much of their ways and works, I thoroughly sympathise with the saying of Colonel Mannering that they deserve no sympathy, seeing they commit their transgressions in the full knowledge that they are breaking the law. Some thoughtless people are crying, 'Let there be free trade in fishing and shooting.' I say 'God forbid,' for if there were free trade in fishing and shooting to-morrow, in two years' time there would neither be a salmon in our rivers nor a moorfowl on our heather !

THE DRIVING CLUBS.

OF late years we have written much in 'Baily' concerning the art of driving and all that appertains to it, but it has been more in connection with real Road work, coaches, coachmen, and coach horses, than what perhaps we shall not be out of order if we term fancy driving. There is, as all our readers who understand the subject know, a great deal of difference between Road and Park work ; and many a man, who can hold his own fairly well driving a perfectly *made team* without a load in the park, would cut but a sorry figure in taking a scratch lot *to time* with a heavy load, and over an indifferent road. There are, however, men, a few, who are good in either place, and there is no doubt but that it is the leaven of real workmen, who have gained experience on public coaches, which helps to lend so much interest to the show meets of the clubs.

Almost from the time that it became the fashion for gentlemen to become coachmen, driving clubs have been popular. It is not necessary for us to go back to the swell coachman of antiquity in that matter, for good coachmen as they no doubt were after their kind, we have no record of their putting four horses together in the way now done, and their meets were conducted on a slightly different footing from those at present in fashion. But no sooner were roads in a condition for a coach and four horses to travel pleasantly over, and vehicles constructed to run with some ease after them, than clubs of the same character as those now in vogue arose amongst us : the B. D. C., or Benson Driving Club, having been established in February 1807, and the Four Horse Club in April 1808. These clubs, in which the names of all the best Whips of the day were enrolled as members, continued up to 1854 and somewhere before or about 1826, respectively, while the R. D. C., or Richmond Driving Club, established by Lord Chesterfield in June 1838, lasted but a short time, notwithstanding that its members had 'determined to 'revive in its former glory and splendour this national institution, 'which has served as an encouragement to the breeding of the finest 'cattle in the world'; and from these dates amateur coachmanship

appeared to be gradually dying out of the land, though here and there a stage coach lingered on the scene, so that only for a very few years, if indeed at all, could the art be said to have been really dead.

In fact, there were a few men, of whom we may instance Mr. Morritt in the north, Mr. Chamberlayne in the south, and the Duke of Beaufort in the west, as coming most readily to our memory, who still stuck to their teams, and the roans of Rokeby, the slashing seventeen-hand greys of Cranbury, and the brown bays of Badminton, still seemed to keep alive the recollection of the sport, and form a connecting-link as it were from one epoch to the other. There were also many more good men who had learnt how to work a team under professional tuition in the country; there was, too, the innate love of the horse, and all that belongs to him, which seems a characteristic of every Englishman, and the outcome of it all was that in 1856 the Four-in-Hand Driving Club was established by the late Mr. W. Morritt on the lines of its predecessors, and from that date until the present driving has become more and more popular, until the meets of the Four-in-Hand Driving and Coaching Clubs have become one of the sights of the London season. The F. H. D. C. had as original members the Duke of Beaufort, Marquis of Stafford, Earl Vane, Lord Edward Thynne, Lord Henry Thynne, Sir Watkin W. Wynn, Mr. W. Morritt, Mr. C. Leslie, Capt. Baillie, R.H.G., Mr. W. H. Cooper, Mr. W. Craven, 1st Life Guards, Mr. W. P. Thornhill, Mr. J. J. Jones, R.H.G.; Messrs. T. L. Baldwin and L. Agar Ellis acting as honorary secretaries.

Mr. William Morritt, of Rokeby, was its first President, a very fair coachman, and perhaps no turn-out was better known than his team of roans and yellow drag. His heart was undoubtedly in it, but perhaps he was not exactly the man to render Coaching popular, as the Club was exceedingly exclusive in his day. Mr. Morritt had a reputation for pace, but a judge of the road some few years ago states that when he was tried in this respect against Mr. Thornhill he was found wanting; and another writer in an early number of 'Baily,' who, if we mistake not, has often been seen on the coach-box himself—and we may add to great advantage—says, 'Old Jack Willan would die of laughing if he saw him 'coming on the Hill at Epsom, wagging his head and jerking his 'arms about like a gentleman jockey "finishing,"' but admits that he was a favourite with the ladies, and a capital companion down the road, as he was so full of chaff. Another story is told, however, by Major J. G. Whyte-Melville, who says of him, 'Many a fair coach-man has been glad to persuade Morritt to catch hold of his new lot, 'if only for an hour; they went all the better during the rest of the 'week.' Notwithstanding his liking for pace, he was essentially a *safe* 'driver.' So in that doctors differed in their estimation of Mr. Morritt on the box. That he, his team, and coach were popular with that portion of the public who do not ride on coaches themselves, but heartily enjoy looking at and talking about those who do, is certain; and we believe that men who never had spoken to him or were

likely to speak to him, looked on him in the light of an old friend, from his turn-out being so easily recognised, and because it gave them importance amongst those who knew less than themselves to be able to say 'Here comes Morritt!' without fear of making a bad shot and being detected in it. At the end of a few years we find the following were amongst the members of the Four-in-Hand Driving Club, and although some have passed the bourne over which the first president has gone, and others are never seen in the present day, yet many of them are still at work.

The Duke of Beaufort, who had such a rare education under Jack Sprawson on the York House Coach, then matured his experiences on the Brighton, a road whereon many of those experiences had been gained, and gained with 'honours'; having the late Messrs. Chandos Pole and B. J. Angell for partners, not to mention the going to covert and returning on the Badminton drag most days in the week during the hunting season for years; it would be strange indeed if his Grace was not a finished performer on the 'bench,' and no man is better entitled than he is to hold the post of President to both the Four-in-Hand Driving and Coaching Clubs.

The Duke of Sutherland is now oftener seen on a fire-engine than the coach-box, we believe, and it is some time since his name has appeared at a Magazine meet. If we remember rightly, he then had H.R.H. the Prince of Wales beside him.

Lord Chesterfield's long experience made him a capital coachman, but he was good at the game all round where horses were concerned, and whether it was racer, hunter, hack, or coach horse, it must have been a clever man who could have given him a pound. His purchase of Priam and Zingaree at long prices are not more likely to be forgotten than the splendid style in which, with old Will Derry to carry the horn, he hunted the Pytchley country, or the glory the Royal Buckhounds acquired during his mastership. What he did he did well, and whether on his clever skewbald hack at Newmarket, at the covert side, or on the coach-box, no one could mistake him for anything but a workman.

Lord Sefton, then as now, was noted for the neatness of his turn-out altogether, and perhaps few men in England have had more clever teams than he has, chestnuts and browns being his favourite colours. Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, whose team had a reputation for pace, and were among the best matched and best worked of any that figured in those days. Lord Strathmore was one of the club years ago, but if ever he did much driving the fame of it has been totally eclipsed by his exploits across country. Scarcely more popular in their day were Jem Mason and Lottery, than Lord Strathmore on The Switcher, and save the before-named pair they form the most conspicuous figures in Herring's 'Steeplechase Cracks charging a 'Wall.' Many a desperate ride did 'Ben Strathmore,' as he was called, have across Northamptonshire on his bad-tempered dark chestnut Irish crack, and St. Leger while in his stable was scarcely less known, so that any fame he might have been entitled to on

the coach-box, was quite eclipsed by his feats in the pigskin. Lord Londesborough is still going, and Colonel Dickson has since the period of which we write shown how well he could do the thing in real road work. Mr. B. J. Angell (poor Cherry!), who, alas! is no more, will always be honoured by lovers of coaching as one of the revivalists of the road, and Mr. W. H. Cooper's loss will be felt and remembered for years; for he not only knew how to put four horses together, but could direct the building of a coach and the making of the harness, and he brought modern coaching to such a state of perfection as has never been equalled except by 'the Brighton' in the Squire's day, when, with Colonel Stracey-Clietherow, he made up that glorious trio; though, strange to say, Mr. Chandos Pole was never a member of either this or the Coaching Club, preferring to stick to actual work on the road rather than take part in parade meets.

Mr. W. Craven was celebrated for one of the handsomest teams of their time in England, if not the handsomest, chestnuts with white legs, and although one rather overshadowed the rest as regards action (we forget which it was) he sold them for an enormous sum of money. Mr. Birch Reynardson has since then given us his experiences of the road, in a work that is sure to be found on every sportsman's table; as for the rest, whose names are to be found on the early roll of the club, some are dead, others have given up driving, and the most enthusiastic anecdote-hunter would now have a difficulty in finding anything to record either of them or of their teams.

So much for the past. In the present day the club keeps up its character for good teams, and no more workmanlike lots are to be found than the brown bays of the President, the Duke of Beaufort. We are sorry to say that he has not handled them much himself for a year or two, from failing health, but he has found capital substitutes in two of his sons, the Marquis of Worcester and Lord Arthur Somerset, the latter being oftenest on the President's drag at the meets, as Lord Worcester generally drives the regimental coach. Happy the man who can find such efficient substitutes, and there is no fear that we shall lose sight of the familiar drag and workmanlike team for many a day to come.

We must also notice the Marquis of Waterford, whose greys are a fine upstanding lot, and whose marriage with the daughter of the Lord of Badminton must have greatly tended to cement his love for the Road.

Lord Carington has occasionally assumed the command, and comparatively few neater coachmen are to be seen, while no one is better horsed and turned out generally. Sir Thomas Peyton sticks like his ancestors to the greys and the yellow coach, and for the last season or two he has been a very regular attendant on the meets. Captain Douglas Whitmore is another who hangs to the once fashionable colour, and a rare team he turns out with. Mr. Coupland seldom fails, but we do not remember that he has had any very noted team since the

chestnuts of a few years ago. Count Münster, who must enjoy the distinction of being the only ambassador who drives a coach—certainly the only one who dons the brown coat of the F. H. D. C. Mr. Henry Villebois, whose father and two uncles were Masters of Hounds at the same time—a rare distinction for one family to boast of; he is as well known for his connection with the Chase as with the Road, having excelled in both; the most nervous passenger apparently sitting in comfort behind him, assured of the skill and care of the Whip—would he were not such an absentee! for he can ill be spared. Mr. Oakeley is always good to know with the white-legged dark chestnuts and browns and a grey at wheel, and very few men turn out a more clever lot of coachers, but then it is only necessary to go to Witherley to see that he knows what *good big* horses are as well as any man in England. Sir Henry Tufton's blacks are nearly as well known as Mr. Morrill's roans were, and there is no team that would be more missed should they fail to put in an appearance at the Magazine. Mr. A. J. Craven generally drives a fancy-coloured lot of neat little horses; and when Lord Macclesfield is there, which has not been so very often latterly, people look more at the coachman than the team, for no matter what he has in hand, his own lot or a friend's, rough or smooth, he is sure to put them into the right form. We may say the same of Col. J. Anstruther-Thomson, when he drives, which is seldom; and the like holds good of Mr. George Lane Fox, who knows what coaching should be as well as any man in England; his coach a perfect model, with no patent break to spoil its appearance; he only came to London in the old days to see the 'Derby' run for, and then it was more for the pleasure of driving the Glasgow Mail from Tadcaster to Alconbury Hill, a distance of 145 miles, when darkness rendered it pleasanter to resign the bench to the professional. Mr. Eaton is generally to be seen behind some slashing upstanding bays. Lord Aveland, who used to be so often on the bench of the Wycombe when that coach was running, owned by the late Mr. John Eden; and who also, during this last summer, was Mr. Sheather's principal supporter on his undertaking the Dorking Road, when, too, it was very frequently a case of the *curate* officiating. Colonel Charles Tyrwhitt and Lord Algernon St. Maur are both distinguished members, and of Colonel Stracey-Clitherow, we may say that he is the only old one, if he will excuse our calling him so, of Four-in-Hand fame who goes in for the real thing, *id est*, Road work, in the present day (being part owner of the Brighton). Neither must we forget Capt. John Bastard, a second Charles Ward in style, and about the quickest non-professional who ever sat behind a team; and there is no more cautious coachman than the Earl of Abingdon, whose age must entitle him to be called the Father of the Club, and to whose son, Lord Norreys, a member of both clubs, we owed the Reigate coach of some summers ago. Lord Abingdon never troubles himself with the handbreak, but leaves it to be worked behind by one of his servants. The Marquis of Londonderry, who apparently

prefers a yacht to a coach. Lord Muncaster ; Lord Wenlock, who is rarely an absentee. The Squire of Blankney and his brother, Lieut.-Col. Edward Chaplin, of whom more anon ; Lord Cole ; Sir George Wombwell, whose experiences in the saddle include a ride amongst the Six Hundred at Balaclava, and his brother, Major Wombwell ; Mr. Adrian Hope, who appears to be always in a hurry ; and Lords Macduff and Blandford, both of whom have tasted the pleasures of the road when at one time partners in the Dorking coach. The Four-in-Hand is limited to fifty-two members, exclusive of the three officers who drive the coaches of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Blues. The committee, of which the Duke of Beaufort is chairman, consists of the Duke of Sutherland, Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Sefton, Lord Macclesfield, Lord Lonsborough, and Lord Wenlock, Lord Aveland being the honorary secretary.

Let us now turn to the Coaching Club which, with the same President, and including among its larger number many of the same members, may well be called the sister of the Four-in-Hand Driving Club, though, if memory serves us rightly, it was established as a kind of protest against the exclusiveness of the former institution. It is well known that Mr. Morritt looked on driving four horses as a species of exotic that should belong only to the great of the land, and in consequence during the time that he was president that club was kept as exclusive as possible. The Coaching Club in the first instance was a development of a proposed 'Counties 'Driving Club,' which we believe had its origin in an idea conceived by General Sir H. de Bathe, who was one of the Club's most earnest supporters, but has resigned for a long time, Mr. Charles Lawrie, and Major Le Gendre Starkie, who is still a member, to start a Kent County Driving Club, which idea got as far as a pretty design for a button. However, it was the means of the Coaching Club being established, and its first meet was held on Tuesday, June the 27th, 1871, when twenty-one coaches assembled at the Marble Arch, Lord Carington, the then president of the club, leading the way, and Colonel Armytage, then as now the honorary secretary, bringing up the rear, in one of the most crowded parks seen that season. Among the twenty-one coaches were those of the Marquis of Downshire, Earl Poulett, Lord Carington, Viscount Cole, Colonel Armytage, Mr. Foster, Mr. Reginald Herbert, Mr. Greville Nugent, Mr. Candy, Mr. J. Harrison, &c. &c. They proceeded, at least some of them, to the Trafalgar at Greenwich *via* Piccadilly, St. James's Street, and Pall Mall, where Lord Carington took the chair, with Lord Poulett as vice, and some seventy sat down to dinner. However nearly the Coaching Club may now rival the elder institution, we well remember that on this occasion some of the drags were very badly turned out and very badly driven, and it appeared as if every effort had been made to obtain quantity regardless of quality as a sort of slap at the select and limited Four-in-Hand Driving Club generally, and Mr. Morritt, its president, in

particular. We can recall one coach with only *one* servant behind, and he was *in gaiters* ! This club has 120 members, and at the present time the Duke of Beaufort, as we have before said, is president, Lord Carington, vice-president. The late lamented Mr. W. H. Cooper was asked to be vice-president, but declined, and Colonel Armytage is still honorary secretary.

None of the members of the junior Club are better known than Lord Poulett—who acted as vice-chairman at their first meeting (Lord Carington we have before alluded to)—and his natty little team of browns, which either must have the secret of perpetual youth, or his lordship has the knack of buying or breeding a particular stamp of horse exactly to pattern, for it is years since we first saw them in the Park or trotting on to a south-country race or steeplechase course, and not a hair of their tails appears to have altered. Those were good times when the bough was greener than it is now with others besides ourselves, and the Hambledon woodlands resounded to his lordship's horn, and Bill Cox turned out as neat a pack of bitches from the Waterloo flags as any man in England. Then came the days when it was safe to back poor George Ede and Benazet, let their weight be what it may, and the whole countryside won their money on The Lamb, thanks to his lordship's candour as to his merits, in his two Liverpool ventures.

Mr. Charles Arthur Hoare may be justly considered one of the most promising Whips of the day, and few men, if any, have done more for the Road than he has, for he introduced the Sevenoaks Coach when there was no other than the Brighton, and afterwards converted it into the 'Tunbridge Wells,' so well known and appreciated while it was running. Mr. Hoare is a capital coachman, very strong on the box, and always has a team of *coach horses* in front of him when he drives four. Earl Bective, another member, is also well known on the Tunbridge Wells road, having been one of Mr. Hoare's partners in Road work ; but he must not be put in the same class as a workman, for he appears to lack the necessary power. That good sportsman Lieut.-Col. E. Chaplin at one time of its career had a share in the white coach with red under-carriage, and drove a good deal ; his knack of getting quickly down a hill, and still keeping his team well in hand, has ere now especially struck us as a thing worth seeing ; for it is downhill where the driving of the amateur differs from that of the professional : the former is pretty sure to lose time, whilst the latter is equally certain to there make it up, if behind—but it was always so. He, however, stuck more to the Road than the Park, like a true workman.

It was a saying of the late Mr. Cooper's (with which we quite agree) that coach-horses should be cropped like game cocks, hence we suppose the hog manes and short tails of Mr. Carter Wood's roans. It had been rumoured that this gentleman, wishing to experience the pleasures of coaching to their full extent, was about to put on a coach to East Grinstead, and horse it entirely with roans—a nice little order it would have been for Banks of the King's Commission

Stables, Gray's Inn, to have found the teams. Lord Arthur Somerset is as often to be seen at work with the Coaching as with the elder Club, and full well has he proved himself worthy to sustain the family reputation in the art of driving. Many a time has he left town almost in the dark to bring up Cooper's coach from Leatherhead at 8 A.M., and with age his love for the Road appears to have increased, as is testified by his partnership with Mr. Charles Hoare in the West Wickham coach, which commenced running early in the spring, and worked on until the last. If all members of the *Coaching* Club followed the example of these two gentlemen, and imitated what they are doing, and doing so well, the Club would be worthier than at present it is, of its name. Mr. Corry's coach—red body and white under-carriage—is, alas! rarely seen at the meets, though he belongs to the Club, and is the neatest light-weight coachman that Oxford ever numbered amongst her sons. With the late Mr. W. H. Cooper and the Duke of Beaufort this gentleman may be termed one of the apostles of the Club. Alas! that they should have so many followers, but so few disciples. The mantle of the late Mr. Gerard Leigh appears to have fallen on either Mr. C. de Murietta or Mr. C. Alfred Rothschild, for both of them drive browns which his wonderful lot could scarcely have surpassed, though, if we may say so, we think the latter's are almost too grand for four-horse work. There is also Colonel Miles, of Gloucestershire fame, with a coach suggesting the famous Wright as its builder, and a good, useful lot always in front of it; Sir Henry Tufton, whose team we have before mentioned, the price of which would horse some road coaches; Mr. James Foster, who sticks as religiously to chestnuts as Count Münster, who has taken to driving as if he had been born and bred a Briton. By-the-way, in speaking of foreigners, we must not forget Mr. Tiffany, the American, who, in the year 1873, undertook the Brighton Coach by himself, and whose team of skewbalds with which he took the coach out of London, and which was so cleverly committed to canvas with Charles Ward behind them, were occasionally to be seen in front of his drag at the meets. This gentleman—who was a very quick one and preferred galloping to any other pace—unfortunately did not repeat the experiment the following season, but returned to his native country, where, with Mr. Kane, another American gentleman, who made the Virginia Water Coach so popular while it was in his hands, he has encouraged, by his example, the driving of four-in-hand; and the consequence is, that a very flourishing Club is now in existence in New York, and the sport bids fair to become as popular in America as it is in England. The Master of the Quorn, again, is very regular at the meets of both Clubs, and yearly shows us a fresh lot. Capt. Whitmore, too, is equally regular. Major Wombwell, also a member of the F. H. D. C., now drives with all the cares and anxieties of the Orleans Club on his mind; Sir Talbot Constable, another admirer of chestnuts, and the brothers Brassey—their coaches are like twins, same age, and the same colour, brown picked out with white. Mr. J. A. Craven,

Hon. Mr. Villiers, Lord Norreys, whose experiences with the Reigate and Oatlands Park coaches were evidently not such as to encourage him to continue his connection with the road. Capt. Corbyn, Colonel Aikman, Capt. Hargreaves—to whom we owe the biggest experiment since the revival, in the coach to Portsmouth—Mr. A. W. Deichmann, whose thick-set, short-legged team look perfection, Capt. Bell, Major Jary, Mr. W. Lang, Mr. Charles Gassiot, whose team and turn-out at a Magazine meet were so severely criticised last year, and whom we have ere now seen going a fearful pace for such a welter-weight up and down the Brighton hills in the rear of Mr. Dewe's neat little pack; Sir Bache Cunard, Colonel Poulet Somerset, Captain Candy, Major Dixon, well known in the racing and steeplechase world, who acts as starter at many meetings of importance, and was, *on dit*, the author of the clever parody on 'The Bridge,' 'I stood on the steps at Hatchett's,' which appeared in the 'Sporting Gazette' some time ago; Mr. Pryce Hamilton, whose white coach attracted a great deal of attention, and made the public talk when they saw it at the meets, and who, in 1875, ran a coach between Malvern and Ross which was very popular; Mr. C. Edwards, who, in the same year, was at work in Wales, and carried the mails between Barmouth and Dolgelly—he had previously had a share in a coach to Virginia Water; Mr. Chaloner Smith, who had at one time a small share in the Brighton; Lord Valentia, perhaps better known as one of the most popular Masters of Hounds in the present day than on the box; Sir H. Meysey Thompson, Lord William Beresford, Mr. John Kirk, the Earl of Aylesford, who, during the past season, worked a coach between Birmingham and Coventry; Lord Fitzhardinge, a sportsman who well sustains the old prestige at Berkeley Castle; Mr. Villiers, Messrs. James and Andrew Brand, the latter of whom, we believe, is not unknown at Melton, and who, with Mr. W. M. Praed, another member, owned for a time about the most remunerative coach, in every sense, in the 'Morning Dorking;' Mr. Herman, popularly known as 'The Doctor,' the cheeriest of men, a veteran at all sports, and very bad to beat either with flag, stag, or drag, or for that matter, fox either, when he got some of Mr. J. Darby's flyers under him in the Midlands; he was the principal mover at one time in the 'Red Windsor,' and the founder of the Badminton Club. Then there is Mr. Furnivall, the proprietor of the Road Club; Sir John Lister Kaye, and many others whose names do not at the present moment occur to us. A few good ones we may have omitted, and many not so good; for, alas! in the present day, as far as driving is concerned, quantity is better represented by far than quality, and adapting the words of a talented writer on the subject, we may say 'that when the grim tyrant, who levels all distinctions, has placed the Somersets, the Villebois's, the Macclesfields, the Lane Fox's, the Bastards, the Corrys, the Clitherows,' and we will add the Hoares, 'on a par with the nameless candidates for Olympic honours of old, then verily will come an end to Coachmanship in England. A poet is born, not made; so indeed is a first-class dragsman.'

CRICKET.

A MONTH ago, and no one but the sourest of cynics would have ventured to predict that on the appearance of another number of 'Baily' we should have to repeat the same gloomy and depressing story of a cricketer's woes, the same disastrous tale of almost incessant rain, and matches more or less spoiled in consequence :

'Tis true, 'tis pity ; pity 'tis 'tis true.'

Two out of the four months which comprise the legitimate cricket season have passed, and it is our painful duty to record that not one of the numerous matches of importance decided up to the present time but has been marred, at one period or other, by the visitation of rain. To the best of our belief, not one contest of this present season has been played out on a thoroughly dry wicket, and in some cases the game would not have suffered had the wickets never been pitched at all. Whether cricket history has ever produced a parallel, whether the memory of the oldest inhabitant of this watery isle can recall a summer of such exceptional moisture, it is not within our province to inquire ; it is sufficient for us to call attention to the cause and the effect. Slow cricket and low scoring, turf so soft that the fieldsmen have been obliged to be very careful in their movements for fear of losing their equilibrium, grounds in some cases actually under water, generally in a condition altogether unfavourable for cricket ; what a miserable contrast to the picture usually presented to us at this time of the year ! Truly a pitiful burlesque of what we have been used to hear described as the merry month of June. Under the circumstances, if it might be considered exaggeration to assert the cricket we have seen to have been little less than a mockery, we shall be well within the mark if we assert that public form has been altogether discounted by the vagaries of the weather. The cricket generally has been, indeed, purely speculative, and with half the season gone it is even now a matter of some difficulty to analyse, with any degree of confidence, the merits of the various players who have taken leading parts in the records of previous years. In all, four innings of over a hundred have been made by batsmen in good matches, but these have only served to bring out in bolder relief the otherwise low scoring, and there has been very little indeed even bordering on the sensational to gratify the thousands who revel in the cheap enjoyment of a long day's cricket. The last week of May was opened in promising style with the annual match between the Gentlemen of England and Cambridge University, at Cambridge, and here some scores, at least of respectable dimensions, were made. Mr. I. D. Walker had been more fortunate than usual in collecting the eleven to represent the Gentlemen, and if any exception could be taken to the team, it certainly could not be made with regard to their batting, with Mr. I. D. Walker, Hon. E. Lyttelton, and Messrs. A. P. Lucas, A. J. Webbe, T. S. Pearson, G. F. Vernon, and F. E. R. Fryer all at

command. The bowling, which was confined to Messrs. Robertson, Buchanan, Fryer, Pearson, and Lucas, might, on the other hand, have been considerably strengthened to advantage, and it was their weakness in this department that chiefly contributed to their defeat. The easy victories achieved by the Cambridge eleven over Mr. C. I. Thornton's eleven and the Marylebone Club and Ground during the previous month had given them a certain reputation, despite that in each of these cases the elevens to which they were opposed were by no means strong, and some sanguine admirers of Cambridge even went so far as to predict that the captaincy of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton would rival that of his brother in the previous year, when every match played by the Cantabs was won. Mr. A. P. Lucas, for the Gentlemen, showed that his Australian trip had not injured his batting powers, by an unusually freely-got innings of 70; but, with the exception of Mr. I. D. Walker's second score of 42, none of the undoubtedly dangerous batsmen on the side could do much with the Cambridge bowling, even though Mr. A. G. Steel did not bowl at all in the second innings. The University batting was very uneven, as Mr. A. J. Ford (51), Hon. A. Lyttelton (32), and A. G. Steel (24), contributed 107 out of a total of 146, precisely the same number of runs made by the Gentlemen. The bowling of the Gentlemen showed its weakness towards the end of the match, as the Hon. A. Lyttelton (not out, 77) and Mr. D. Q. Steel were scoring at a very rapid pace when the proceedings came to an end. A very few minutes indeed would have converted a drawn game into a victory for Cambridge, as there were only 5 runs wanting to win, with eight wickets to fall, and with two batsmen like Hon. A. Lyttelton and Mr. Steel well in, another over would in all probability have settled the question.

The match for the benefit of the Cricketers' Fund between North and South, at Prince's, which ought to have brought the month of May to a close, had to be abandoned, and the only fixture was that between Middlesex and Surrey, at Lord's, which produced the first of a series of defeats likely to be registered to the discredit of the Surrey eleven, unless they show a great improvement on the form they have already exhibited.

The Gentlemen of England were by no means so strongly represented at Oxford as they had been the previous week at Cambridge, in consequence of the match for Shaw's benefit at Lord's; but this time they had an easy win, instead of a moral defeat, to reward them at the finish. The Oxford batting was very weak, even allowing for the absence of the Captain, Mr. H. R. Webbe, and Messrs. Knight and Evans; but the want of Mr. Evans's fast bowling was materially felt, and this no doubt fairly turned the scale in favour of the Gentlemen. Mr. Fowler's second score—a hard-hit one—of 63, with two others of 11 and 10, were the only double figures on the Oxford side, and their bowling was so weak at the finish that Mr. R. E. Prothero, an old Oxonian himself, was able to run up a long score of 110, a far from unpromising display of batting under the circumstances.

The Whit Monday match at Lord's would, in all probability, have been one of the greatest successes of the year under ordinarily favourable circumstances. With their accustomed liberality, the committee of the Marylebone Club had determined to set apart the proceeds for the benefit of a well-tryed and most deserving servant, Alfred Shaw ; and as no professional of the present day has more deservedly gained the respect of every class of cricketers, those who have been able to estimate the worth of the celebrated Nottingham bowler were in hopes that he would realise a good round sum. Two very good elevens had been collected, though the defection of Mr. G. F. Grace and Midwinter from the Southerners was poorly met by the introduction of Mr. Stratford and Steele, and W. Hearn might have been replaced to advantage by the Hon. A. Lyttleton or Jupp. The North could hardly have been materially strengthened, though one would have liked to see Mr. Vernon Royle and Oscroft in the team ; and indeed the twenty-two players represented a combination almost as strong as we are likely to see in either of the matches between Gentlemen and Players. With a ground in moderately good order, and with the Amateurs in any practice, we should no doubt have had to record some fine cricket, as well as some long scores ; but instead we have to content ourselves with a sorrowful tale of the most popular game of the season utterly ruined by rain, and what ought to have been a really substantial benefit to a most worthy player, converted into a failure. The Bank Holiday, which ought to have brought the most grist to Shaw's mill, was useless, as the frequent rains completely precluded the idea of any play, and the game as it was had to be commenced on the second afternoon, when things were hardly in a fit state for cricket. Additional interest was imparted to the game from the fact that it was Mr. W. G. Grace's first appearance of the season in London ; and though the ground was all against any chance of a long score from his bat, the Northerners found that his bowling had at least lost little, if any, of its peculiar effectiveness. It is hardly necessary to enter into criticism of the play, as the four completed innings in all only produced an aggregate of 321 runs, and Ulyett's score of 41, not out, for the North, was the only individual contribution of any value. Mr. A. G. Steel, on the first day, took three Southern wickets at a cost of only six runs ; but the victory of the North, who won by 49 runs, was almost exclusively due to the exceptionally fine bowling of Alfred Shaw, whose analysis in the match showed a great performance of 64 overs for 60 runs and fourteen wickets. The game itself proved anything but a financial success for Shaw, and there were several rumours with regard to the action of the committee of the Marylebone Club under the peculiar circumstances. It was stated, and with an air of authority, that the proceeds of the next Whitsuntide match at Lord's would be devoted to the same purpose, but Mr. W. G. Grace, with an amount of consideration that did him infinite credit, came forward with a happy suggestion, that the profits of the match to be played at Lord's in his honour this season should be given to Shaw to compensate him for his disappointment, and hence the public will

have the satisfaction of knowing that, in supporting the fixture to be commenced at Lord's on the 21st of this month between Old and Young, they will not only be lending a hand to a sterling player, but also have the opportunity of assisting at the presentation of the testimonial to Mr. Grace, which is to take place in the pavilion at luncheon time, on the second day of the match.

With certainly no lack of bowling on either side it was hardly likely, considering the almost continuous rains, that the match at Manchester, between Lancashire and Derbyshire, would be a very protracted affair. With a wicket in any way to help him William Mycroft has rarely failed to be destructive for Derbyshire, and with very useful supporters in Hay and Platts, the County was almost as well represented in the bowling as Lancashire with William McIntyre, Barlow, Watson, and Mr. Appleby. In the condition of the ground the bowling was fairly divided, and the issue turned on the question of the batting, in which Lancashire had an undeniable advantage. The state of affairs can be gathered from the fact that of the three completed innings the highest total was 81 by Lancashire, and that the only individual contributions of any value were one of 31 by Platts of Derbyshire, and one of 25 (not out) by Mr. E. B. Rowley for Lancashire. Under such circumstances, something sensational was pretty sure to be accomplished with the ball, and Barlow, whose slow, left-hand, round-arm bowling seems to have more work on it than any we have seen as yet this year, earned the *honorarium* of a new bat by taking three wickets with three successive balls in the first innings of Derbyshire, a feat of the rarest occurrence in an important match. Indeed, the Derbyshire batsmen were fairly puzzled by the delivery of Barlow, a naturalised Derbyshire man himself; and as he took ten of the twenty wickets, it is only just to give him the credit of a very considerable share in the success of Lancashire, who won easily at the finish by eight wickets.

On the same days Yorkshire were playing Middlesex at Lord's, and with very different results. The ground on this occasion was in better condition for scoring than it has been as yet this season, and the Yorkshiremen, Ulyett in particular, appeared to be quite at home with the not very formidable bowling of Middlesex. Mr. A. F. Ford, of the Cambridge University eleven, whose high delivery had proved so successful against Surrey on the same ground not many days before, would no doubt have been useful to Middlesex in this match, as, though Messrs. Robertson and Stratford both bowled fairly well in the first innings, they never had any chance of repeating their wonderful exploit against the Yorkshiremen at Sheffield last August. The Yorkshiremen included, by way of a novelty, three amateurs in their ranks, Messrs. H. Wood, of Cambridge University, E. Roper, the honorary secretary of the Sefton Club at Liverpool, and A. Ackroyd, who was, unless we are mistaken, captain of the Uppingham School eleven on the retirement of Mr. D. Q. Steel. Ulyett, a dangerous batsman against the best bowling, but particularly so against any not quite first class, destroyed any hope that Middlesex might have had with two useful scores of 52 and 50 (not out), and his hitting

while in with Lockwood during the last half-hour of the match was very severe. All round, Bates and Mr. Wood were, after Ulyett, perhaps the most effective on the Yorkshire side, as the former, in addition to a well-played innings of 49, was credited with the downfall of eight Middlesex wickets, and Mr. Wood not only obtained 35 runs, but also with his bowling proved fatal to four of the Metropolitan batsmen. Middlesex was almost as strong as it well could be in batting, but with the exception of a second score, 62 by Hon. A. Lyttelton and two innings of 29 and 23 by Mr. A. J. Webbe, none of the eleven came up to their reputation, and in the end Yorkshire was able to claim a majority of eight wickets.

The week following that of the Derby was the busiest we are likely to have this season, as in addition to the two matches already alluded to, three others coming under the category of first-class were commenced on June 5. Alfred Shaw and Morley were representing Nottinghamshire at Canterbury, and Mycroft was elsewhere engaged, so that the Marylebone Club had not its best ground available for the trial match with Oxford University at Oxford. The eleven was indeed considerably weaker than that which had been defeated at Cambridge a fortnight ago, as Rylott, Steel, Clayton, and Messrs. Bray and Powys could hardly be considered fitting substitutes in the bowling department for Alfred Shaw, Mycroft, George Hearne, Barnes, and Flowers, and there was certainly not one batsman who would have been allowed a place in the best eleven of the Club. W. Hearn of Hertfordshire, in the first innings of M.C.C., performed the exceptional feat of going in first, and carrying out his bat for 56; and Mr. H. Ross presented his side with a very timely second score of 71, but unfortunately there did not appear to be any one else capable of lending any material assistance, and the University won, as was only to be expected, without serious difficulty by six wickets. Messrs. W. A. Thornton (70), and Fowler (49), contributed as many as 119 towards Oxford's first score of 166; so that the batting was not very even, as is usually the case in a University eleven. N. McLachlan, who was one of the Loretto School eleven last year, took nine of the Marylebone wickets, and as he has been generally useful with the ball during the season, he ought to have a fair chance of his 'blue,' though he has fallen off considerably on the batting form he displayed early in the year.

With the exception of the absence of Mr. Foord-Kelcey, whose bowling, as events went, might have proved of some value to his side, Kent mustered most of its strength to meet Nottinghamshire at Canterbury. On the other hand, in the absence of Daft, the command of the Nottingham eleven devolved on William Oscroft, and his efforts, for himself as well as his team, were attended with marked success. Indeed his score (140), and that of Selby (72), who was next to him in the order of going in, represented eight more runs than were totalled by the Kentish eleven in their two innings. Nine of the Nottingham eleven contributed double figures to a long score of 384; and this proved so far beyond the capacity

of the Kentish players, that they had to suffer defeat by an innings and 180 runs. Singularly the best bowler of Notts, Alfred Shaw, was unable to get a wicket, but Morley and Barnes were quite equal to the task of disposing of the formidable array of batsmen on the side of Kent; and the easy victory of the Northern eleven was certainly materially assisted by the excellent fielding shown by the whole side. In the first innings Lord Harris (33), Messrs. Mackinnon (42), and F. Penn (25), were accredited with 100 out of 115 runs from the bat; but the show made by the Kentish team at the second attempt was feeble in the extreme, and the brothers Penn, who were together responsible for 39 runs, accounted for just one-half of the total. Morley took five of the ten wickets in the first innings of Kent; but the best bowling on the Nottingham side throughout the match was that of Barnes, whose figures in the two innings showed 50 overs for 67 runs, and eleven wickets.

Gloucestershire sent anything but a representative eleven to Kennington Oval to oppose Surrey, but the result proved that they were more than strong enough for their opponents, who have so far shaped in a way that seems to augur a disastrous season. On an excellent wicket, Surrey ought to have been worth a larger score than 88, against any bowling even possessing the smallest claim to first-class form; but Mr. W. G. Grace and Midwinter were on this occasion able to master the batting, and the irony of cricket was again exemplified in the elevation of Blamires, the new Surrey bowler, to the distinguished position of highest scorer, with a somewhat fluky 18. How Gloucestershire would have fared had the brothers Grace been at all out of luck, it is not a difficult matter to estimate, but they have a peculiar habit of coming off on every occasion when they are wanted, and in this instance no one could find the slightest flaw in the cricket they showed. W. G.'s score of 123 was not faultless towards the finish, but, until he had made 80, he neither gave a chance nor lost the smallest opportunity of punishing a bad ball, and his accuracy of timing and placing the ball was the more remarkable considering the obvious reduction in practice he must have had this season in comparison with previous years. A timely shower on the second day enabled Southerton to perform on the tail of the Gloucestershire eleven to the tune of five wickets for 46 runs; but generally the bowling appeared to be even weaker than it has been of late years, and Barratt's apparent loss of his old spin will no doubt cause Surrey considerable trouble during the season.

At the commencement of the following week Middlesex had marshalled its full forces to meet the eleven commanded by Mr. W. G. Grace, but the hopes that had been formed on the first announcement of the fixture were doomed to be shattered by the weather. Under any circumstances, with two strong batting sides, and certainly not a proportionate amount of bowling, three days would hardly have been voted sufficient to admit of the completion of the match. As things happened, with Gloucestershire only represented by at the best a second-rate eleven, Middlesex, on paper, ought to have had

an excellent chance ; but the rain prevented any play at all on the first day, and the same cause caused the abandonment of the match at the end of the second day, when the game was left in a really interesting condition. The state of the ground at the outset can be gathered from the fact that with even a small total of 70, Gloucestershire held an advantage of 29 runs on the first innings ; but it was improving fast towards the end of the day, and, had the weather only lasted to admit of the game being played out, in all likelihood there would have been a good finish, as, when the match was abandoned, Middlesex were precisely 80 runs on, with five wickets to go down. As a contrast to their performance the previous week, when they obtained 180 runs against Surrey, the brothers Grace this time had to be content with a joint score of a dozen runs ; but W. G. was fairly among the Middlesex batsmen, and his analysis of eighty-two balls for 16 runs and six wickets in the first innings, confirmed the bowling form he had shown just previously, both at Lord's and the Oval. The same days saw another interesting match in the provinces as completely wrecked by the weather. The Trent Bridge ground at Nottingham, with the water out everywhere, is not the most favoured spot for a cricket-match, and at one time it was feared that the first match between Notts and Yorkshire fixed to be played there would have to be abandoned or postponed. Whether it would not have been better, in many cases this season, to have given up all idea of play, than to have gone through the hollow mockery of a game, it is not for us to say, though we have a decided opinion on the subject ; but at least the two matches in which Yorkshire figured during the second week in June might have been omitted with advantage, as far as the chance of showing any real cricket was concerned. Yorkshire had all the worst of the mudlark at Nottingham, though the game was drawn, but Surrey was less fortunate in the engagement with Yorkshire the next few days at Hull, and the result was the most severe defeat the Surrey eleven have received this year by an innings and nine runs. Mr. Lucas was absent from the Southern eleven, but it is questionable whether his presence would have made any great difference, as the turf, even at the end of the match, retained most of the water that was found on it on the first day, and the ground itself was in many ways not altogether fitted for the purposes of a County match. The Surrey eleven have of late not earned a reputation for playing up when there are difficulties of any kind to be met ; and on this occasion, against the many changes of bowling on the Yorkshire side, their chances of success were of the smallest. Mr. John Shuter, it is true, played well in the first innings for his 25, out of a total of 51 ; but the fast bowling of Allen Hill, who seems to have regained this season all the old accuracy of aim which seemed at one time to have left him, was far too much for the now by no means formidable batsmen in the Surrey eleven, and his analysis of 29 overs for 14 runs and seven wickets is one of the best exploits of the year by a bowler of his pace. The Oxonians played their last home match against a fairly strong eleven brought down by

Mr. A. W. Ridley ; and on this occasion Mr. A. H. Evans, who had not been able to take part in several of the early engagements, assisted the University. The ground was in a dreadful state ; and as Mr. Ridley had taken the precaution of including in his team two bowlers who very rarely fail to come off—Alfred Shaw and Morley, to wit—Oxford had not a very rosy chance. Throughout, indeed, the scoring was small on both sides, but the bowling of Alfred Shaw was a little too good for the Oxonians, and his eleven wickets were obtained at an average of less than five runs. Mr. Evans proved by his bowling in this match how valuable his services would have been to the University in the previous matches, and his analysis will compare very favourably even with that of Shaw, as he was credited with eleven wickets, at a cost of only 57 runs, taking five wickets in the second innings, for fifteen. Mr. Ridley's eleven were the winners by 52 runs, but taken on the whole, the cricket on the University side was not, by any means, without promise, and it was generally conceded that their bowling was a decided improvement on that shown in the home trials of late years.

Kent made a sorry show at Lord's on the same day against a team of the Marylebone Club and Ground, and not one of the strongest that could have been provided by the authorities at Lord's. The absence of Messrs. Absolom and Mackinnon was the only flaw in the composition of the County eleven, but they collapsed in a most extraordinary manner before the bowling of Mycroft, Barnes, and Rylott, and Lord Harris (16) and Hon. Ivo Bligh (12, not out) were the only batsmen able to exceed ten runs in the match. George Hearne did a neat bowling performance for Kent in securing fourteen Marylebone wickets at a cost of 45 runs, but it showed undeniably how completely out of practice the Kentish players must have been in allowing M.C.C., with such insignificant scores as 64 and 66, to win by 50 runs. Kent, too, had a bad time of it in the north the following week, and both at Sheffield and Manchester the eleven had to play second fiddle. At the former town Lord Harris did fairly well to get rid of the Yorkshiremen for comparatively small totals of 114 and 124, but even with a certainly strong batting team the Southerners were not equal to the undeniably formidable array of bowlers so well controlled by Emmett ; and it is worthy of remark in illustration of the number of changes on this occasion at the disposal of the Yorkshire captain, that of the eleven which opposed Kent, ten had been put on at one time or another in a County match. And as if the supply of bowlers in Yorkshire were not sufficient another colt has come forward in one Peate of Yeadon, a slow, left-hand, round-arm bowler, who in the two innings of Kent took as many as twelve wickets for 77 runs. At Manchester bad fielding was accountable in a great measure for the Kentish defeat, as mistake after mistake was made while Lancashire were at the wickets, and this explanation will probably account for the score of 56 (not out) by William McIntyre, who would hardly be considered worth any sum of this kind under ordinary circumstances. Barlow and McIntyre

divided the Kentish wickets, but the bowling of the Southerners, with the exception of Bray, was comparatively unsuccessful, and Mr. Alfred Penn and Hearne, who have not yet come up to last year's form, did little mischief. The match between Marylebone Club and Ground and Nottinghamshire at Lord's was a pleasant relief after the uninteresting contests we have had during the season. The weather had not changed, and no play was possible on the first day, but, despite the low scoring on both sides, the game throughout was singularly even, and it was anybody's match quite up to the finish. Rylott, Clayton, and Mycroft were the only bowlers on the side of the Club, but all of them came off in turns, and the victory of the Club by 16 runs was due in a great measure to the very effective bowling of Mycroft, who played up, as he has often done before on a pinch, and fairly won the match for his side, with a brilliant analysis of 44 runs and one ball for 32 runs and eight wickets.

The trial games of the University elevens in London threw little new light on the chances of the Oxford and Cambridge match, which will probably be over before these lines see the light. The Cantabs, even without the help of the brothers Steel, defeated a fairly strong eleven of Surrey at the Oval by ten wickets, though the County eleven owed their defeat as much to their own bad play as to any great skill of their opponents. Middlesex, with apparently much the best of the game at one time, was beaten on the same day by Oxford University; and at Lord's Cambridge was perhaps preserved by rain from the defeat that seemed in store for it at the hands of the Marylebone Club and Ground. Under the circumstances of weather, the task of analysing the chances of the two Universities has been rendered exceedingly difficult, and hence a forecast of the match itself is made less easy. If Mr. A. G. Steel should not be in his best form, the Cambridge bowling will not be so dangerous as it was last year, and if Mr. A. H. Evans, certainly the best amateur fast bowler of the day if in practice, should be on the spot, as he was on the eventful occasion last year, the sides ought not to be unevenly matched in the bowling line. In batting, the Cambridge eleven are certainly not so strong as they were in 1878, and several of the old choices have not maintained their reputation, but on any form they are a more reliable team than Oxford, and it is difficult to see how Cambridge are to have the worst of the Inter-University match; of course, paying every possible respect to the glorious uncertainty of the game.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

To all-round sportsmen the choice of the Oaks Day made by the Royal London Club for their first great match of the season, that for Cutters, seemed a somewhat eccentric one, and in other respects the event proved rather a failure, the entrance being confined to three forties—Coryphée (R. Y. Richardson), Bloodhound (Marquis of Ailsa), and Britannia (W. C. Quilter). The course for this, as for all the principal yacht matches of the Thames, was

round the Mouse, to finish at Rosherville. Vessels in this instance were to start in the Lower Hope, and the fixture being an early one, with but a trio of entries, no steamer was chartered, which, as matters turned out, was perhaps fortunate, financially at least, as the morning offered but slight inducement to visitors to risk the contingencies of this more than usually fitful summer, a south-westerly breeze holding out threats of more than occasional showers. The day, however, proved far better than could have been anticipated, and the three had a very fine race all day; indeed, round the Mouse there was but half a minute between first and last, *Coryphée*, *Britannia*, and *Bloodhound* being the order, which might have been altered had not the latter couple been fiddling each other about a good deal. They were not far on the homeward voyage when *Britannia*, which had about the best berth, came to grief, her topsail-yard going, which of course spoiled her chance, though she kept up wonderfully well, and, on setting a jib-header, held her own with *Coryphée*, which touched for a moment on the Blythe Sands, but was off again directly without any damage, and eventually won by about a minute and a half, *Britannia* next. *Bloodhound* gave no promise of her coming successes, as she was pretty much astern all day. The Royal Thames had better entries for their Cutters, the big ones consisting of the three forties which had gone for the Royal London's prizes the previous day, and the *Neva* (F. Cox). The latter managed to get back first, but the Marquis of Ailsa's craft was well within her time, as was Mr. Quilter's vessel, which took second prize. Among the twenties, *Sayonara*, a new Scotch boat, belonging to Mr. G. Y. Richardson, fairly did Mr. Borwick's crack *Vanessa*, but the latter, being better handled, got in front at the top of the Hope, and secured the prize. For the New Thames race there were plenty of competitors; indeed, rather a superabundance, considering the amount of river-room available for a start from anchors off Rosherville pier, as, the wind shifting, *Neva* drifted unpleasantly close to the club steamer, and some of the others could not get round without mildly cannoning, which fortunately, however, did no harm. All the way down the match was an excellent one, with a fair amount of breeze, and *Arrow* (T. Chamberlayne), *Neva*, *Bloodhound*, and *Britannia* were well together round the Mouse, the big ships *Arrow* and *Neva* showing the way home with every prospect of a good race being finished in good time. Near Southend, however, the wind collapsed utterly, and the racers drifted all of a heap, until, getting a little breeze to bring them home, *Arrow* passed the flag first, *Bloodhound* next, having done *Neva* during the calm, and *Britannia* last. The Marquis took first honours, and Mr. Quilter second, the old *Arrow* securing third prize, after a tedious finale to what had promised to be a capital match. The smaller class entry brought out a very smart *débutante*, *Louise* (H. Atkins), and she showed the way to *Sayonara* and *Vanessa* in grand style, while Mr. Moore's *Preciosa* took the second prize.

Of the great Schooner and Yawl matches, the Royal Thames came first, both in date and importance. The Executive decided to make the events handicaps, instead of adopting the orthodox time for tonnage scale, and this had the effect desired, of attracting a very numerous contingent, including some whose owners mainly devote their attention to cruising, and rather scorn the worry and discomfort associated, in their opinion, with the possession of a crack racing machine. Yawls and schooners sailed in separate classes; of the latter were *Egeria* (J. Mulholland, M.P.), last season's crack *Miranda* (G. C. Sampson), and Mr. Boucher's new *Fiona*, named after his successful old prize-winner. The novice has, however, hitherto at least, scarcely emulated the deeds of her predecessor, and we may suppose that perfect trim remains

to be discovered. The yawls consisted of *Surf* (F. Williams), which, like the *Marquis of Ailsa's* cutter, has been giving a rare account of herself, or, perhaps it should be said, of her opponents, *Dawn* (G. Burnett), *Lorna* (S. Morley), *Fleur de Lys* (H. Edie), *Hypatia* (W. Gordon), *Arethusa* (Stuart Lane), *Minx* (A. Macdonald), and last, but by no means least, the flying *Florinda* (W. Jessop), which was destined to lead the fleet home, though *Surf* was too near her to miss the prize. The race was very properly started in the Lower Hope, and, according to the conditions, all went in cruising trim. A S.E. wind made it a case of a dead beat, but the strong ebb helped them along famously, and *Florinda* before long lead the way, *Miranda*, too, working ahead of the other schooners, who before long spoilt any chance they might have had by colliding, *Fiona's* bowsprit tearing away a lot of *Egeria's* bulwarks, and the pair remaining locked together for some little time. The wind, unfortunately, fell light, and the fleet were signalled to round the steamer about a mile and a half short of the Mouse, where the order was *Florinda*, *Miranda*, and *Surf*, the next being ten minutes later. This trio kept their relative positions, and, as already mentioned, *Surf's* allowance gave her the chief prize, *Florinda* taking second, though she had a narrow squeak for it, as, according to the conditions of the sealed handicap, *Arethusa*, which got home some thirty-five minutes after the leader, only missed by about a minute and a half. *Miranda's* win was never in doubt, and but for the lack of wind, which became more marked towards evening, the day would have been perfect. The New Thames Yawl Match had many of the same entries, as well as *Latona* (A. B. Rowley), *Bakaloum* (T. Groves), and *Milly* (E. R. Tatchell). On the starting gun being fired in the Lower Hope, they went away under most unpromising conditions for spectators, as rain had fallen all the morning, and an easterly wind with a cloudy sky offered but slight hope of any amendment. Off Sheerness, however, matters mended, and during the remainder of the match the weather showed a marked improvement, though towards nightfall the breeze got very fluky and uncertain. *Latona* eventually got home just far enough ahead of *Florinda* to save her time, though the finish looked a very near thing, and *Surf* scored another easier victory in the second class. The Royal London's Match, which came last of the trio, had rather a late tide, and it was long after mid-day when they were sent away by Mr. Earle, the Commodore, to a flying start in the Lower Hope. The fleet consisted of *Florinda*, *Surf*, *Hypatia*, *Arethusa*, and *Milly*, the first excitement being caused by the latter's bowsprit smashing *Arethusa's* mizen actually before they had crossed the imaginary line. This put Mr. Lane's vessel astern, until another stick was got into position, which seemed to take an unconscionable time; but it is a curious comment on the uselessness of the mizen, and unsuitability of the yawl as a racing rig, that *Arethusa* appeared to get along nearly as well without as with her after canvas. *Florinda* and *Surf* again had the issue to themselves, though this time *Florinda* secured first prize, Mr. Williams having to content himself with the second by way of a change.

Important rowing items resolve themselves into one inexhaustible subject—*Hanlan*. This Canadian wonder has attracted an attention in rowing circles which, though utterly unprecedented, cannot be said to be excessive, looking not so much at what the man has done, as how he has done it. Chroniclers of events are too apt to go into rhapsodies over the hero of the moment, and, as a general rule, constant reminders that there was such a thing as a strong man before Agamemnon's year are far more needed than

any warning against overrating our forebears. Visitors to England we have had in plenty, laudably ambitious to try their hand, as well in rowing as other branches of sport, against our native cracks, but in most cases the result has testified rather to the sanguine character of the strangers than to any special proficiency in the branch of sport they may have patronised. Looking back at R. W. Green of Australia, who was a clipper for half a mile, but better at a quarter, to Hamill, who was not a clipper at all, and last, to Trickett, whose clippingness was mainly of English manufacture, being imparted after his arrival here by Harry Kelley, no parallel can be traced to the recent achievements of Edward Hanlan, who can indeed, as a colonial, claim our kinship, though it is rather as the American champion that he comes amongst us, and for the first time the insular conceit of the English rowing world has received a shock, which its most worthy members accept, not, we hope, with resignation, but with a more laudable view of taking all available leaves out of our skilful visitor's book, and endeavouring to master the specialties of his decidedly successful mechanism. Hitherto arrivals from across the water have come, whether they were aware of the fact or no, to learn something from us, but now the case is unquestionably altered, and our most skilful oarsmen, both professional and amateur, have shown their appreciation of the situation by losing no time in testing and adopting the innovations of our visitor, which may be stated briefly as, very long slide, swivel rowlocks, very wide blades, and a very slow stroke, though Hanlan has shown his ability to spurt when occasion requires it. Excepting the slides, it is easy, and perfectly truthful, to allege that these are no novelties at all, having been used before in one form or another; but if so, either the right modification had not been hit upon, or was precipitately abandoned without adequate trial. Sliding must be conceded as a real Yankee notion; the Robert Chambers indeed used to grease the seat of his wager-boat to produce something like a similar result; but it was, we fancy, the London Club, in a race for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, who first made public exhibition of the merits of the invention, properly engineered, and their success was a great testimonial to the excellence of the idea. Swivel rowlocks have been with us hitherto mainly confined to heavy craft, and no one attempted to adapt them to the nicety of a racing-boat. Broad blades were tried and abandoned, while the recent tendency of both professionals and amateurs, oarsmen and scullers alike, is very markedly in the direction of much quicker strokes rather than the opposite extreme, as exemplified by Hanlan. While dilating upon the merits of the American champion's 'fixins,' one must not omit to notice the powers of the man himself, which are considerable, if not exceptional, and there is little doubt that in physique and capacity of endurance he must be conceded to be a veritable pocket Hercules, as but for his great bodily gifts he would be unable to develop fully the resources of a long slide and wide blades. In the recent Championship Match, Elliott, the English champion, was confessedly as fit as possible, but at the end of a mile Hanlan led by over three lengths, having established a comfortable gap at half that distance. Of the race there is nothing to be said; whether the transatlantic sculler won by a dozen lengths or more matters not, for after a mile he was quite at his ease, and appeared to do as he pleased with the doughty Tynesider, and it is rather the new appliances which assisted in contributing to this remarkable result, than any details of the contest, which are noteworthy. The swivel rowlocks, long slide, and the rest of it, will be pretty well tried before long, as many of the crews engaged

at Henley Regatta have adopted them, and though the unseasonable floods now filling the upper Thames must prevent anything like a time test of the improvements, and the Berks station will go further towards victory than any other element, the first general adoption of these mechanical contrivances will be no small source of attraction to visitors at the Regatta, which the exigencies of magazine day prevent our noticing until the August 'Baily.'

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—A June Jumble—Racing and Roping—Horses and Hounds.

WHAT can we say that is new about that busy, tearing week in which 'the leafy month' dawned—the week between Epsom and Ascot? It opened cheerlessly enough, Heaven knows. Whitsuntide was a mockery, and the Bank Holiday a vigil sacred to Jupiter Pluvius and Beer. The miseries of that Monday were patent to all Londoners; the muddy thoroughfares through which streamed a procession of travel-stained and too often soddened passengers, pausing with faltering step at nearly every tavern, and only changing the dulness of semi-intoxication for the mad howls of total obliviousness. Could not Bank Holidays, by the way, be made to depend a little on the weather? We take our pleasures sadly enough, so say our critics, without being made sadder still by east wind and downpours of rain. Could not the national holidays be made movable feasts—when there is really a fair chance of sun and warmth and verdure, and not relegated to the chills and miseries of our Easters and Whitsuntides?

But this, perhaps, is Utopian, so let it pass. Fortunately the horrors of Whitsuntide did not last long. There were many distractions; in fact, as we have said, it is generally a wonderful week of hurrying to and fro upon the earth of London; of sightseeing, eating, drinking, and revelry. It is especially a week in which the country cousin is a conscientious and hard-working animal, doing everything, from the Horse Show to the Crystal Palace, from Croydon to Kempton, from 'Les Cloches' to the Chamber of Horrors. The male bird of the species does not aspire to Sandown, as a rule; but the hen and the little pullets are very eager, and thrice blessed is she who knows a member, and more blessed still a member who will take her and lunch her, and do her well generally. There were a good many little hens there during the two summer days vouchsafed for the Summer Meeting on the 5th and 6th of the month. Never before had the Park looked so lovely. It was the first real effort that summer had made to shake off the fetters of a wintry spring, and the hens and the little pullets responded. If the rhododendrons were rather backward, the ladies were a little in advance. Charming *toilettes* here and there diversified the black which has so long been *de rigueur*, and Sir Wilford Brett had, in honour of the occasion, clothed his little maidens in pink and white, and very nice the little maidens looked, seated at their little tables and offering their little wares. The gathering was remarkable on both days for the number of pretty girls there. Not well-known 'professional' beauties, as they are rather disrespectfully termed, but some of the modest flowers, born to blush (except for Sandown) unseen in Surrey, and waste their sweetness on that comparatively desert air. Of course, there were some London women there too; but the beauty swells were absent. We did not see Nausicaa, or any of her more or less maidens, nor Amaryllis, nor Esther, nor

Vashti. We fancied once, indeed, we saw Esther on a coach; but she proved to be an impostor on a nearer view. No, it was quite a girls' day, the first especially, when the *innupta puella* was quite mistress of the situation. The rush for luncheons was tremendous, and Messrs. Bertram and Roberts had a good time. Everybody enjoyed themselves very much, and if we met some exceptions they were among those unfortunate people who *will* come to Sandown to bother themselves about the racing and to bet. Now this, in our private opinion, is a great mistake. From the days of its youth until now we have mentally handicapped Sandown as about the most charming place we know; a place made for enjoyment, for meeting your friends, for conversation, or what passes for that forgotten art, for flirtation and love-making for those who like such trivialities, and for eating as much luncheon as you can conveniently take. But if the visitor once lends his ear to the voice of the charmer, who tells him of 'good things,' his peace of mind and sense of enjoyment is gone. He frowns at the Surrey virgins; he is quite rude to Sir Wilford Brett's little maidens; he would even turn up his nose at Nausicaa if she were there in costume, and he becomes an intense bore to his friends, relating to them his 'cursed luck,' and how he has backed two seconds and one third in succession. We confess we have scant pity for these self-made victims, who, refusing the goods the gods provide them with, the place, the air, the pretty girls, and the luncheons, go hankering after the dust and ashes of the five furlongs or the last half-mile.

Our readers, after this diatribe, will not, we are sure, expect any but the briefest account of the racing from us. To tell the honest truth, the sport at Sandown, as at its neighbour, Kempton, is very much of the plating order. With one or two exceptions, there was little to interest the genuine sportsman at either of the late meetings. We are aware that both at Kempton and Sandown the authorities have very much at heart the question of improving the character of the racing, and the British Dominion Stakes—a happy thought of Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook—was the redeeming feature of the First Summer at the latter club. It was the event of the second day, and brought out a good field, and a very, very warm favourite from Russley in Evasion, as beautiful a filly no doubt as ever looked through a bridle. She was a daughter of Wild Oats and Miss Eva, and came with the reputation of being 7 lb. better than Douranee. Perhaps this was hardly the fact, but if Peck fancies a horse we know how eager the public are to follow his lead, and how prone they are to exaggerate the merits of the animal. That Evasion (by the way, a bad name) had done something smart at home there was no doubt, and the plungers came to the front and at first laid 6 to 4 on her. But there was a difficulty about a jockey. Archer, who had come express from Manchester, was claimed by Lord Calthorpe for The Doe colt, and Tom Cannon was wanted for Skilleygolee. Challoner was not at Sandown, nor Constable, and at one time it was just on the cards that Evasion did not run. However, Aldridge was put up at the last moment, and it was said he got badly off on the favourite; but at all events the latter made up the lost ground, and appeared to have the race in hand two hundred yards from home, when Huxtable brought up Tulach Ard and won after a fine race by a head. It struck us that Evasion ran rather soft, and did not struggle when the finish came. The winner's form is not very brilliant, and we shall probably see this running reversed.

The Ascot week opened charmingly, and on the Monday afternoon, as we sped through Berkshire hedgerows white with hawthorn blossom and over commons yellow with gorse and broom, little we recked of what would be our portion before the week was over. There was about the usual London exodus,

and Waterloo and Paddington, between four and five of the clock on that day, were crowded with *impedimenta* containing those wonderful costumes with which our fairest and dearest clothe themselves when they go on the war-path. The Prince and Princess had a place in the shady depths of Sunningdale, and society spread itself over a great part of Berkshire from Windsor Keep to Clifden woods; and the people who buy places near Ascot, solely for the purpose of letting them for a curate's stipend during the race week, attained their object. Notwithstanding the 'hard times' of which we hear so much, there seemed no lack of money, judging from the rents asked and given; and we are almost inclined to believe a cynical acquaintance who says that people can always find money for their pleasures; it is the call of duty, he avers, that evokes the cry of poverty. Let us hope he is wrong.

What a grand day Tuesday was in every way! What a dainty dish of sport was there set before our future King, and how we all, gentle and simple, enjoyed it! None of us were very much hurt either, though Silvio getting beat for the Gold Vase was a blow to many, and it did not look like being the black Ascot it proved. The day was one made to order; everybody was there, and people could see and be seen without being incommoded by the multitude that flocked there on the Thursday. The show of beauty was even above the high Ascot mark, for never before had we seen so much of it as we did that day. It was a beauty, too, that had not sought in any great degree the adventitious aid of dress, for the toilettes in the Royal Enclosure were quiet in tone, and if it had not been for the red sunshades we should really have wanted colour. There were three races on the first day, of the highest interest, worth almost the whole programme put together, we thought, and these were the Gold Vase, the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and the Ascot Stakes. In the first named, Isonomy flung down the gauntlet to Silvio, and Mr. Gretton's colt was on his trial. Those who had narrowly watched the race at Newmarket, which for a time startled the isle from its propriety, always maintained that Parole should not have beaten Isonomy. We cannot quite agree with them there, for we have little doubt that the American over his own course is a very good horse indeed. He is, however, as was shown in the Chester Cup, no stayer; but then Isonomy had to win his spurs over a long course, and there was no certainty that he would like two miles, though we believe Porter had but little doubts of it. However, Silvio looked so well, and Heath House was so confident, that it was almost heresy to doubt that the winner of a Derby and a Leger would beat 'the handicap horse,' as he was rather contemptuously called. Odds of 9 to 4 were laid on Lord Falmouth's handsome son of Blair Athol, but still there were staunch followers of Mr. Gretton's horse, and speculation was very brisk. It was an exciting moment when, after Castlereagh's bolt was shot somewhere below the distance, Cannon was seen to be rather uneasy on Isonomy, and 'Silvio wins for ten!' was heard more than once. But the Blair Athols, we fear, are not the gamest of the game, and while Archer found that Silvio could go no faster in answer to his call, Isonomy responded well to Tom Cannon's, and won a fine race by half a length. So the question of staying seemed here to be settled; for, though exception was taken by some people to Archer laying so far out of his ground during the race, we think little of that, as this accomplished jockey may safely be left to his own judgment in this matter. It was a true-run race, we feel sure, and if the two horses meet again the result will be the same. Then there was the Prince of Wales's Stakes, in which Wheel of Fortune was to show if she could do what had never before been done—carry the extreme penalty to the front up the severe finish of the New Mile. It is surprising how any racing men who have watched Wheel of Fortune's career

could doubt that she would be able to do this, but there were some who did, and were covered with confusion in consequence. They leant their hopes on a very broken reed, Adventure, a filly with all the allowances by which she was receiving 16 lbs. from Lord Falmouth's mare. She had run forward in the Oaks, and there was that additional inducement to back her, while a few investments were made on Rayon d'Or, Discord, and Ruperra. But there really was nothing in the race but the favourite, who took Archer to the front when he let her go, opposite the Enclosure, and won in a canter; so the oft-quoted phrase of the Leger being only a question of health seems likely to be realised in her case. But still the doubters are not quite satisfied. And yet another question to be solved was, whether the Chester Cup running was true or false, and there the doubters were in the majority, for they took 5 to 2 about Parole despite his weight and the heavy ground and the distance. Still was Ridotto backed by those who had carefully watched the running in the Roodee race, and perhaps Lord Rosebery's horse was as good a favourite at the close as the American. Sufficient here to say that the latter was never prominent in the race, and was done with soon after making the bend for home, when Ridotto took up the running and won very cleverly by half a length from the light-weighted Mycenæ, whom Mr. Surtees had sold to Mr. Clare Vyner previous to the race.

The promise of Tuesday was too bright to last. How it began to rain, or rather how sheets of water descended in the early morn of Wednesday, has been told in many a touching and passing chronicle, together with the dreadful issues consequent thereon. Backers of Hunt Cup favourites turned uneasily on their pillows as the sound of the downpour broke upon their morning slumbers. 'Heavy ground,' they murmured, and got them to their sleep again with what appetite they might. It was a terrible look-out certainly, that taken about the breakfast hour, and nearly as bad when we landed on the course. Touts and other viewers of early gallops were eloquent about the state of the Old and New Mile, of the something approaching a slough in the Swinley Bottom. Determined men, who on the previous day had been ready to give the Hunt Cup winner 'in twice,' were now hopelessly at sea, and enlarged their tips to eight or ten. Even a genial and enthusiastic dweller by where the silver Thames laves the Datchet meadows, and who, speaking by 'the book' that never fails, had plumped for Mandarin so forcibly that all Datchet was on, felt the pangs of doubt assail him as the morning dawned, and becoming completely disorganised before he reached Ascot, went for all sorts and conditions of horses—Mandarin, alas! figuring as a sort of forlorn hope. It certainly was not a backers' day, nor was the Hunt Cup a backers' race. Things began badly in the Coronation Stakes, where Adventure was again trusted by her stable, but she is only a moderate mare, for she was done with even after coming into the straight, and Mr. Houldsworth's very good-looking Crocus filly, a dark daughter of King Tom, beat Leap Year cleverly. The winner was unbacked, we believe, at least by her stable, who were in ignorance, as many stables are, of the good that was in her. Then the Fern Hill Stakes was to have been the good thing of the afternoon for those who cared to lay extravagant odds. Of course the layers took Peter a good deal on trust, for nothing was known about him this year. He looked on the big side, and was, moreover, nervous on coming out of the paddock, and would not face the crowd, to cure which Archer gave him a smart reminder or two with his whip, but we doubt if that improved his temper. However, he seemed never able to go, did not begin with any dash, and Archer, finding the case hopeless, cased him at the distance, and Douranee beat Japonica easily, as she was bound to do. There was another

upset owing to the ground in the Biennial, for which Strathern and Muley Edris were the two favourites, Ruperra also being backed. Exeter, that outside Derby tip, was among the runners, but we doubt if any of his stable trusted him with money, though 10 to 1 was the tempting offer. However, he is a fine, big, striding horse, and had Custance to help him going through the dirt, which seemed to suit him as well as it did Rayon d'Or the following day. He came to the front at the turn for home, was never headed after that, and won in a canter from Ruperra and Abbot of St. Mary's, who made a dead heat of it for second money. Muley Edris and Strathern were not persevered with, and the backers of Exeter for the Derby, and who had not a sixpence on him now, were of course disgusted. He is no doubt a useful horse.

There had been the usual amount of speculation on the Hunt Cup despite the state of the ground, which was certainly not encouraging for favourites. Many were the chops and changes among which Avontes was firm. Fordham was riding him, and this, together with his forward position last year, kept the public on his side. Cradle did not go at all well in the market, and though Morier had the *imprimatur* of Russley, he was not taken to as kindly as the horses of that stable generally are. The quondam favourite Sir Joseph was almost friendless at the close, and there was no demonstration in favour of Rob Roy, Belphebe, Harbinger, or Sunburn. Mr. Pulteney struck out Placida directly he arrived on the course, and Mandarin, who had touched 100 to 6 the previous day, did not find any one to support him at 33 to 1. In fact, by common consent the top weights were out of it, though Fiddlestring did find people to back him, as he was Archer's mount. Drumhead, a brute who six times out of seven sticks his toes in the ground and won't go a yard, and Albert Edward, who is probably a very bad horse, were the two sensations of the hour or so before the race. Drumhead carried such a lot of money that he looked at one time as if he would oust Avontes from his place, but the *furor* a little cooled down before the race, and '10 to 1 bar one' was the offer from Tattersall's ring. Leghorn was, to judge from the betting, the trusted one of Machell's stable, and we had almost forgotten to mention that Flash Man was rather a tip, and that 100 to 6 was rather eagerly taken about him. Bonnie Scotland, Marshal Scott, Countess Murray, and Flyaway Dick were at prices which showed their owners had no hope except in the chapter of accidents, and the twenty-eight runners went to the post and galloped more or less well through the mud with a vague impression on the part of the spectators that if it was not Avontes it might be anything.

Curiously enough, despite the ground, the first and second came from the top weights. Perhaps the most ludicrous exhibition was made by Flash Man, who was done with before he had gone a quarter of a mile, and at the road the breaking up of the squadron was very marked. The way the front rank, including Cradle and Avontes, dropped away at the Stand, and the way in which Sir Joseph and Harbinger flattered their respective backers, has all been told. Certainly the race looked like being confined to the two last named, until at the beginning of the Royal Enclosure Wood brought Mandarin with a rush and overhauling the two leaders won easily by a length. Of course, after the race every one said that Mandarin ought to have been backed consequent on his race with Reefer at Sandown over a mile course, but then why did we not say so before? Mandarin has always shown he rather likes dirt certainly, and there was something in that Sandown race which we ought to have noted, but then what could one do in that heavy ground? One thing is notable, that Mandarin, until he came into Captain Machell's possession, never could compass a mile, and now he had done about the severest one under the severest conditions that we have in this country.

Thursday was a day to be remembered for many things, pleasant and the reverse. A Cup Day of unprecedented mud, which it was impossible to ignore in a racing point of view. The only people who put it on one side, so to speak, were our brave women, who were not to be deterred by the quagmire in front of the Stand from crossing over to the coaches at the luncheon hour, and returning. How they managed it we can hardly say. How, defying wet feet and skirts loaded with the soil, they came up smiling to the last, was wonderful. Stories there were of lost shoes and other belongings, but whatever their sufferings, like the Spartan boy, they made no sign. There was no falling off in the concourse of people of all degrees that we could perceive, and the South Western Railway reported their traffic to be in excess of former years. By the way, some statistics are being drawn up, we hear, of the sums of money that railway company annually takes out of the pockets of racing men. The amount is supposed to be enormous, and the question is naturally asked what the racing men get in return. They got a good many third-class carriages on Thursday, which are nice and airy vehicles; only when you come to pay fifteen shillings for a seat in them, you are inclined to question the *cui bono*. Second-class is dear at that sum, too, and there *are* evil-disposed people we know who declare that first class is as well, which is really wicked, and the directors of the South Western have been much affected by it. Again, there are cantankerous persons who talk of the law, and of demanding to be taken to and from Ascot at the proper fares, which is unreasonable, so the poor authorities have been much harassed, and have only gained consolation from an inspection of the traffic returns. That agreeable document and the thought of the coming Stockbridge has supported them in the hour of trial.

After Isonomy had shown us of what he was made on Tuesday, it seemed tempting fortune to back anything else on Thursday. And yet people did. They went on Touchet and Insulaire and Verneuil, and some even backed Jannette. Touchet, as the hope of Russley, of course had a great following, and we think we may say, without exception, that all Berkshire was 'on.' Berkshire had had the straight tip given it about Ridotto in the Stakes, and remembering that, sang *Robert toi que j'aime*, and plumped for Lord Rosebery's horse. He went through the mud in his preliminary better than anything, if we except Insulaire, the black moving with great freedom. The betting pointed to the latter, being the stable horse; but then, as a gentleman from the North of England remarked in our hearing, 'That went for nought.' Isonomy, the more people reflected upon it, looked really a good thing, and as time grew on there was a growing belief that to back him was to back the winner. Still, there was the ground, that terrible upsetter of form, and Isonomy might not be able to get through it. Some people thought he did not go with freedom in his canter, but he went quite well enough for his backers when Cannon brought him to the front as they came up the straight. He won as easy as might be, and Mr. Gretton and Porter came in for many and hearty congratulations.

We wish we could take leave of Ascot without alluding to the very questionable policy which appears to be inseparable from the management of the French horses in this country. It will be remembered that at Epsom in the Rosebery Stakes, Phénix, after opening a hot favourite, was quickly displaced in the market by another horse, Paul's Cray, hailing from Jennings' stable, and that the actual race confirmed the questionable betting which had taken place—in other words, Phénix never came near the front until the race was as good as over. John Bull, who allowed his opinion on the subject full vent, by an exhibition of feeling only second to that which characterised Fille de l'Air's victory in the Oaks, was then informed that the issue of the race

was due to the fact of Phénix being unable to compass a mile of ground. However, in the Rous Stakes at Ascot, run over a severe mile course, the pretended non-stayer comes out, and wins in a canter, presenting 21lb. to Out of Bounds, and beating Sir Joseph and a large field for a very valuable stake. The remarks that followed the hoisting of the winner's number were so unmistakable, that Count Lagrange thought it best to have the 'first run,' and to invite an inquiry on his own account, which every racing man would have desired in the interests of our national sport. With all due respect to the names of those gentlemen which appeared at the foot of the exculpation published in the daily papers, we cannot but wish that the Jockey Club on this occasion should have been otherwise represented. If it be true that two at least of these gentlemen had backed Paul's Cray at Epsom, we submit that they had no more right to interpose their arbitration between Count Lagrange and the British public than a steward has to decide in the question of 'an objection' in a race in which one of his own horses is running. The 'whitewashing' administered on this occasion may be palatable enough to Count Lagrange, but it has been condemned by the press generally, and by the unanimous opinion, so far as we are able to judge, of those who have the interests of the turf at heart.

But we must not dwell much longer on the Royal Heath, for we are rather anxious to bid adieu to the unpleasant surroundings of the meeting. We have most of us lost our money, and all of us lost our temper at seeing and hearing what we have seen and heard. The mud has had a great deal to do with it, no doubt, but that curious decision of the stewards sticks in our throats and we cannot get rid of it; so we will be brief with the concluding day, which is always a breaking-up one, when many a pleasant coterie and many a jovial set dissolve themselves, and leave, perhaps, many a wrack behind. Our 'wrack' was backing Silvio for the rich Hardwicke Stakes, when Chippendale dropped, as it were, from the clouds and beat him, and Archer, who for once in his life, if we could say so of such an accomplished jockey, was caught napping. Drumhead, under the influence of a pint of whisky, took the Ascot Plate from Harbinger, who had Fordham on him, and started a great favourite, but nothing, not even Fordham and whisky, can make a racer we fear of Mr. Gretton's horse, and his owner must be tired of throwing away money upon him. We have just alluded to the Hardwicke fiasco, but it was a splendid race to look at on the part of those fortunate people who had not gambled, however painful to those who had laid 6 to 4 on Lord Falmouth's horse. It was considered a sort of 'getting home' stakes, the Hardwicke, and plunged upon accordingly. At the half distance Silvio had disposed apparently of all his opponents, Exeter and Lancastrian being the last two he shook off. Archer then, it appeared to us, took matters easy, but in another moment or two he was startled by the apparition of John Osborne on the upper ground on Chippendale, driving that horse home as only Johnny could drive, and catching Silvio every stride. Archer did all he knew, we need scarcely say, but 'the pusher' (well did he deserve the name that day) was not to be denied, and, after a grand finish, Chippendale won by a head. There was terrible grumbling after the numbers were hoisted, for there seemed little consolation to be got out of such a big field as come to the post for the Wokingham. Taking 3 to 1 about Philippine in a field of twenty-five runners did not look wholesome, but it proved really a good thing, for she won in a canter, and this encouraged a good many to have a little bit extra on Castlereagh for the Alexandra Plate, though it was known the French party were very fond of Insulaire, who would not have an Isonomy to meet. Old Pageant ran, but he did not carry any Kingsclere confidence or money, and, indeed, only two were backed in reality—Castlereagh

and Insulaire. We fancied the former was made too much of, for he and Glengarry raced alternately for the lead for the first two miles, Goater waiting on Insulaire to the straight, where, easily disposing of Thurio, he soon had the favourite in trouble, and ultimately won easily by a length and a half. And then we shook the mud off our feet, and with mingled feelings bade adieu to Ascot for another twelve months.

Another Islington show has passed and gone; rampant steeds have pawed the sawdust of the Agricultural Hall; but what we saw there leads us to believe that as a horse show the glory is departed. Henceforth let it be known as 'a mart for the sale of horses,' and a jumping exhibition, to be prolonged in future (according to a daily paper) even until nightfall to amuse the million. We must protest against two innovations, the interleaving of the catalogues with advertisements, and the prizes won by each horse being entered in the catalogue. Next year we shall have horses wearing medals and prize badges from previous shows. Now, having had our grumble, let us to work. Punctually to time Lords Macclesfield, Coventry, and Waterford commenced with the Heavy-weight Hunters, and a middling lot they were; very soon was the chaff blown from the wheat, and Hurricane, by Dalesman, a brown horse with no substance and with a weak neck, who seemed to ride very badly, at least, if we may judge by the way he went with Mr. John Cooper, though in Lord Coventry's hands he went much better, was placed first; Mr. Dawson's Major (who was third to Tavistock last year) was now promoted to second place; and Andrew Brown's Gambler, of whom we spoke (at Manchester) last month, was third. Salaret, very nearly a nice horse, was next to these. Primate (second at Manchester) was here unnoticed, as we expected would be the case. The next class, for Light Weights, was larger and better than the previous one. Golden Drop was not sent, owing to an accident, so the way was paved for Cockney, who has certainly been eating the bread of idleness since he was placed third at Manchester (Andrew Brown, we are glad to see, has been more precise in his nominations at Islington than at Manchester, probably well knowing such a mode of procedure would not be tolerated); next to him came Ivanhoe, by Hermit, the only one of this sire's get we ever remember to have met in a show-yard. 'Notwithstanding his fine pedigree, there is something about him that does not strike you as being "quite like it."' This is the verdict of the 'Sporting Gazette,' and we most thoroughly endorse it. Mr. Rose's His Majesty, who showed a good deal of temper at Manchester, or he might have scored there perhaps, was third; and then we came to the Four-year-olds, always an interesting class. The entries were few, but several nice horses came before the judges. Had they stuck to their first love and placed Mr. Nelson's Othello first, they would, in our opinion, have selected a hunter; at all events, Mr. Harvey Bayly, who has had rather a long experience of shows and 'show horses,' became his purchaser, and we shall be surprised if he does not follow Rossington, Tavistock, and the many good horses from the Edwinstowe stables, to victory. However, their lordships finally put Golden Plover, the rejected of Manchester, with his faults (which we mentioned last month) very plainly to be seen, first, Othello second, and H. C. a nice young horse of Colonel Barlow's, called The Shannon, who looks as if he wanted time. There was a stargazing horse ridden by 'Gipsy Jack,' a son of Lumley Hodgson's Highthorne, who seemed to be looking about for the buggy which must sooner or later be attached to him, that was a great tip before the show, but who was speedily dismissed by the three noble lords in office, who know a hunter as well as any men in creation. Katerfelto was also not destined to be in it, as his helpless style of going was even more apparent than at Manchester, where he was, oddly enough, put

before the winner here. To say that Major Quentin won a prize is to repeat an oft-told tale, and glad were we to see the horse and his rider 'going together' as of old. Cover hacks and roadsters up to weight was a capital class, probably the best in the show, and Mr. Robinson won somewhat easily with Lady Walton, a very extravagant goer, quite the sort alluded to by Mr. Sidney in his book, where he says, 'you must not use them, you must only show them.' What would Lord Henry Bentinck have said to this, who rode through two counties to meet his hounds daily, when living at Welbeck and hunting in Lincolnshire? To carry an old heavy gentleman there was nothing to beat Mr. Ritchie's Lincoln, a rare oldfashioned sort, but he was placed third, Brown Belle, a neat mare and good goer, being second. Our readers will not care to follow us through the many classes of ponies and harness horses; suffice it to say they were each good of their kind, and when we have added that a fair field of roadster stallions was defeated by our old friend Star of the East, we take our leave of Islington and its arena until next Derby-tide.

After a night of heavy rain the sun shone out brightly on the morning of the 20th of June, and it was as pleasant as ever to lean upon the rails of the Alexandra Park racecourse, and watch the judging at the horse show, which, by general consent, was voted to be one of the best that had been seen for years. A shocking bad class of Thoroughbred Sires, and an equally good one of Roadster Stallions, having been got through, we came to the Hunter classes. After our remarks upon the show at Islington, written previous to the date of the Alexandra Park meeting, it may easily be understood that we were not the least surprised to find Mr. Harvey Bayly's new purchase, Othello, since renamed Black Jack, turning the tables upon Golden Plover, who here only succeeded in getting the third place in the four-year-old class. There is no question but that both are remarkably good-looking horses, and likely to go on and improve with time, but Black Jack is decidedly the best mover, the brother to Golden Drop going too wide in front. A blood one, Cigarette, by Baron Cavendish, divided them, and a neater horse, or one with better action, it would be difficult to find, although not nearly up to so much weight as the other two. The most bone and power rested with Topthorn, by Leybourne, a winner the other day at the West of England Show at Exeter. He has a somewhat coarse head, and his shoulders do not look quite perfect, but then, as Newcomb Mason would say, he can use them. With half a dozen others these made up a select but very superior class. There were thirty-four entries in the class for Light-weight Hunters, and although many of them were no doubt merely entered for the purpose of sale, they were, upon the whole, a good lot. Golden Drop, by East Coast out of a mare reputed to be by Father of the Turf, but which fact has never been properly authenticated, won easily, his great propelling powers sending him through the dirt like a steam-engine. His Majesty, by Lord Hastings, noticed above, although somewhat light of bone, took the second prize. That pretty horse Cockney, whom the judges at Islington had no difficulty in picking out as the best horse in the show, here only finished third. It is one thing to go upon the sawdust at Islington, and another to go through the really deep ground at Alexandra Park. In the class for Hunters up to not less than fourteen stone, the judges awarded the first prize to Blacklock, a grand horse of about 16½ hands high, and supposed to be quite thoroughbred, although his dam is not in 'The Stud Book.' This horse is a beautiful galloper, and has been regularly hunted by his owner, a parson, for the last two seasons with the Brocklesby. Hurricane, another genuine horse, having been hunted last season with the Pytchley, and who carried off the prize in the fifteen-stone

class at Islington, was second to him. These two horses occupied the same positions for the Marquis of Huntly's cup at the Peterborough show. The King, a nice brown gelding, by Ivanhoe, but with a plainish head, was placed third. The empty honour of commendation fell to Rossington. How are the mighty fallen! The old horse was looking well enough, but he has seen his best day, and Mr. Harvey Bayly parted with him none too soon. Verily that gentleman knows how many beans make five. Carew, the winner of many prizes, was in this class, his owner, Mr. Trist, good-humouredly observing, 'It is no disgrace to my horse to have four such good horses put before him.' Gambler, the winner of the heavy-weight prize at Manchester, was also left out in the cold. There were some rare cobs and riding horses up to weight, and we were informed that the animals in the harness classes, judged in another ring, were also remarkably good. The judges were made to go through the farce of awarding prizes to the Prince's Arabs, Mr. J. M. Richardson, however, declining a mount. The little, short-shouldered, long-tailed brutes may attract the gapes of the cockneys, but, with their gorgeous trappings, they would be more in place in Sanger's circus.

The hound show at Peterborough on Thursday, the 19th, was again a decided success, and now fairly promises to be as well supported by masters of hounds as the Yorkshire shows were formerly, when under the able administration of Mr. Parrington. The day was fortunately fine, and the presence of the Prince of Wales also had much to do in attracting the British public, and when all were collected, the hounds and the huntsmen in their full war-paint, and many others in plain clothes, formed an excellent subject for a painter or good photographer, being a scene that could not be witnessed anywhere else. The judges were the Marquis of Waterford, Colonel Anstruther-Thomson, and Squire Drake, of Shardeloes, whose decisions gave general satisfaction. About twenty packs were so well represented that a finer lot of hounds could not have been got together. About two o'clock the Prince arrived, and, after taking luncheon with the Marquis of Huntly, the judging was renewed. A double line of servants in hunting costume was formed, through which the Prince walked, greeted by cheers and 'view-halloos,' but one, whose feelings were too much for him, wound up with a loud 'whoop,' and on being told that he must not kill the Prince like that, promptly replied, 'I didn't kill him, I only ran him to ground,' which, as his Royal Highness had just taken his seat and was lighting up his cigar, was not a bad excuse. Another little incident showing the attachment of hounds to men they really can depend upon. At the time the Oakley bitches were on the flags Mr. Arkwright was looking at them, when one of them approached the fence, winded him, and jumped the barrier into his lap.

At the earnest solicitation of many of their patrons in the Midland Counties and the North of England, Messrs. Tattersall intend having periodical sales of horses at Rugby, and as they have taken a large portion of Mr. John Darby's well-known stables the very best accommodation has been already insured. There is no better situation than Rugby, which may be termed the key of England as regards railway accommodation, so that, after the London season is over, as many country gentlemen from all parts of the kingdom will no doubt be attracted on a Tuesday to Albert Street, Rugby, as on Mondays to Albert Gate, Knightsbridge. The first sale will take place on Tuesday July 22nd, when sixty horses, belonging to Mr. Darby, will be sold. We are authorised to state that it is not his intention to retire from business, but simply to reduce his establishment, and that it will be carried on as usual in Church Street after the Dublin Show in August.

The yearling sales, as far as they have gone, have not been exactly cheerful ones. Mr. Hume Webster had the best at Marden; the Cobham showed a sad falling off; the Royal a worse. 'Hard times' of course comes to the front as the excuse for everything just now, and it was the excuse at Cobham and Hampton Court for men giving five hundred for a yearling instead of a thousand. But might there not be other reasons? It will not, perhaps, be popular or acceptable to hint to breeders, public or private, that people have seen the folly of giving the sums they have done for such very risky cattle, and that the tether of long prices has come, or is coming, to an end. Year by year have the pages of *Weatherby* recorded the comparative failures of the high-priced yearlings, and we have seen only too often—shape and quality, 'the pick of the basket' at Cobham or Middle Park, the eagerly sought for hero of the Doncaster paddocks, figuring a year afterwards in most dismal fashion at Ascot or Goodwood. The disease of high prices has been a long and obstinate one, so obstinate that we should not like to prophecy a perfect cure even now. It may be that with 'the revival of trade' to which every one is looking forward, there will be a fresh outbreak of the malady, but it will not do to count too much on that forecast.

The Hon. Francis Scott, the treasurer of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, has received the sum of 50*l.*, free of legacy duty, from the executors of the late Mr. T. Peplow Ward, of Abbey Street, Chester. This is the first legacy this society has received, and we hope it will be the forerunner of many others. Sportsmen, when making their wills or adding a codicil to them, cannot do better than leave it a legacy in return for the health and the pleasure procured by foxhunting.

The many who knew and loved George Whyte-Melville will be glad, we feel sure, to be able to give expression of their feelings towards the dead man, by subscribing to the proposed memorial—a stone over his grave or a window in the church at Tetbury where he is buried, and also a drinking fountain at St. Andrews. The idea has been taken up warmly, and a strong committee of well-known sportsmen, with Lord Wolverton and Colonel Anstruther-Thomson as honorary secretaries, and already the subscription list is an important one. Still there are so many friends and acquaintances of Major Whyte-Melville, who are scattered far and wide about the world, that it is possible they may be in ignorance of the proposed scheme. To them, if haply they are 'Baily' readers, we may say that Messrs. Glyn & Co., Lombard Street, are the bankers, and that Colonel Anstruther-Thomson will receive subscriptions sent to him at Tattersall's.

All English cricketers will be delighted to hear that Mr. J. R. Reid, the young Scotch artist who painted 'The Country Cricket Match,' which drew a large crowd round it at the Royal Academy every day, last year, has had the honour to have his picture 'Toil and Pleasure' selected by the Royal Academicians as one of the four which they are empowered to purchase out of a fund of which they are trustees. The subject is peculiar. A number of peasants are carting turnips in a field, and are evidently stopping to gaze after the hounds which have passed by, and which do not appear in the picture, as some huntsmen are scrambling through a thick hedge which, from the position of the horses, must have a steep bank on the other side. The atmosphere of a dull heavy winter day is admirably done, and one can feel the raw air; and though a field of turnips has no picturesque feature about it any one who looks at the picture must at once see evidence of hard study of nature, and conscientious work. The same artist has two small pictures, 'The Village Belle,' a girl looking at her own name cut on a tree in a wood; and 'The Bird's Nest,' an old gardener showing the nest to a child. Mr. Reid

is a careful student of nature, and must be congratulated on the honour which, as a stranger, he has received at the hands of one of the most exclusive and exacting public bodies in England.

'Sussex Cricket.'—Under this title Mr. C. F. Trower, an old Wykehamist, and well known in the Oxford, Hants, and Sussex elevens forty years ago, a pupil of old Lillywhite's, and intimate friend and contemporary with the immortal Mr. Charles Taylor, Mr. Langdon, Mr. Alfred Lowth, and the Gentlemen of that time, has contributed a paper to the Sussex Archæological Society, called 'Sussex Cricket, Past and Present.' It is charmingly written, without pretence, and is a valuable history of Sussex cricket from the commencement. There are a few remarks on the question of amateurs and professionals, and some of the vices of present cricket, well and temperately written. The pamphlet is republished by Mr. Alexander Rington, of the 'Sussex Gazette,' Lewes, at the price of one shilling, and it is as pleasant an hour's reading as any one can desire, and well worth binding and putting on one's book-shelf.

The theatrical world is, we think, in much prosperity. What with 'Les Cloches,' 'Madame Favart,' and 'Truth,' Mr. Henderson is rapidly becoming a millionaire; while the success of 'Drink' is making the fame of Mr. Charles Warner, and the comparative fortune of Mr. Walter Gooch. If you want to get a stall, or a good place in the dress circle, at the Lyceum, you must go a week 'in advance,' and may not bring it off then; while that intensely comic drama of 'Babylon' is making Holborn fashionable, and the denizens about the Gray's Inn Road complain that their just rights in the theatre are denied them by the Crutches and Toothpicks. The gorgeousness of Venetian life (from a stage point of view), combined with the gymnastics of Mr. Conquest and his son, make glad the stalls of the Alhambra; and the 'Claude Melnotte' and 'Pauline' of Mr. Lionel Brough and Miss Lydia Thompson fill the Imperial. On the stage of the Haymarket, on the occasion of Mrs. Swanborough's benefit, in the middle of last month, which, we are glad to record, was most successful and satisfactory in every way,—many of those we have mentioned were present to do honour to one who has been not only such an admirable caterer for the public, but has also won such respect and liking in private life. They all seemed very happy, and no doubt the feeling that you are doing ever so little to help and cheer some one else is a pleasurable feeling not confined to the theatrical profession, but would call 'the crimson to the forehead, the lustre to the eye,' in every rank and degree of men and women so employed. But there certainly was a very genuine ring in the tone of each and all as they crowded round Mrs. Swanborough and Mrs. Keeley to offer their congratulations; and as the voice of the latter, when the applause had subsided, was heard in the opening lines of Mr. Byron's address, a thrill of old memories rushed through the mind of more than one then present. We can speak for one. There was the voice sounding in our ears, the same clear, incisive tones that recalled the Jack Shepherd of our younger days, as he taunted the carpenter's daughter with her love for Thames Darrell; that carpenter's daughter who was

'fair and free,
Fair, and fickle, and false was she;
She slighted a journeyman—meaning me,
And smiled on a gallant of high degree.'

We seemed to hear the once well-known song again,—but as all this is *caviare* to the rising generation, we had better drop the subject. Mrs. Keeley had a very warm reception, but still we could not help feeling that to the

great majority among the audience she was only a tradition. It was an honoured one, though; and perhaps it may be some satisfaction to her to know that there were many there who would gladly have grasped her hand, if they could have done so, for the sake of auld lang syne.

'Drink' is certainly a play to be seen. There is nothing repulsive about it, at least nothing of the loathsomeness of 'L'Assommoir' in the text; and there is much of the Ambigu drama also toned down. There is realism enough, no doubt, from the hot water of the washhouse and the fall from the scaffolding to the intensity of the picture which Mr. Warner gives us in the last act; but it is a realism which does not offend, and the play resolves itself into a moral drama, in which the happiness of a household is ruined by drink. We have forgotten, we regret to say, the name of the East-end clergyman who made, a short time since, such a stand for the stage, and even went to the extreme of taking music-halls to his bosom; but really in 'Drink' he might with truth affirm that the Stage has usurped the functions of the Pulpit; for Mr. Reade's version is really a sermon against a national vice, and Mr. William Rignold, in the character of the virtuous artisan, Gouget, is the preacher. Very much in earnest is the actor in his denunciations of the vice of drinking, and, allowing for a certain sameness of manner and expression, the performance was a good one. The Virginie of Miss Ada Murray is,—next of course to Mr. Warner's Coupeau,—what we may call the hit of the piece. It is a repulsive rôle, that of an utterly worthless and abandoned woman, vindictive, and almost bestial, but redeemed from the horror such a character would naturally inspire by the art of the actress. Miss Murray has by this performance taken a place in the front rank, which, unless we are much mistaken, she will retain.

Of course the central figure is Coupeau, the happy artisan as we first see him, happy in his home and in the love of his wife and child, and then yielding by slow degrees to the insidious demon, who in the end masters him body and soul. Mr. Warner's acting throughout is deserving of all praise. In the tenderness displayed in the first scenes, in the weakness of his nature, shown as the play proceeds, when the temptation of drink is set before him,—all this is done with ease and very naturally. The great effect is in the last act, where Coupeau dies of *delirium tremens* in his wretched garret—a picture almost awful in its realism and, we are compelled to believe, its truth. The face of the once handsome workman is well transformed. He has become a wavering, trembling, half-crazed sot,—a repulsive picture, but still Mr. Warner does not disgust while he repels. 'The business,' to use the stage term, is most elaborate; every motion of the hand, each convulsive shudder, each thrill of terror, are all wonderfully depicted, and there is at the same time a subdued tone running through the performance, which makes it the more admirable. Altogether, the performance is a very fine one, and Mr. Warner may be congratulated on having added to his reputation in so marked a way.

The Alhambra spectacle of 'Venice' is a splendid jumble. It is called a 'macedoine' in the programme, which is prettier than 'jumble,' but we prefer the English word. The music is supplied by the brains of Offenbach, Hérold, Campana and Jacobi; the costumes are due to the gorgeous imagination of M. Faustin, and the ballets are the invention of M. Bertrand. Two of them are quite up to the Alhambra high mark: La Fête des Gondoliers, in which the dear 'swallows' are conspicuous, and Le Carnaval, in the last act, the *mise en scène* of which, the grouping, the sparkle, and the glitter, exceeding, we think, anything we have seen on these boards. What it is all about is another affair, with which the spectators have nothing to do. Why

Mr. Conquest and his son come up one set of traps and then disappear down others, what Mdle. Zimeri sings about, what Mdle. De Gillert gesticulates about, and wherein lie the pretensions of Mr. Herbert Campbell to be the funny man of the piece, is all a mystery. The acting is extremely poor. The management have lost Mr. Righton (a great loss), and Mr. Paulton has not returned. Their places are supplied by the gentleman above-named, who is supposed to be a comic admiral, but as nature has denied him the least particle of humour, it seems unkind of the management to have cast him for such a part. His singing of a so-called comic song was one of the most depressing things we have heard for some time. We doubt if it is good policy on the part of Mr. Charles Morton to rely entirely on costumes, legs, and lime-light, attractive as they are. They will pall after a time on the youngest or oldest 'crutch.'

Pleasant to find yourself in the quiet atmosphere of 'Sweethearts,' after the excitement of 'Drink,' and much Venetian dissipation. There you are in another world, not one of evil passions, silk stockings, and scanty costumes; but in a world where the feelings of the heart are touched and played upon with a skill that

'Calls up its sunshine and brings down its showers.'

The showers will come unbidden if you do not mind, under the spell of that little lady who conceals an aching heart so bravely in her cottage, but 'Nan' will dispel them if they do come, and the sunshine will succeed to the storm. You will still be under the spell though—the spell of a true genius that carries you away with it into whatever world it lists, that of laughter or of tears, and is equal to both occasions.

In the high revels of the period may be mentioned the annual gathering of the Savage Club, and a large circle of distinguished guests. Names famous in the walks of literature, the drama, and the fine arts sat round the hospitable board, and not only feasted well, but waxed exceeding merry on the occasion. As chairman, Lord Dunraven, by his graceful eloquence, contributed greatly to the success of the entertainment, and it is almost needless to say that the presence of Mr. Gladstone lent additional interest to the proceedings. The right honourable gentleman, as we can testify, appeared to thoroughly enjoy the festivities of the evening, and it will doubtless be recorded in the archives of the Savages that a pleasanter evening was never spent from the first formation of the Club.

We are authorised to state that there is not the slightest foundation for the paragraph in the 'World' respecting the owners of Sir Bevy's and the Fourth Estate.

A veteran bus-driver (who has been a mail-coachman in his day) was discussing the new sliding-seat for sculling which Hanlan has turned to such good account: 'Ah, sir,' he said, 'I expect they got the idea of them seats from what I see some members of the Coaching Club a-doing, with their arms out full length, and their hands over their feet. It's *Funk*, sir, and nothing else.'



Henry Wheaton

1810-1880

Henry Wheaton

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. H. W. EATON, M.P.

It is a general saying that an Englishman is born a sportsman, and however engaged he may be in other occupations this quality is sure to make itself seen. Mr. Eaton is an example of this, for though for the last forty years he has been actively engaged in the formation and carrying out of a large business, he has still found time to indulge in the favourite pastime of driving, and few coaches are better known at the meets of the Four-in-Hand Driving Club than the neat brown coach and bay horses, the colour he generally drives, and he has been for some years one of the most regular attendants, not only at the Four-in-Hand meets, but also at the principal race meetings in the vicinity of the metropolis, while he is not unknown at other meetings in other parts of the country. Though he has never taken any active part in other sports, yet it has always been his delight in affording to others what he has not had time to secure for himself, and we fancy that many members of the Watford Coursing Club look back with pleasure to the many pleasant days' sporting followed by the plentiful supper of hares they might rely on at Porter's, when Mr. Eaton resided in Herts, in recognition of which they elected him for many years as president of their club. Mr. Eaton was born in 1816, and, after finishing his education at the College Rollin in Paris, at an early age entered into the active commercial life which he has pursued, but notwithstanding has found time to be a liberal patron of the fine arts, and to take his share in the political life of his time. He was elected for the city of Coventry in 1865, and has sat uninterruptedly for the place since in the Conservative interest, and we believe nothing has given him greater pleasure during his visits to his constituents than to find himself seen sitting behind a good team bowling along the streets of that ancient city.

' RARA AVIS.'

'It is rumoured that Count Lagrange will run no more horses at Epsom.'—*Sporting Paper*.

'We may possibly have seen the last of Count Lagrange's colours in England.'—*Daily Paper*.

WHAT! quit the British turf, relinquish sport,
 Forswear the mercenary loaves and fishes,
 Haul down the flag, evacuate the fort,
 And all because of sundry poohs and pishes?
 Count,—we had deemed you of that sterner sort
 Who've learnt the 'vanity of human wishes';
 And quite decline to put their tempers out
 Through coarse revilings of the rabble rout.

We thought you were case-hardened 'gainst the low,
 Vile, mean, unworthy, base insinuations,
 The teeth perfidious Albion loves to show
 When something French upsets her calculations;
 Queer things *do* happen on the turf, we know,
 That quite confound, like comet's aberrations,
 The long-accepted theories of ages,
 And all the deep philosophy of sages.

Have we not seen the Derby horse erewhile
 Courting reproach as 'very small pertaters,'
 Winners of Cups, and champions at a mile,
 Sprung from the ranks of rankest selling platers,
 The lame dog helped o'er many an awkward stile,
 And duffers dubbed, admitted second raters,
 The racing world take by surprise and storm,
 With 'dazzling eccentricities' of form?

Did not you manage to survive the brunt
 Of wordy warfare on the banks o' Dee,
 When frail Stradella ne'er was in the hunt?
 Did not the Hospodar *fiasco* see
 Confederates showing still a bolder front,
 And laughing, with no counterfeited glee,
 At those who'd put their pot—and eke their pottage—
 On airy nothings trained at Phantom Cottage?

Unheeding all, you heard the unseemly din
 That followed 'Fog's' fair daughter back to scale;
 'Twas proof 'gainst episodes like this, your skin;
 You scorned to turn a renegado's tail,
 When Græme at Danum called the dentist in,
 And 'William' for the proper age was bail
 Of Waterloo's avenger. Courage, Count,
 Nor drink too deep of Disappointment's fount.

Besides, we know, who've studied natural history
 With Buffon (pride and glory of your nation),
 The Phœnix always was a bird of mystery,
 Given to habits of self-immolation ;
 Not dying like a fowl by some neck twister, he
 Prefers to meet death's dismal consummation,
 In manner quite unknown to merle or mavis,
 Or other member of the *genus avis*.

He prides himself on being quite unique,
 Without a fellow caged in any Zoo,
 He owns nor tribe, nor family, nor clique,
 He flies no eligible mate to woo :
 His colour—blue and red—*c'est magnifique*,
 And looks uncommonly like fighting too ;
 As those can testify who've tried his mettle
 When in full feather, force, fig, form, and fettle.

So, when he's had his flutter, and the time
 Has come for vital energies to tire,
 No longer borne through fields of air sublime,
 He settles down upon his funeral pyre ;
 (I shape the fable as it suits my rhyme),
 And, rising from the ashes of his sire
 With lambent flames around him lightly curled,
 Another Phœnix greets the startled world.

And doubtless in this 'state of transmigration,'
 'Transition period'—call it what you will,
 The hapless bird experiences sensation
 Akin to mortal raked by Cockle's pill,
 And haply this may furnish explanation
 Why Phénix faltered on the Epsom hill :
 (Whether by accident, design, or fluke,
 See 'Naylor on the gospel of St. Luke').

Is't not enough, beyond the healing balm
 Of conscious innocence that soothes your breast,
 To hear the verdict, grave, impartial, calm,
 On your appeal in sympathy express'd ?
 Men call for 'Steward' when they feel a qualm
 In yeasty, chopping Channel's wild unrest ;
 So you did well to prove in your perplexity
 Your perfect squareness, i.e. 'non-convexity.'

Your cry of 'Steward' brought them all like lightning,
 Not bearing tin receptacles of woe,
 But with a plentiful supply of whitening,
 With which thy smothered you from top to toe,
 Hissing the while, like groom a dull bit bright'ning,
 Until they washed you spotless as the snow,
 'Leaving the court'—as runs the beak's oration—
 'Without a stain upon your reputation.'

'Tis true, some graceless dogs, who know no better,
 Have snarled disapprobation—what of that ?
 And Naylor penned a compromising letter
 Which fell, like late and rotten apple, flat ;
 A freeborn press you could not hope to fetter,
 And all in turn upon the case have sat,
 With the same verdict for their soul's relief,
 ' A downright robbery, but who's the thief ?'

They could not fairly lay it on the horse,
 Nor call his rider o'er the coals of blame,
 Jennings was innocent as babe, of course,
 Yourself would be the first to echo ' shame,'
 Yet is it clear from ' doings on the bourse,'
 That some one twigg'd the clever little game ;
 When rose the whisper'd rumour, still and small,
 That folks were robbing Phénix to pay Paul.

Meanwhile, to satisfy the public craving,
 And just to show the many-headed beast
 How like a precious madman he's behaving
 About what don't concern him in the least—
 Incontinently quell his senseless raving,
 And disappoint detractors of their feast,
 By a fair, open, and impartial spin
 Between the two—and let the best horse win !

Let them remain—yourself has half suggested—
 'Neath Falmouth's management and Dawson's care
 A month or more ; and then be fairly tested,
 Phénix to Archer, Paul to whomso'er
 You choose, confide : the weights of change divested,
 The same as those at Epsom twixt the pair ;
 Distance the Rowley Mile, *sans* cross or jostle—
 Fielders lay on !—who backs the ' great apostle ' ?

NOT AMPHION.

'THE EVENING STANDARD' ON OWEN SWIFT.

SIR,—A writer in 'The Evening Standard' of the 17th of July has expressed his astonishment that a biography of the late Owen Swift should have found a place in the pages of 'a high-class magazine.' His highly refined mind appears to be dreadfully shocked at the mere mention of a sport which, up to the middle of the century, was patronised by the very highest persons in the kingdom. A few extracts from the diary of the statesman, Mr. Windham, the intimate friend of Dr. Johnson, Burke, Fox, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others eminent in art, literature, or politics, will show that people were not always so fastidious. Mr. Windham notes down

that on the 1st of May 1786 he posted to Newmarket, in company with Mr. Elliot, afterwards Chief Secretary for Ireland, to witness the fight between Humphries and Martin. 'The spectacle was, upon the whole, very interesting, by the qualities, both of mind and body, which it exhibited. Nothing could afford a finer display of character than the conduct and demeanour of Humphries, and the skill discovered far exceeded what I had conceived the art to possess. The mischief done could not have affected the most tender humanity.'

Under the date of June 9, 1788, we find a fight between Crabbe, a Jew, and Watson, a butcher from Bristol, thus recorded: 'So much skill, activity, and fine make, my experience in these matters has not shown me. After a most active fight of forty minutes the Jew was very fairly beat.'

On the 10th of February in the following year, after making what he calls 'a little exertion in the House,' Mr. Windham tells us: 'The day after I went to the battle between Johnson and Ryan at Rickmansworth. The party were Crewe, Fitzpatrick, Grey, and George; the day was fine; the company pleasant; we had an object before us; the country air did its duty by me, and I felt all those spirits which such a concurrence of causes was likely to produce. The delay that took place afterwards, with the change of weather and vexation at being made too late for the debate, took off all satisfaction, and made me well disposed to have gone away without seeing what we came for. The battle at length took place, and was certainly a very grand one. Yet, upon the whole, I both blame and am sorry for my going.'

One more extract from the diary must suffice: 'May 17, 1791. The battle at Wrotham (Johnson and Big Ben), which I went to see, and which made up the whole a very pleasant and interesting day.'

From these extracts, which I might multiply, it will be seen that there were not a few persons, in those days, of the highest position, character, and acquirements, who encouraged pugilism as a means of keeping up amongst us, as a nation, the notions of honour, courage, and fair play. The tendency of subsequent legislation has been to deprive the lower orders of the whole of their amusements; and for the consequences no good man would like to answer. My sensitive critic cannot appreciate the fun of jolly Jem Burn. Well, at any rate, Jem's drollery, let my censor call it by whatever name he pleases, used to cause much merriment in the days of which I was writing. He, moreover, sneers at the idea of Swift's 'popularity being at its height.' Would he be surprised to hear that, during many years of Swift's life, few persons in this town received so large an amount of hero worship? Can he believe that he was patronised by the rich, and flattered by all? And yet such was the case. During the time that he was the host of the Horse Shoe tavern, by his behaviour he gained the respect of all classes; his fame attracted numbers to the house, and his civility and attention

to business kept them together ; but this is much too low and vulgar a theme for my refined friend.

I do not for one moment imagine that the present generation have become so effeminate as to look with horror upon the old English game of fisticuffs ; but, if such unhappily was the case, my sketch of the career of poor Owen Swift ought never to have been allowed a place in the pages of ' Baily.'

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE UPON OWEN SWIFT.

FISHING STATIONS ON THE THAMES.

It has been suggested to me that a list of the fishing stations of the Thames, with remarks on their characteristics and resources, would be of considerable value and interest to such readers of ' Baily's ' as make the grand old river a source of pastime with the rod. As I am not aware of any concise, impartial, and experimental account of this kind from a piscatorial point of view, I propose in the following pages to comply with the suggestion, premising, at the first onset, that the information, though given in good faith, may yet contain some minor errors which in such a compilation are unavoidable.

The plan on which I shall proceed will be : (1) name of station ; (2) remarks on the fishing ; (3) fishermen ; (4) hotels or inns. That I might present my readers with the most authentic details outside my own personal experience, I have, in respect of the upper portions of the Thames, sought the aid of Mr. Greville Fennell (author of ' The Rail and the Rod,' ' Book of the Roach,' &c.), which has been generously accorded. This gentleman has probably done more angling in these districts than any other living patron of the gentle craft. As for the stations below Windsor, my own experience of them has been very intimate for many years ; and I have been assisted by residents, to whom my acknowledgments are due. I mention these matters that my readers may not imagine I am giving them simply a *réchauffé* of particulars given before.

Lechlade begins the list of fishing stations, and as the river here is narrow, and rarely navigated, a punt is not required, consequently no established fishermen are to be found till one reaches Oxford. The fishing is, however, good from Lechlade Bridge to Radcot Bridge, and jack and chub may sometimes be plentifully bagged. The scenery along the banks, being even as yet undisturbed by the hand of the builders, is during the vernal months luxurious and beautiful in the extreme. The pastures encroach almost on the tow-path ; and I well remember, four years ago, during a tour from the Seven Springs downwards, stopping above the old Roman bridge at Radcot and taking a beautiful chub with a red palmer. This part of the Thames,

to the casual angler from the the metropolis, is too remote to require further remark. The following are the hostelries between Lechlade and Oxford : Lechlade, New Inn, good ; Cricklade, White Horse, good ; Godstow, The Trout, very clean and pretty ; Eynsham, Red Lion, only good inn ; Skinner's weir, beer-shop, no beds ; Tadpole, an inn, beds ; Radcot Bridge, an inn near, no beds.

Although Oxford is of considerable importance as a town, it is by no means so as a fishing-station. Its results in this direction are poor. The Weir Angling Society's water occasionally produces some fair sport, but on the whole there is little to recommend Oxford as an angler's resort. The fishermen are Venables, the corporation water-bailiff, W. Bosson, of Midley Lock above Oxford, C. Cook, and T. Such. The hotels are, The Maidenhead, Railway Hotel, The Roebuck, &c. ; and the inns, The Crown and Thistle, Plough, Ship, &c. With rapid strides I intentionally pass Kennington, Sandford, and Nuneham, although they severally produce chub, jack, and perch, with considerable prolificacy. Abingdon deserves somewhat more extended notice. It produces from Blakeslock Pool, chub, barbel, &c., and above the lock there is a bank swim just past the overfall, of unusual depth and some thirty or forty yards in length, with banks slightly concave, which has afforded me in times past some good baskets of chub and roach, as well as an occasional barbel and respectable perch. The Queen's Hotel provides excellent accommodation, and the fishermen are Charles Finder, Sam Taylor, Ambrose Keats, and Jem Short of the Anchor Inn. At the latter place ordinary inn accommodation can be got, and it is clean.

Clifton. Fishing uncertain. Fisherman, A. Franklin ; inn, The Barleymow.

Day's Lock. Famous for Tench (rare fish in the Thames) and heavy jack. I once got two pike, of ten and fourteen pounds respectively, in less than an hour from here, fishing with Lowe, whom I can recommend for intelligence and attentiveness. Plenty of barbel are hereabouts, and the Nottingham fisherman will not be disappointed. There are three beds to be let at the lock-house (beautifully clean). Inns at Dorchester (Oxon), White Hart, Fleur-de-Lis, The Crown.

Stillingford. Barbel and chub. Fisherman, J. Reynolds, at the Swan Inn, close to the bridge.

Benson. Water little angled ; worth visiting. Fisherman, Whiteman.

Wallingford. Water sluggish, and fishing very poor. Fishermen, John Cloudesley and Joe Grimstone. Inns, Town Arms, close to water, and The Lamb (excellent accommodation).

Moulsford has reputation of being much poached. Fishermen, F. Strange, W. Cox, S. Snodlin—the latter to be heard of at the Beetle and Wedge, which is an inn, clean, picturesque, and comfortable.

The sister villages of Goring and Streatly next claim attention ; and from Moulsford to here is perhaps one of the finest reaches of

water on the Thames for perch and jack. Indeed, so good is the sport one commonly gets from this station, that I can unhesitatingly place it next to the Maidenhead waters. A trout or two is ever at the mill-tails, there being three of the latter hereabouts. The fishermen are J. Rush and S. Saunders; the former has a beer-shop; one bed. The inns at Goring are Miller of Mansfield and Stooone Arms. At Streathly there are, The Swan, near the bridge, and The Bull, at the top of the village, which Mr. Fennell tells me is comfortable and good. The pretty little town of Pangbourne is next on the list, and I am glad to report that it is recovering its reputation as a fishing station. J. Lovegrove and Will Davidson are the fishermen. The Elephant and Castle, an inn, can be recommended. There is also the Swan Inn near the river, but no beds. The fishing continues of the same character to past Maple Durham, and Edward Shepherd may be added to the list of the fishermen. There are no beds.

Thus far I have deemed it unnecessary to give more particulars than the barest in connection with the fishing stations above Reading. When we arrive at this old town, its easy accessibility renders it of more importance to the metropolitan and suburban angler, and it therefore becomes desirable to amplify such details as may more materially assist the angler and familiarise him with it and its neighbourhood, and to proceed in like manner with the other stations successively, according to their importance. Reading is on two rivers, the Thames and the Kennet, and, under the auspices of the association at last successfully established, it bids fair to resume its whilom good character as a fishing station second to none on the Thames. Caversham especially gives good results in all kinds of fish. Just below the Kennet mouth, opposite the Dreadnought Inn at Reading, there is a capital roach swim. It is between the pollards close to the bank, and is about seven feet deep. Another swim, from which I have taken many a good basket of roach, is also to be found lower down, just below the ditch which parts the meadows, near a willow overhanging the water. Both of these are easily fished from the bank. The most reliable fishermen at Reading are H. Knight and R. Mills. The Crown Hotel at Caversham is a very good hostelry.

From Reading to Sonning and thence on to Wargrave and Shiplake the fishing is very good. Hull, the proprietor of the French Horn here, is a capital fisherman and good caterer, and will direct the angler with surety to the most productive fishing grounds in the locality. The weir at the back of Witherington's Mill is full of thumping chub, and the barbel are as numerous as bees in the mill-tail. Every attention can be expected, with no chance of disappointment, from the hotel referred to. There is another, the White Hart, but that is very dear and exclusive. Mrs. Butcher's little inn in the village is cheap and useful. At Wargrave, the George and Dragon Hotel is especially comfortable, the cooking is superior, terms reasonable, and the whole appointments scrupulously clean. The fishermen are Wyatt and Townsend.

Between Wargrave and Henley is the only harbour for jack in flood time for miles—Marsh lock. It can, however, only be fished from private grounds, Mr. Vidler's of the mill, and it is impossible to get a punt there. At Henley, the angling has seriously fallen off during late years; nevertheless, some good perch and jack are occasionally got, and the scenery being especially delightful, this station is worth a visit. The hotels are the Catherine Wheel (first-rate in every way), Red Lion (dear), Angel, close to bridge (moderate). There are several inns of greater or lesser quality. The fishermen are W. Parrott, E. Vaughan, Allum, and Gerram.

From Henley to Hurley—where Lady Place, the establishment for Benedictine monks, existed formerly—the river runs through unequalled verdure and foliage relieved by the background of the distant Chilterns and the wooded slopes of Culham. It winds considerably, and chub and perch are plentifully found, and during the autumn some good roach may be got with the leger. At the lock, some grand old patriarchal perch are sometimes got.

Marlow, as the Halls say in 'The Book of the Thames,' is 'the very paradise of the Thames angler, and perhaps no part of the noble river from its rise to its mouth will afford him safer assurance of a day's sport;' and I can add my endorsement to this. Its pools hold monster trout, and were this the time for a narrative of personal achievements, I could 'a tale unfold' of marvellous doughty deeds amongst the various members of the fishy family here so plentifully represented. Barbel, pike, perch, chub—all are here to be found. Not only is the spot charming from a piscatorial point of view. 'Here,' say the authors of the book above quoted, 'the angler obtains all other enjoyments the King of island rivers abundantly supplies. Does he seek health and quiet? He finds them here. Does he love nature—the rural sounds as well as rural sights that give pure and true enjoyment? They are here, everywhere. Does he seek to call up in fancy the great of bygone ages, the worthies of his country in pulpit, in senate, or in arms—

"The dead

Who rule our spirits from their urns"?

'Nowhere can he obtain so many associations with the heroic past.' In the season, what has here been said seems to be a widely accepted opinion, for it is very difficult to get a fisherman at all. All who purpose visiting Marlow for fishing should, therefore, write early to either of the following: Robert Shaw, W. Shaw, George White, Jem White, W. Rockwell, and H. Rockwell. The hotels to be recommended are, The Crown, in the town, kept by the widow of Mr. West, a celebrated sea fisherman, and The Railway. The inns are George and Dragon, Bargepole, and Two Brewers.

The district comprised by Cookham, Maidenhead, and Bray is under the exceedingly happy rule of the Association, which annually turns in a large number of trout from the Wick. I strongly doubt the advisability of the procedure, being sure that a great deterioration of

that magnificent animal, the Thames trout, would arise from interbreeding. However, the weir swarms with trout, and in consequence every fisherman is closely engaged till the summer sufficiently advances to direct attention to other fishes. The fishermen are Edward Goddard, Jem Drewett, H. Wilder, Edward Andrews, the latter an especially able and intelligent man. The accommodation is represented by the Orkney Arms (late Skindle's), very expensive, meeting-house of the Association, King's Arms, Red Lion and Bear. The George, at Bray, is kept by Mr. Parker, a most successful trout fisher and good fellow. Monkey Island is famous for its big perch and chub, and the fisherman is Plummer, a prize puntsman and landlord of the Island Hotel, where all reasonable accommodation can be relied on.

Passing Surley Hall (where is a large hotel), we near the royal borough, Windsor. Here are heaps of fish, and I am inclined to 'aver that for many years a greater number of trout has not been known to feed. From the Eton Brocas I recently observed five feed almost simultaneously; and Boveney weir, below the bridge, holds within its turmoiling depths many a historic barbel and trout. The fishermen about here are first 'Nottingham George,' or George Holland, perhaps in his day one of the finest fishermen that ever held a rod. He is now almost blind, poor fellow. The visitor to Windsor for fishing purposes should inquire of Mr. Bambridge, tackle-maker, Eton (himself a keen sportsman), who will gladly give any information as to fishing and fishermen. The reader can make use of my name if he thinks proper. The other fishermen are James Gray, James Hoar, F. White, and Charles Kempster; and I understand that these men have agreed together that the charge for a punt and man shall be fixed at 7s. 6d., except when baiting is ordered beforehand, when this, of course, is charged extra. Some two or three hundred yards below Boveney weir is some excellent pike water.

As we proceed towards Datchet, the scenery to the right grows more luxuriant with the many-tinted foliage of Windsor Park.

'Beautiful in various dyes
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs,
And beyond the purple grove,
The haunt of Phyllis, queen of love.'

To the left lies the little village, and the angler, if the weather be warm and clear, is struck with the multitudes of roach and barbel he meets, as his boat, in our imaginary tour, passes down the somewhat swift stream. Probably there is no length of water on the river so prolific of these fish as that between the two bridges the Victoria and Albert, and many a goodly trout haunts this well-preserved space. Unfortunately for the river-side angler he cannot fish from either bank because of the inaccessible Home Park on the one side and private property on the other. A punt from Datchet can be got,

however. The fishermen are George Keene (than whom there is no better trout spinner on the river) and Hoar. The inns are, the Royal Stag (good and moderate-priced accommodation) and the Horse and Groom, where a clean bed can be got.

After passing the Albert Bridge, we come to a small mid-stream island, round which the water swirls with oily motion, suggesting deep water. Its suggestions are not fallacious, and hereabouts are some of the finest of roach swims, whilst more than one trout has fallen to my rod from the eddy caused by the projecting angular corner of this obstruction to the stream. Some twenty yards below it the new Old Windsor weir stretches itself across the stream. A cutting leads to the lock, and the water rushes below it and round an island for some distance. Let us return to *above* the lock and follow and remark on the splendid length of water below the weir somewhat.

The stream itself, as most Thames anglers are aware, is the original course of the Thames, which, between the point now occupied by the weir and the lower lock gate, describes almost a semicircle. When the necessity of draining Windsor Castle became apparent, and the late deputy-surveyor of Windsor Great Park (Mr. W. Menzies) was deputed to carry the scheme out, the desirability of cutting through the opposing points of the semicircle was seen, and the conservators decided to erect a new weir and complete the cutting, which at least saves a mile in navigation. The ordinary course of barges and other craft now, therefore, is a straight one, and the river below the weir runs round land privately occupied for quite a mile before again joining the course of navigation. It is this backwater of which I now wish to speak in reference to its fish-producing character.

The weir is of the ordinary character, and is plentifully supplied with excellent trout covert in the extended camp-sheathing and many concrete blocks. It is approached by land from the Windsor Castle Drainage Farm (of which my father is lessor), and from its heights the ordinary manipulation of the spinning or live bait can be safely accomplished, without running the risk of vertigo which besets fishing from the top of other weirs, there being a hand railing, beside a wide platform on which the locks of the paddles lie. In spring and summer time, if the weather be not too dry, it is easy to 'shoot' the weir through the paddles or over the sluice; but if there be but little water in the river, this becomes dangerous. At this season, however, no apprehension need be entertained. Immediately below the weir, on the left-hand side, is some very deep water and many an eddy. A spinning bait adroitly dropped into one of these one fine May morning was rewarded with a trout of $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. I also got during the season two others from the tail of the weir—one weighed $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., the other $5\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.

About twenty or twenty-five yards from the weir, on the right-hand side, commences some of the finest chub water the angler need wish to see. Some fine old pollards have been cut and cropped, so that no exuberance of vegetable growth need deter the 'fine and far-

'off' division from trying their luck. I got, with a friend, from the sixty yards or so of this chub water 47 lbs. of chub in one day, with greaves, prawns, and cheese. The opposite side is worth spinning over; but there are but few jack of any size, the stream being too swift and shallow.

As one floats down some hundred yards, a somewhat different aspect presents itself on both sides. On the right the osiers overshadow the water, which is not more than eighteen inches or so deep, and underneath them many a goodly roach and chub takes shelter during summer, to be lured forth with light running tackle and the usual baits. Opposite the water deepens, and swirls slowly round projecting roots and corners of land, forming oily, unquiet eddies, from one of which I took last December an 18lb. jack with the gorge hook. By-the-bye, this was a rather curious capture. I had stupidly laid my rod down whilst I lit the omnipresent pipe, and the bait dangled about an inch in the water. The huge fish came up and snapped his mighty jaws upon it, and without more to do took out thirty yards of line. I landed it, after a very severe tussle, however.

We now arrive, on the left-hand side, at the celebrated barbel hole, from which so many barbel have been taken at various times by all sorts and conditions of men. Over the hole the huge trunk of a fallen pollard lies submerged, and, as it does not quite touch the bottom in its horizontal sprawl, the astute barbel crowd up under it, and so, unless enticed up or down, are secure from the temptations of bait of any kind. Many a good gut line have I lost on this tree stem, until I knew the dodge of throwing above the tree and rolling one's leger down under it. There is a great difficulty in baiting properly also, which can only be got over by careful observation. 127 pounds weight of barbel fell to the rod of myself and friend in June 1877 during one day only from the hole, besides a 4 lb. trout.

Were I to detail the characteristics of each other pitch for roach, perch, chub, and barbel throughout the length of this picturesque stream, I should make this paper intolerably long and tedious. Between the part last named and the lock below there are at least some of the finest trout-spinning grounds, chub swims—notably on the left-hand side—and barbel pitches to be found on the river. As one proceeds to within three hundred yards of the lock, on the left lies the mansion of the late Gordon Gyll, and on almost the river brink stand the ruins of some ancient chapel, alike interesting and venerable. Opposite here, in mid-stream, is an eddy, formed I know not how, of great depth, and some splendid barbel, perch, and roach have fallen to my rod from it. A little lower is a shallow, and from its quieter sides I got a beautiful trout of 6½ lbs. with the Nottingham live-bait tackle during the June of 1877. The boughs on either side lower down shelter chub and perch, and many a goodly barbel have I wooed from under the hawthorns which overshadow a deep of great profundity not twenty yards from the tumbling bay behind the lock.

It will be gathered from what has been said that, from experience,

I have a very high opinion of this part of the river as a fish preserve of, at any rate, unequalled capabilities. It might be made a trout stream second to none on the Thames with a little deepening and artificial disposition of deeps and shallows. The great advantage is that it admits of no navigation beyond that of a few hardy picnic parties, who are content, for the sake of the seclusion, to pull against the strong stream. At present very few amateur fishermen are able to push their punts against the current, and fewer still are ready to risk 'shooting' the weir. It therefore remains to a great extent uncared for and unfished. Yet I know it is probably more full of trout and barbel than any other length of the river whatsoever.

Below Old Windsor Lock ensues a stretch of magnificent perch, chub, barbel, and jack water, though at this time much troubled by steam launches, 'stinko-rattle-pots,' a recent piscatorial writer dubs them. The historic Bells of Ousely next mark a resting place, and I may say that this hostelry is clean and its viands plain and moderately cheap. Beds are to be had. Opposite the Bells, the fisherman Haynes and his son are to be found, and more civil and respectable men cannot be discovered. Wraysbury Station is that to which the angler should come, and he will find the Green Man in Wraysbury village a grateful house of refreshment before setting out to compass the distance between the station and Haynes' house. The water round about abounds with fish, and but little poaching goes on at least—this is my conviction after residing in the locality for two years. The prospects of sport from this point downwards towards Magna-Charta Island are not of the best. But having passed this site of England's most memorable event, we get a deeper and slower current, which furnishes barbel and roach to the bank and to the punt fisher, in addition to good perch, chub, and occasionally a large jack. The bank fisher reaches this part from Egham Station across Runnymede, and a pleasant walk it is before the sun has heated the air blowing cool from Cooper's wooded hill. Lower down, near the gas-works, are some famous swims, and many a 'horny-handed son of toil' from the metropolis and elsewhere spends his Sunday on the bank with good result.

Bell Weir and Egham Lock next demands a word from me. This station is, in my opinion, for barbel one of the very best on the river. True, the fish do not run large, but quantity pleasingly makes up for this failing. If barbel don't attain size it can at least be said that the trout do. Mr. Rowles of Egham (one of the best local fishermen, who does not disdain to do a little professional fishing occasionally) will give information. The Angler's Rest is close to the lock, and the accommodation is all that a brother of the angle can desire, viz., clean beds, good cooking, and a huge, good-natured Boniface landlord, whose charges are reasonable. The reader can refer to me to insure the utmost promptitude and attention, if he so chuses.

Opposite the Angler's Rest is some good chub water, and notwithstanding the traffic on the river, this can be rendered productive on the 'fine and far-off' principle. All down the stream to Staines

Bridge deeps are found containing plenty of fish of all kinds. Below the bridge there are fishermen and fishing places galore. Perhaps the cleverest barbel fisherman on the Thames is a certain namesake of mine, John Keene. He is a sadly erratic dog, however, but can be heard of by inquiring at The Pack-horse, a most notable and reasonable inn, where Walton's delight of sweet sheets and an agreeable landlady salutes one after a day's piscatory toil. A good plain dinner can be got, and the liquor is unimpeachable. The other fishermen are Camber, Fletcher, Amos, and Tims. The latter is more properly a most able boat-builder, not fisherman.

Between Staines Railway Bridge and Penton Hook is some splendid water for chub, roach, and jack. A fisherman from Staines, if this stretch is intended to be fished, is the right person to get. Below Penton Hook, a fisherman from either Laleham or Chertsey. At Penton Hook, whereto the Abbey river from 'Chertsey's ancient 'town' flows, is a famous spot for all kinds of bottom fish and trout, and before now a hundredweight of barbel has fallen to two rods in my punt from one day's angling alone. Mrs. Trotter at the lock-house is an old friend of mine, and the wandering angler can spend a pleasant half-hour over a chat and glass of the sweetest of milk with this thrifty old lady. Mrs. Trotter has a couple of beds scrupulously clean to let in the season. Half a mile below comes Laleham, and here are to be found the Harrises, known as fishermen in the locality for a couple of generations. The fisher cannot do better than hire either Alfred, Frank, or William, each of whom will usher him into a punt with floors and sides clean enough to eat off. The Horse Shoes is an inn where beer and bread and cheese may be had.

Two miles lower is Chertsey. There are, perhaps, some of the best coverts for that autocrat of the Thames, the trout. Mr. James Forbes has of late years most magnanimously given a great deal of his valuable time to the science of fish-breeding, and is still endeavouring to increase the number of his favourite fish. He has not allowed his light to remain under a bushel whilst so doing. I trust his success is equal to his fame. Bream are to be found in numbers legion at the weir, and outside the willows fringing the weir-tail many a grand chub lives and loves and dies. The Stank is noted for its jack, the deep water near the bridge is also famed for its large barbel. Having lived twelve years of my life there I am in a position to say that it is without exception one of the prettiest and most productive fishing stations on the Thames. Its fishermen are numerous: T. Taylor, H. Purss, J. Haslett, J. Poulter, are all 'your 'most obedient servants.' The ancient Galloway whom Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall so tenderly fossilized in the 'Book of the Thames' still exists, I believe, and is retained by that piscicultural magnate Mr. Forbes. Whether he is still able to romance—to use a euphemism—about fish and fishing in the style of which they wrote, as erstwhile I know not; anyhow he is inaccessible except to his patron and his patron's friends. The inns are The Cricketers, The Crown, and the Chertsey Bridge Hotel.

Between Chertsey and Shepperton intervenes Domesday Deep, so called from the plain called Domesday, on which a mighty battle between our forefathers and the Roman legions is said to have been fought, which forms its bank. Mighty barbel are here, and the same may be said of the contents of a similar deep at Dockett Point. Shepperton Weir stream comes next, and in Halliday's Hole God wot there are fish enough to stock an ocean. Bream, trout, and barbel are here, and let it be said that ere this stream joins the main river, the Lincoln Arms, kept by the widow of Jack Harris (Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell's *factotum*), hails in sight. Weybridge furnishes the Portmore Arms as well, where a decent dinner and a clean bed can be got by the unambitious angler. Alfred Keene is the fisherman.

Onward down stream we go, and Halliford and Walton come next. Here have I taken bream till my arms ached, and chub are plentiful and large. Mr. Stone at The Ship furnishes a splendid dinner at small price, and the landlord of The Swan does the right thing by the belated traveller or tired angler. The fishermen are, at Shepperton, Rogerson and Rosewell; at Halliford, Rosewell, Purdue, and Trodd; at Walton, Rosewell, Hone, and Rogerson. Very much the same character of fishes obtains at Sunbury. There are various inns near the water, and the fishermen are the Strouds and E. Clarke. The latter is a painstaking, steady man, and well worthy of patronage.

The London angler needs very little telling as to the fishes likely to be taken at Hampton, Hampton Court, and East Moulsey. They are of the usual kind, and sport is plentiful or not according to weather and circumstances. The fishermen at Hampton are W. Benn and Son, John Snell, W. Snell, R. Goddard, and J. Langsland; and the hotel chiefly worth mention for anglers is The Bell. At Hampton Court and East Moulsey the fishermen are very numerous: W. Milbourne, T. Davis, W. Rogerson, J. Smith, T. Watford, W. Watford, T. Wheeler, W. Griffin, C. Griffin, C. Stone, and C. Davis are those I have employed. Almost the same may be remarked of Ditton. It is a charming part of the river, but it varies little from the aforesaid places because of the omnipresent cockney and the great and increasing water traffic. Truly Hook wrote, and wittily:

'The mighty queen whom Cydnus bore
In gold and purple floated,
But happier I when near this shore,
Although more humbly boated.
Give me a punt, a rod, and line,
A snug arm-chair to sit on,
Some well-iced punch and weather fine,
And let me fish at Ditton.'

The fishermen are the Taggs, Buttery, and Hammerton.

Perhaps I may be now excused going farther. I admire Kingston, Teddington, and Twickenham. I have caught some splendid fish at each place, but for me to expatiate on their qualities would absorb

space with details the reader is quite capable of filling in himself. At Kingston, the Sun Hotel, kept by my old friend John Bond; at Teddington, The Anglers, resort of the dace fisher, where these beautiful fish crowd the weir, are good hostelryes and true and worthy of support. Of course, however, everybody knows this, and to say more anent these already too-greatly besieged fishing stations would be to unworthily occupy space which is valuable beyond the deserts of such information.

Whilst concluding, I must tell the reader that I do not pledge myself to absolute accuracy in regard to the fishermen of each station. These men are very shifty of late years, and the long winter, hardly yet gone, has probably starved some and driven others away into other occupations of a more lucrative character. Howbeit all I have stated is as reliable as I can possibly make it. In addressing a fisherman it is usually only necessary to give his name and the town. Thames fishermen are not in the habit of allowing their whereabouts to remain in obscurity, and thus this attenuated superscription will generally be found sufficient.

JOHN H. KEENE.

HOW THE GROUSE HAVE WINTERED.

‘WELL, Angus,’ said I to a Perthshire shepherd whom I encountered in the good city of Glasgow a few days ago, ‘how are the birds; or, rather, my good fellow, let me ask if there are any left after the awful winter we have had; and if so, what kind of sport may be expected on “the 12th”?’

‘Oh, never you fear, sir, there will be braw sport again this same year; there are more birds left than you think, and, what is better, they are in a thriving way, I assure you.’

It gave me pleasure to hear such good news from a person sure to know, my informant being an authority of no mean ability on all questions relating to grouse, having been for many years a trustworthy herd on various moors in the north of Scotland. While attending to his sheep through the long dreary winter time, and the bright but changeful days of spring (that is, when we have a spring worthy of being chronicled; this year spring seems to have passed us by on the other side of the globe), Sandy has ample opportunity of noting and taking stock of the living things which inhabit the great tracts of heather over which it is his duty to make a daily tramp all the year round.

It may be mentioned *en passant*, for the benefit of such readers of ‘Baily’s Magazine’ as are not already acquainted with the fact, that the position of a shepherd—‘the herd,’ as he is familiarly called at home—is one of great trust and importance, such a situation being only conferred on steady-going, reliable men; and as they are usually allowed, in addition to their wages, a pecuniary interest in the increase of their master’s flock, or have, by leave of their employer, a

few sheep of their own feeding with the general herd, they always keep a keen eye upon their charge, or, in other and more vulgar words, they look well after 'number one,' and often become wealthy. A shepherd whose business lies on and about a large grouse moor has a great deal in his power as regards the birds; he can tramp over scores of nests and crush the eggs, or extirpate a callow brood with his foot. It has been often said of shepherds that they are not very conscientious, and that unless lessees of shootings are liberal in the way of recognising their power over the birds, and present them with occasional handsome 'tips,' they will try all they know to spoil the sport. There is, doubtless, a modicum of truth in such assertions, but as a rule I have found our Scottish shepherds to be quite as honest as other men. No doubt there have been occasions when a Sassenach keeper and a Celtic herd have been at loggerheads about some point of moor etiquette. Woe to the keeper on such occasions; the diminished bags of all who shoot with that keeper for their guide will soon show who is getting the best of the quarrel. Mysterious shortcomings in the feathered population of various moors have more than once been traced to the action of an irate shepherd who has done his best to harry the nests or destroy the young, being careful, of course, to destroy all trace of his having done so. It is a wise exercise of economy on the part of the lessee of a moor to be on the best of terms with the neighbouring shepherds. A small fee timeously bestowed may gain the services of a zealous watchman. I have known herds who could show gentlemen coveys the existence of which were unknown to their keepers; and nowadays, when moors so often change hands, I would advise all would-be lessees to seek an interview with the herd before they sign and seal a new bargain; it is ten to one *on* the shepherd being able to give them a truer statement of the grouse population than either the factor or his agent.

The dreadful severity of the past winter and the inclemency of the succeeding spring are matters of history. In December and January, as well as in the lengthening days of February, the mortality among the wild animals was unprecedented. One requires to interview the oldest inhabitant of the various districts to find a parallel to the fierce December days of 1878, when snow covered the ground, and frost held the earth with an iron-bound grasp. From the beginning of the storms to the close of April it was a time of deep anxiety for all who were interested in the grouse moors, for proprietors as well as tenants. Hunger tamed even the bounding roe, and forced it to visit lowland farms in search of that food and shelter which it could not obtain in its usual haunts of mountain and corrie; and even in places which were comparatively well sheltered, hares perished in literal thousands, and rabbits in tens of thousands, simply for lack of their usual food. In some districts the poor animals were so weak that they allowed themselves to be captured without any resistance. Hares, rabbits, and pigeons came even to the suburbs of towns and cities in search of food. Foresters

in the deer-walks took care, of course, to lay down supplies of food and fodder for their charges, but despite of all precautions, many of these noble animals were found dead, whilst some were so exhausted that it became a charity to kill them. As regards the grouse, it soon became known that the birds of one or two of the higher moors had migrated in a body to lower ground, and it yet remains to be seen whether these migratory moorfowl have returned to their old haunts in such numbers as they existed in previous to the setting in of the frost and snow. Some sanguine old sportsmen persisted in maintaining throughout the winter that, with a tolerably favourable spring-time, all would come right, and that such birds as were hardy enough to last out the storm would become invaluable as the parents of future broods. These men, it happens, have been the truest prophets; they were opposed in their opinions by pessimists who thought the moors would be as nearly as possible depopulated by the intensity of the cold, and the shutting up in consequence of the usual sources of food supply, and it must certainly be admitted that those who so argued had some reason on their side; when it was seen how strong, active animals, like the red deer of the Scottish Highlands, succumbed to the season, it might well be argued that the grouse would likewise fall a prey to the intensity of the frost and the frequency of the snow.

It would seem as if the mission of the Storm King, who reigned with such terrible earnestness on the moors and mountains but a few months ago, had been to sweep away, in a series of terrific blasts, weak, infirm animals. Such a cleansing of the heather was urgently needed; in some districts the birds were degenerating; they had become late in breeding, and even under the advantages conferred by more genial weather, never became strong. Such grouse were rapidly becoming the parents of a degenerate race, and it is all but certain that if these weakly birds had not been killed off by the wintry severity of the weather, 'the disease' would speedily have again become epidemic, and the moors one great seat of the grouse plague. Happily, so far as I have yet been able to ascertain (I am, however, writing these remarks early in July, when the whole truth is not known), from much inquiry and some little personal investigation, there is likely to be found on all the Scottish moors, and notably this year on the lowland stretches of heather of 'the land of the mountain and the flood,' which last year were almost barren, a good supply of fine and healthy birds: in the circumstances, a wonderfully numerous feathered population. It is not at the moment possible to determine what percentage of grouse to the acre have been left: it has, indeed, never yet been very well ascertained how many birds a given acreage of heather will breed and sustain, but it has been calculated by myself and others that, if even a fourth of the total grouse population of Scotland has perished in the course of the past winter, there will yet remain an ample supply to fulfil all the purposes of sport. The truth is, that sport ended last year in a rather premature fashion. The season in August and September,

it will be recollected, was signalled by a series of very wet days, which prevented many sportsmen from obtaining their average quantum of shooting; this fact, combined with the fierce showers of rain which fell between the 12th of August and the end of October, had the effect of rendering the birds wild, and causing them to pack at an earlier period than usual; moreover, it likewise prevented 'driving' to the usual extent, so that when sport ceased a very large stock of grouse was left on the heather. It may, I think, be taken for granted, that at least sixty per cent. of these birds have survived all the rigours of the past winter, and that at least fifty per cent. of what have been left have been able to act over again the story of their own lives, if I may so put the case. Averaging the nests at six eggs each, and the resulting coveys at five birds per nest, as an all-over way of putting the case, it will be apparent at once that sportsmen will have their work cut out for them on the approaching '12th.' As I am fond of a little bit of calculation, I shall venture to assume, as regards the great grouse county of Scotland (Perth), that it contains 600,000 acres of heather: the total surface of the county, I may remind the readers of 'Baily,' comprises 1,814,063 acres of hill and valley, of moor and moss, of field and orchard, and, assuming for the nonce that only one brace of breeding grouse has been left on each ten acres of Perthshire heather, that would of course give us 60,000 brace of breeding birds, multiplying at the rate of five young ones for each pair, or a total of 300,000 single grouse, less the percentage already indicated for barren and other birds. Say then that in round numbers the county of Perth yields 300,000 grouse; these, if they were *all* sold, would bring, at the rate of, say, 3s. each, a total sum of 45,000*l.* per annum. As the game rental of Perthshire is estimated at over 80,000*l.* a year for fur and feather as well as fish (the rental of the river Tay being 20,000*l.* itself), the figures I have ventured upon may not be so very far out of the way: they need not, however, be taken for more than they are worth.

A friend who has been prospecting in Caithness-shire with a view to setting up a salmon fishery has favoured me with the following remarks as to the prospects of those who are longing for the manly recreations of grouse and black-cock shooting. I give his letter just as it has reached me:—

'It is an astonishing fact, after all that we have heard of the terrible winter-time which prevailed in Scotland, that shooting this year will be little, if at all, affected; so far as the quality of the sport is concerned, I am given to understand it will be better than ever, and that every three brace of grouse killed in Caithness-shire during the coming season will be as valuable as were four brace in past years! How so, you will naturally ask? Well, it happens that none but the very strongest birds were spared to breed, and that being so, their progeny is super-excellent; the coveys are wonderfully numerous, and the number of young in each is rather above the usual mark. A keeper whom I have interviewed is

‘inclined to think that all the nests which he has seen will, on the average, yield about ten birds; but as keepers are apt to be enthusiastic, you can accept his statement with a grain or two of salt. I would myself be well pleased with seven or eight young ones to each nest. I am writing, as you will doubtless observe, on the first day of July, and the month of June throughout has been exceedingly pleasant and singularly favourable to grouse breeding, so that both setting and hatching were accomplished under the most advantageous circumstances. The birds I have seen already look strong, and I think all interested in grouse shooting may keep their minds at ease, both as to quantity and quality of sport, and certainly the grouse of Caithness-shire will not this year forfeit their reputation for being the best in all Scotland.’

The same story as to the moors of Inverness-shire, of Sutherland-shire, and of Argyleshire, may be repeated. In these counties it was feared that there had scarcely been left, in consequence of the stormy winter, a stock sufficient to breed from; now it is known that not only was the stock left ample enough for breeding purposes, but that the birds have bred to such good purpose as to place at rest all speculation as to the result of the shooting season of 1879. For obvious reasons I do not name names or point out particular localities; I only indicate districts, and do so in the general interests of sport, and not for the benefit of individuals.

It has already been mentioned that the grouse populations of the lowland heather have this spring become largely augmented, and that moors on which last season scarcely a bird was to be found are now, speaking in a comparative sense, densely populated. I do not set up any dogmatic theory as to how this has come about; my business is simply to record the fact for the benefit of sportsmen. One of the moors which has thus become repopulated is not this year to be shot over by its noble owner, but has been let. The moor extends to some twelve thousand acres, and any person who had examined it last year would have said that it would have required a rest of at least two seasons before it would again be worth shooting over, and that even with such a lengthened jubilee it would be but sparsely populated. Have the grouse from some of the more mountainous districts of Scotland migrated to the lowland heather in question? It is known as a *fact* that large numbers of birds deserted some of the high northern moors and fled to other ground, but it is not yet known whether all these birds returned to the place of their birth. Who can tell but that such migrations may be a well-arranged factor in keeping up the balance of nature? I have before ventured to argue in the pages of ‘Baily’ that an infusion of new blood was greatly required on some of our moors; that the grouse was becoming degenerated from constant in-breeding, and perhaps the storms of the past winter may have brought about that which man was probably powerless to effect. It will be well worth watching how the grouse of the lowland districts of Scotland thrive in years to come, and generally we should all note what effect the

past severe weather may have on the broods of future years. It was becoming apparent last year that an outbreak of 'the disease' was not far off; if it has been prevented by what was apparently an even greater calamity, it will be a lesson to us that will not have been given in vain. As regards the grouse of the Island of Arran, it is well known that they were much improved by an infusion of new blood, his Grace the Duke of Hamilton having sent down a supply from some of his inland moors so as to improve the stock. I shall be glad to hear that the experiment of grouse breeding, promoted by the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, has proved successful. The translation of grouse to the antipodes *has* proved successful, that animal being now in a fair way of being acclimatised on the other side of the globe. In the matter of wild deer, our Scottish breed has been sensibly improved by the introduction of foreign blood; the deer of Sutherlandshire, for instance, have greatly benefited by crossing with the fine stags presented to the Duke by her Majesty from her stock at Windsor. The Duke of Portland has also crossed the native deer of the Caithness districts by a selection of fine stags from Welbeck. These are facts connected with sport about which the readers of this magazine will doubtless feel considerable interest.

POSTSCRIPT (*July 21st*).—After a run through some of the northern moors I am now able generally to confirm the preceding deliverance as to the prospects of grouse shooters in Scotland. Had the later weeks of spring and the beginning of summer proved favourable to the growth of the young birds, the coming season might have turned out one of the finest years for sport on the heather ever known, but unfortunately on some of the best moors the rain has come down in such unrelenting torrents as to drown a considerable percentage of the chicks, or, what amounts pretty much to the same thing, they have died of the cold. Curiously enough in some districts there are ranges of heather on which the nests were plentiful, the birds abundant, and the coveys lively, whilst upon neighbouring heathers there was not an average of four eggs per nest, and now the coveys are so reduced as not to contain more than two young birds each. I speak here of the little county of Kinross, on the moors of which many a good bag has been filled. On the shoulders of the Ochil range the birds are abundant and lively; on the skirts of the Lomond, on the other hand, they are scarce and backward. Kinross-shire is, of course, but a small county, not bigger, including the home of the Lochleven trout, than a good-sized Perthshire moor or Argyllshire deer forest, but it is typical of the other grouse counties of Scotland, in most of which is to be found the same discrepancy of progress. Between now and 'the 12th' fine and sunny weather will be required even on the early Scottish moors, in order that the birds may be ripe for sport. On many of the shooting grounds of Scotland the grouse are never ready till about the beginning of September, and it would be well if sportsmen would bear that fact in remembrance. It is legal to begin sport on 'the 12th,' but no man is

compelled to do so, and therefore I would counsel a little delay in such backward years as the present. From all I can learn—and I have taken some trouble to instruct myself in the matter—the shootings of Inverness-shire will this year be among the best in Scotland; the nesting season has been favourable, and the coveys are large, whilst such birds as have been seen are lively and healthy. As will easily be understood, there is this year in Scotland a rather larger than usual percentage of unlet ground. No wonder! During the last twelvemonths the commercial pressure of the times has so lightened the bank accounts of even the most wealthy, as to cause them to seek out some less expensive pleasure than shooting on a Highland grouse moor. I conclude these brief remarks by wishing all who are already fixed for the season good sport and plenty of it.

BARON LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD.

WHEN word went abroad on Tuesday, the 3rd of June, of the death of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, the majority of those who listened to the news were unaware that either Chase or Turf have ever engaged his attention. His name, of course, was known to almost all men. Yet few imagined of what long standing was his hunting acquaintance with the cheery 'Vale,' or that his connection with horse-racing, slight though it might be, was of nearly forty years' duration. But a manly love for our nobler field sports has existed in several members of the family to which Baron Lionel belonged. Well is it for those on whom rest weighty burdens of care and responsibility, if such likings are granted them. During a gallop with hounds, or a couple of before-breakfast hours spent on Newmarket Heath, a subtle medicine is imbibed that the physician's art cannot supply. Doubly well is it for those on whom the fancy for outdoor sports has been bestowed, if means and inclination enable them to act as providers of the enjoyment in which they participate. For them is the well-earned gratitude of fellow-men to whom they have afforded opportunity for health-bringing relaxation. The claims of the late Baron for that gratitude are shown in the following record of his hunting career, kindly supplied by one to whom he was intimately known from its commencement.

'From his boyhood hunting was the ruling passion with Baron Lionel de Rothschild, and to a master mind, such as his, a knowledge of everything connected with hounds seemed to come almost by intuition. He began with a pack of harriers, but in the season 1838-39, having purchased the staghounds of Sir Charles Shakerly, he took them into the Vale of Aylesbury, which he continued to hunt for forty-one seasons at his sole expense. The Vale was, indeed, a wild, rough country when the Baron first took to it. It had scarcely ever been hunted over, there were few gates in the fields, no bridges over the brooks, and not a draining tile between Tring

and Bicester. His first kennels were at Hastoe, in the woods above Tring, where he added to the kennels that had previously held the harriers of Mr. Adamson. This situation, however, was found to be too wide for the country that he hunted, and when his brother, Baron Meyer, purchased the Mentmore estate, the kennels were removed there, which led to the erroneous supposition that the latter had some share in the hounds, which was not the case. Quite recently Baron Lionel built most commodious kennels at Ascott, near Leighton Buzzard, adjoining the charming hunting box of his youngest son, Mr. Leopold Rothschild. Baron Lionel could only get away to hunt on Thursdays, but his hounds went out also on Mondays, when one of his brothers would act as his deputy in the field, and occasionally the Baron would steal an early morning, turning out a deer as soon as it was light, and then, after the run, catching the nine o'clock express train at Tring, so as to reach the City in time for business.

'At the sale of Mr. Osbaldeston's celebrated pack in 1842, Baron Lionel secured one lot, for which, however, he had to give upwards of 100*l.* per couple. Amongst these hounds was Falstaff (a son of the world-renowned Furrier), who became the sire of the Baron's Gunnersbury, as good a hound as ever went out of doors. In fact the Baron spared no expense, and used to send his bitches to the most approved stallion hounds in England—Belvoir, Milton, Brocklesby, and, more especially, Berkeley Castle contributing to the excellence of his pack. Then he would pass hours in his kennel, oftentimes in his wet hunting things, for which he paid a heavy penalty in after days. The Baron's first huntsman was Bill Roffey, and he engaged that fine horseman Tom Ball, from the Quorn, to whip in to him. Between them they showed extraordinary sport for eight seasons, until Roffey was compelled to retire, a martyr to rheumatism, and was succeeded by William Barwick, who came from Lord Fitzwilliam. That arrangement only lasted a couple of seasons, for although Barwick gave the Baron complete satisfaction in the kennel, he was not a sufficiently good rider for the post of huntsman of a pack of staghounds in a strong country. In 1849 Tom Ball was promoted to the huntsman's place, and the hounds were turned to him by Zach Boxall, Harry Jennings, and Fred Cox in succession. We must pay a passing tribute to the brilliant horsemanship of Tom Ball, who, in the days before gates became so numerous in the Vale, used frequently to take the deer alone. Baron Lionel himself had good hands, and rode like a sportsman. Of the horses upon which he went the best, we might particularly mention President, a bay horse bought of Mr. Joseph Anderson, Rachel, a bay mare by Bay Middleton, bought of Capt. Skipworth, and Grouse, a dark brown horse by Rocket.

'For many of the latter years of his life the Baron had been prevented by illness from taking the field, yet he still maintained his establishment in the same princely style, hounds, horses, and servants being all of the best description, and he never ceased to take the most lively interest in the sport that they showed.'

Of the sister sport, racing, Baron Lionel was not really fond, although he generally had one or two horses of his own breeding with Baron Meyer, and some of them were of high class. His career on the Turf began in 1841, when race meetings within handy distance of London were far less numerous than at the present time. The nearest parallel to such pleasant resorts as Sandown and Kempton was afforded by the meetings then held at Gorhambury. At great expense Lord Verulam had there laid out an excellent two-mile course, and in 1838 was held the first of a series of meetings that furnished capital sport and were visited by the cream of society. In 1841 the attendance was very large and fashionable, the great sporting paper of that time furnishing a list of company that reads like an extract from an Ascot or a Goodwood report of the present day. The Dukes of Rutland and Dorset, the Marquis of Exeter and Marquis of Anglesea, Earls Jersey, Chesterfield, Uxbridge, and a host of titled names are mentioned in the introduction to the Gorhambury meeting to which allusion has been made, and special prominence is given to the fact that 'the Earl of Albemarle, the principal steward, was at his post, and aided by the 'Hon. Robert Grimston, secured such punctuality in the starts for 'the different races that the whole were concluded soon after six 'o'clock.' The meeting was a good one, the chief event, the Gorhambury Stakes, bringing out a large field, whilst in the 'white, 'with black and yellow down the seams,' of Lord Verulam ran a brown Sir Hercules two-year old, that carried off a stakes named from that celebrated sire. This was Robert de Gorham, who prior to the Derby of the following year was encouraged by as much as he could be induced to drink of Gorhambury strong ale, and despite the man at his head holding him so long that he lost a hundred yards start, Robert passed all his horses one by one, with the exception of Attila, and finished second. It was at the pleasant place (still remembered for its Cherry Tree and Fir Clump in courses) where Robert de Gorham made his earliest appearance that Baron Lionel Rothschild first found himself the owner of a winning horse. This was a chesnut called Consul, who cantered away with a hunters' stake. The horse was successful several times afterwards, his best hit being in the Newport Pagnell Steeplechase of 1842, which he won by half a length from Lord E. Russell's Lather and ten others. In the year just mentioned the Baron's colours appeared for the first time in the 'Calendar,' and he again sent horses to run at Gorhambury. One of them, a black three-year old filly by Rockingham, finished third in the first heat for the Town Plate, and a colt of the same age by Sir Hercules out of Worthless was third to Robert de Gorham and Colonel Peel's Archy over the Cherry Tree Mile. To this Worthless colt it fell to carry the Baron's jacket when first aired at Newmarket, and very inglorious was his performance in the Houghton week of the same season, as he ran unplaced in a T.Y.C. Subscription Plate. In 1843 Baron Lionel made a fortunate purchase. This was when he bought Evening Star, by Touchstone, out of Bertha, by Rubens, bred by Lord Westminster, and then

in foal to Kremlin. The produce was a bay filly, afterwards named Daughter of the Star. As a two-year old she won a sweepstakes at Egham, and in 1847 picked up a small race at the same place, with later on in the season the Abingdon Stakes. Meeting with an accident she was then put to the stud, and bred amongst others such good fillies as Hippolyta, and the clever Hippias, whose defeat of Achievement in the Oaks of 1867 will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. In addition to such a trump card as Daughter of the Star, her dam bred Middlesex by Melbourne, who surprised folks when he was beaten only half a length by Mr. Gully's Hermit in the Two Thousand of 1854, memorable for the overthrow of Boiardo and other favourites. Middlesex was rather an unlucky three-year-old, and had again to put up with the unenviable second place in the same week, finishing a neck behind 'the Squire's' colt Champagne for the Newmarket Stakes.

Another racehorse to be mentioned in connection with the late Baron's name was a roan called The Whaler, son of Bay Middleton and Baleine, dam of the flying Officious. He was bred by the Duke of Richmond, and when the property of the Baron ran a dead heat with the then 'Colonel' Peel's Rooksnest for the Huntingdonshire Stakes of 1843, being beaten for the deciding heat after a good race. He had been purchased just previously from Lord George Bentinck, with a view to a race to be run that autumn at Brussels. This, it may be added, was won by The Whaler, who then ran in the name of Baron A. de Rothschild. The last horse that appeared bred by Baron Lionel was the chesnut Gunnersbury, named after his seat near Kew. This son of Hippias is by The Hermit, who shared with her the honours of the Epsom summer week in 1867. Hitherto Gunnersbury has been a disappointment to those who augured highly of him in his very young days; but brilliant speed may yet procure him a place of note amongst horses that have earned honours under the ever popular 'dark blue and yellow cap.'

Allusion to the life of Baron Lionel apart from its relation to the readers of a sporting magazine may be deemed out of place in these pages, yet any notice of him would be incomplete without mention of admirable qualities that earned the deep admiration and respect of those to whom they were known. These were many, simply because so many had reaped the benefit of his thoughtful kindness and liberality. In his benevolence there was no ostentation. His was not the mind to find gratification in praise for paraded acts of charity, for almsgiving proclaimed to all the world. Only those who knew him intimately are aware how universal and how constant were his good deeds. It may safely be stated that never was Baron Lionel appealed to in vain in cases where the deserving were in distress, and such cases were brought under his notice every week in scores. It mattered not of what creed or nationality were those who sought his aid, and the list of his charities and benefactions took the widest range. Whether relief was needed by the burnt-out inhabitants of some wooden town in Poland, or boots required for

the boys at an English free school, an appeal to the Baron was sure to be successful. No matter how many or how lowly were his supplicants, their wants never escaped his recollection; and it has often occurred that when, fatigued by the cares of the day, Baron Lionel had already commenced his departure from the City, he would remember an unanswered letter from some poor person, and return to give directions to his secretary for the proper investigation of the case. His name is held in grateful remembrance by thousands who, personally or as a class, have benefited by his liberal contributions to schools and charities; and it was noticed that on the day of his funeral the omnibus servants on the Uxbridge Road all wore crape, in memory of one whose worth they had reason to appreciate.

His efforts in the cause of charity were earnestly shared, it may be added, by the Baroness. Whilst health permitted, she would drive twice or thrice a week in an ordinary street cab to the poorest quarters of Whitechapel, in order to make herself acquainted with the wants of poor co-religionists. The first hours of the day, too, were always devoted to examination of the enormous mass of letters that reached her from the poverty-stricken and afflicted.

THE GRACE TESTIMONIAL.

UPON the presentation of the national testimonial to Mr. W. G. Grace, at Lord's cricket ground, on the 22nd of July, Lord Charles Russell made the following remarks, which are so much to the point that we are happy to be enabled to give them *in extenso*.

Lord Charles Russell had been asked, as one of the oldest members of the Marylebone Club, to say a few words on this occasion. He must begin by saying that he was not satisfied with the amount. He thought 1400*l.* was an odd sum to present to any one, and he pledged his word it would be 1500*l.* before they had done with it. He was an old cricketer, and the enjoyment he had had in the cricket field for many years past was in seeing Mr. Grace play the game. He looked upon cricket, and loved it, as the sport of the people, open to all, from the prince to the peasant, and he was delighted to see that it was increasing in popularity year by year, and that in some respects also it was being better played. He agreed with his friends that they had seen better bowling than they see now. They must not be surprised, then, to hear him say that he had seen better bowlers than Mr. Grace, but he would say, with a clear conscience, that he had never seen a better field (cheers), and he had never seen any one approach him as a batsman (cheers). But Mr. Grace might be the good bowler that he is, the fine field, and the grand batter, without being a thorough cricketer; more than manual dexterity and agility of limb was required to play cricket. The game must be played with head and heart, and in that respect Mr. Grace was eminently prominent. He had often seen an

England eleven playing and uphill game steadily and well; a sudden change had placed the game in their favour, and a change came over the field, such as there would be were the sun now to break out over their heads. Looking at Mr. Grace's playing, he was never able to tell whether that gentleman was playing a winning or a losing game. He had never seen the slightest lukewarmness or inertness in him in the field. (Cheers.) If they wanted to know how Mr. Grace played cricket, he would ask them to look at him playing one ball. They all knew the miserably tame effect of the ball hitting the bat instead of the bat hitting the ball, but whether acting on the defensive or offensive, in playing a ball Mr. Grace put every muscle into it, from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head (laughter); and just as he played one ball, so he played cricket. He was heart and soul in it. He had never heard a bell ring for cricketers to go into the field but Mr. Grace was first into it. And that was a great matter in cricket playing. The game was a game of laws and regulations. If they relaxed these, it ceased to be cricket, and became an unmeaning game of bat and ball, a pastime fit for young men who had nothing else to do, or some middle-aged men who wanted an appetite. (Laughter and 'cheers.) The Marylebone Cricket Club, that renowned old club that had done more for cricket than any club in the country, had bought the ground on which they were then standing, and held it in trust for the practice and promotion of good sound cricket, and it was for that reason they had such great delight in taking part in this testimonial to Mr. Grace, who was in every respect of the word a thorough cricketer. (Loud cheers.) Allusion had been made to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales having joined the subscribers; it might be presumption in him to speculate on His Royal Highness's motives for doing so, but he must hazard an opinion that H.R.H. was grateful to Mr. Grace for affording him an opportunity of showing his respect for the one great game of the people, requiring in those who play it the national essentials of patience, fortitude, and pluck, and fostering the respect for law and love of fair play which are characteristic of us English people. (Loud cheers.)

A DAY WITH THE PYTCHLEY IN 1900.

' COME down next week and have a look at the Pytchley. I think ' I have one or two that will carry you, and North Kilworth is a ' capital meet, as I dare say it was in your day.' Such was the invitation I had from my friend B—— shortly after my return home, after an absence from England of twenty years, and I did not think twice about accepting it, remembering as it were only yesterday the many happy days I had had in the Pytchley country.

Many old friends had told me hunting now was very different from what it used to be in the good old days, when I, too, had my

stable of hunters, and hunted regularly four or five days a-week ; and I looked forward to noting the changes, and comparing the 'pursuit' as it is, and was then.

My friend's house was not a quarter of a mile from the station, and as I walked up to the place I saw the same sea of grass which I once thought made this part of England the most beautiful country in the world.

What a night I passed !—as sleepless as a schoolboy's before his first day's hunting, except that mine was broken by dreams of old days ; first I was struggling in the Lutterworth brook, then I was jammed against a gate-post, and, finally, I spoiled my beauty going through a 'bullfinch,' and as I wiped the blood off my face I awoke to find it was only perspiration. Daylight at last, and time to be up and doing. Breakfast was soon over, and it was time to be off. 'The horses are on, and we will go to covert in the electri-cycle,' said B——. 'The what?' I exclaimed. 'Oh ! don't you know 'it'? The best trap out ! it will take us there in no time.' This, the latest and most fashionable covert-trap, was soon at the door, and I found it was a three-wheeled conveyance, built like an old-fashioned tricycle, and held two comfortably in the seat, between the two hind wheels, and there was plenty of room for a port-manteau before our feet, without interfering with the guiding-wheel in front. After we were seated, B—— opened a trap-door in the bottom boards beneath our feet, and his servant handed him a square box, which he placed on a metal plate exposed by the opening of the trap-door.

'This is the horse,' said B——, pointing to the box, 'charged with electricity sufficient to take us thirty miles ; it passes through that plate and sets the machinery going.' Turning a handle on the top of the box as he spoke, the electri-cycle moved on, and in a very short time we were at North Kilworth village, where we found our horses waiting us.

I was rather surprised at the appearance of the horses. They looked more like running on the flat than going across a country ; but on my remarking as much, B—— assured me they were perfectly broken and thoroughly understood their business. Noticing all the other horses were of the same stamp, I supposed I might put it down to the improvement in pace.

Just then the hounds came up, and I forgot all about the horses in my astonishment at the appearance of the pack. They looked more like a pack of greyhounds than foxhounds. Surely those long sharp noses cannot be worth much with a bad scent, thought I. 'They look fast enough for anything,' I remarked. 'Can they hunt?' 'Hunt? No! What the *devil* should we want them to hunt for?' said B——; 'they kill quite enough foxes as it is, without being able to hunt them.'

Thunderstruck, I ventured no further remarks until we neared the 'Sticks,' which, as of yore, was our first draw, and then I could contain myself no longer, and felt obliged to ask how it was there

seemed to be three or four open passages on each side of every field, and who were the red-coated individuals I saw perched up in every tree all over the country? These passages, or gateways B—— called 'bolts,' and he said they were usually closed up with rails, but on hunting days these were taken down by the 'bolter,' a man kept by the hunt for that purpose, and who went over the whole district likely to be run over. The men up the trees he called 'viewers;' and once more considerably astonished me by saying: 'Never catch a fox without the viewers, you know.'

Bewildered as I was by this new state of things, I was not brought back to my normal condition by B—— saying he hoped they hadn't forgotten to give me a 'screamer'; and seeing I did not understand, pointed to a small horn he had fixed on his saddle, and which I now noticed every man seemed to have. 'Blow it when 'you see the fox,' he said, with a grin at my greenness.

And now hounds are in covert! What am I saying! Absurd! Truly I am getting old! Such a thing is never done nowadays. No! the huntsman, his hounds, and his whips are all waiting patiently outside, while the drawers are at work beating the covert. These so-called drawers are boys; each farmer in the parish furnishing one boy for the purpose.

We had stood a quarter of an hour or so, and begun to think there was no fox, when suddenly one sportsman took alarm, and galloped down the side of the covert, followed of course by the whole field; as we approached the far end, we saw the pack waiting about in a listless sort of way, but as we approached, away they went as if with a burning scent; across two fields we went at racing pace, then the pack seemed to falter, and in the next field threw up.

'Ho!' exclaimed the horsemen, and every horse stopped as suddenly as would a squadron of cavalry; my horse bumped up against the horse in front of him, and then stopped from sheer inability to get on through the mass of horses in front of him. After a minute's pause, hounds and field turned, and slowly went back to the covert, with a somewhat shamefaced look.

'What was it?' I ventured to ask an elderly sportsman next to whom I happened to be riding. 'Oh! nothing! They flashed 'away as soon as they saw the men galloping.' Scarcely were we back at the covert, than a fox really did go away. Rather a small one, I thought, although that did not seem the general opinion. What a chorus of screamers! Every man sounded his screamer, and away after the fox as hard as his horse could go; the hounds quickly joined in, and it seemed a race between horses and hounds which could longest keep the fox in view. Over three fields they coursed him, every one taking advantage of the numerous bolts open to receive us, except one welter-weight, who I remembered twenty years ago as a very hard man. He, mounted on what appeared a very fine specimen of a cart-horse, ignored the bolts, and went crashing through the thick fences. Three fields crossed, the fox slipping through a hedgerow, and turning sharp along the other side, dis-

appeared, and our first check occurred. My horse appeared to have a mouth of iron, and I felt powerless to stop him; remembering, however, my experiences of the first squirt from the covert, I sung out 'Ho!' and he stopped so short that it was with the greatest difficulty that I prevented myself from going over his head. I had scarcely recovered my seat when I heard a noise, a field or two away, like the sound made by the foghorn of an Atlantic steamer. This sound seemed to excite the whole field, and the huntsman, with a 'ere, ere!' and a 'For'ard!' from the whips, started in the direction of the noise, closely followed by the pack and the whole field. The same wild gallop as before, all going through the bolts, except the welter-weight, who certainly made up for his comrades' deficiencies; the foghorn sound seemed repeated in all directions, and at every fresh signal the huntsman and his pack took the direction of the last sound.

I had been able to discover by this time that these sounds were made by the viewers perched on the trees. Each viewer was provided with a horn, which he blew when he saw the fox, and the sounds made by these horns were called 'bellows.' Notwithstanding the numerous bolts, at the end of fifteen minutes or so the field had tailed wonderfully, but our friend on the cart-horse was still to the front, and I noticed we often went a long way round, while he crashed through in a corner.

Tired of the continual going round, I made one attempt to negotiate one obstacle, but it was so evident that such work did not constitute part of my mount's business, that I was forced to forego such rashness for the future. We had got some distance from where we found, and a bellow in an unexpected direction brought us into a field from which there seemed no bolt; the cart-horse made nothing of the fence on the opposite side, but no one else liked the look of it. 'Guess we'll have to bring this "cow-stopper" to reason,' remarked an American gentleman who comes to hunt each season. At length a spot was found, and a small rail being pulled down, nothing but a little grip remained; over this the first whip led, and the huntsman got over with a splutter. Then what thrusting and squeezing, horses scrambling and falling; scarcely one getting over in decent form. This untoward obstacle delayed us some minutes, and when we got up to the bellow, we found the hounds and huntsman apparently hopelessly at fault. No one seemed particularly to care, however, and every man seemed to be congratulating his neighbour on the brilliant gallop we had had.

One minute, two minutes, five minutes' wretched indecision, and then our fox assisted us by jumping out of an adjoining hedgerow, but being met with a volley of screainers, turned about, and ran into the mouths of the pack. Then the congratulations were doubled, and the last ceremonies performed with any amount of noise from everybody but the hounds; these seemed to take things very calmly, and I thought required a good deal of coaxing to make them eat their quarry.

I told my friend I had had enough, pleading the unaccustomed exertion, and turning to ride home, and finding myself alongside the welter-weight, I made some remarks in praise of his horse. He at once told me it was a pure-bred Clydesdale, and followed up by saying he had given up riding fast horses, finding Clydesdales quite fast enough, and more useful.

One day's experience of such hunting was enough for me, and inventing a telegram of recall on urgent business, I was off to town next morning.

PONS ASINORUM.

MR. BAILY,—Your missing contributor (who is subject to fits) has been found in St. Stephen's Hall, with the inclosed in his pocket. He is detained during your pleasure. His excuse is that he was challenged to make any fun out of 'the Tower Bridge, No. 1, 'Committee Room, House of Commons.'

Yours obediently,
Φ. Γ.

YE KNIGHTS OF ST. STEPHEN AND YE JOUST OF YE TOWER BRIDGE.

Argument.—Sir J. B. (C.E. and C.B.) and Sir Beau Brummell (C.E. and F.R.S.) attempt to bridge Fluvius Thamesis at the instigation of a small majority of the Knights of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and to invade the county of Surrey opposite to the Tower.

Note.—In the Great Tower High Level Bridge fight (which extended over twenty-eight days) for the Bill, which was rejected by the unanimous vote of the committee, the principal engineers were Sir Joseph Bazalgette, C.B., and Mr. I. Bramwell, F.R.S. The engineers against the Bill were Mr. Charles Hutton Gregory, Mr. Henry Vignoles, and Mr. J. Wolfe Barry. The counsel principally engaged in the contest for the Bill were Mr. Pope, Q.C., Mr. George P. Bidder, Q.C., and Mr. O'Hara. The principal opponents were, for the City of London, Sir Edmund Beckett, Q.C. (the great authority on clocks and bells), and Mr. George Venables, Q.C. (Father of the 'Saturday Review'). For the wharfingers, Mr. R. Daniel M. Littler, Q.C. For the conservators of the Thames, Mr. J. Clerk, Q.C. For the Tower Subway, Mr. Vaughan Richards, Q.C. For the General Steam Navigation Company, Mr. Herbert Saunders and Mr. Pembroke Stephens (the great authority in the Referees Court). And for Nicholson's Wharf, the Hon. Chandos Leigh. The notorious breach of privilege is simply mentioned as a matter of history, without comment, beyond the hope that in the event of any one again being stupid enough, either in jest or in earnest, to offer to tamper with a committee, that his hat may be smashed over his eyes then and there before the spectators in the Lobby; and beyond remarking that there is a negative virtue attributable to the man who faced it out at the bar of the House of Commons, and who has not said a single word against any living creature. The Metropolitan Board promoted the Bill by a majority of only five, and the Whitechapel Vestry, headed by Buxton & Co., were the great agitators for the Bill.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Knights of ye Bridge.

Sir J. B. (C.E. and C.B.) }
 Sir Beau (?) Brummell } Ye Engineers.
 Sir Pope } Two Knights Templar on one horse, supplied by Sanger & Co.,
 Sir George } by the day, hour, or job.
 The O'Hara (of Tara's Halls).

Ye opposing Knights of St. Stephen.

For ye City of London, Sir Edmund, and the 'sage G. V.'

For ye Merchant Princes, Sir Dan.

For ye Conservators, 'Clerk of McClerk.'

For ye Tower Subway (alias the *Burrow* Road), Sir Blank.

For General Steam Navigation Company, Sir Herbert and Sir Pembroke; Sir Bung & Co. (entire), commanding officers of Vitechapel memorialists, whose *pietas* was stated by a witness to be above private interest. Other *dramatis personæ*, not specially mentioned: Vitechapel Westry, in velveteens and ankle jacks, roughs, crowd, parliamentary agents, &c.

Prisoners.—Two disgraced knights, 'ye silly muffs,' tied back to back on a donkey, with arms defaced and shields reversed, stamped with the Commons bar sinister.

IN YE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

(Fytte ye First.)

Come all ye merry gentlemen who want to hear a song,
 'Tis about Sir J. B., Engineer, and I will not keep you long;
 Sir J. B. (also C. B.), who wasn't half a fool,
 Said, 'So help my stars and garters, I'll go and bridge the Pool.'

And he took his chains and levels, his compasses also,
 And put it down on paper which way the bridge should go;
 And nineteen of his council said, 'You've done the thing what's right,'
 But fourteen of them answered, 'No! Hold hard, my gallant knight.'

'If this here job had to be done out of the City purse,
 'We would not mind; but, as it is, the ratepayers will curse,
 'And say, "If we're to post the coal up to a million pounds,
 'Besides four hundred thousand more, you've gone beyond your bounds."

But Sir J. B. reined his war-horse in, and in his stirrups stood,
 And swore by good St. Stephen he'd ride across the flood;
 And he said, 'I'll throw a spider bridge above the Thames, so high,'
 And Sir Bung and Co. said, 'Good my knight, come and drink our cellars dry.'

YE JOUST.

(Fytte ye Seconde.)

And the gallant knight his hobby rode, and kept the game alive,
 And headed his majority—they counted only five—
 And the Vitechapel Westry threw her banner to the breeze,
 And cried, 'Fight on, Sir J. B., and do just as you please.'

The trumpets of defiance blared forth the sound of hope,
 And a stout Templar issued forth, all cap-à-pie Sir Pope,
 And Sir George of Paper Buildings into the saddle sprang,
 And the war-cry of 'O'Hara, "Aboo!"' through the Commons lobby rang.

The knight's attendant-followers came forth as they were told,
And their esquires had money bags to carry home the gold;
'Largesse! largesse, good ratepayers,' the ready squires did cry,
'Largesse, for our brave masters who mean to do or die.'

The lists were set, the day was named, a lord was in the chair,*
As Grand Master, and three senators on either side sat there,
And Sir Pope threw down his gauntlet, the glove of a Q.C.,
And other good knights issued forth like waves upon the sea.

Upon Sir Edmund's shield the City arms were painted thick,
Likewise a blaze of clocks and bells, and underneath '*no tick*';
And *his* Esquire, too, cried, 'Largesse,' my citizens so bold,
'For *my* knights' harness all is made of solid scales of gold.'

Beside him rode 'the sage G.V.,' who towered above the rest;
His motto was the 'Saturday' emblazoned on his crest:
And Sir Dan, the Merchant Princes' trusty champion at their need,
Rode out before Clerk of McClerk who loves 'the south of Tweed.'

The knight of the Tower Subway—a road six feet by six,—
A rabbit burrow through the clay with adits built of bricks,
Rode gaily forth in glory, though Sir Brummell did deride,
And many other youthful knights were with him side by side.

That the Thames should have his champion all agreed that it was meet,
And so they made Sir Herbert the Admiral of the Fleet,
To guard the safety of the ships which traverse every sea,
And to see fair play for all, they made Sir Pembroke referee.

And smaller knights appeared also, all armed for the fight,
And all their squires cried out 'Largesse! gents, do the thing what's right,
'Our younger masters all may win great victories yet untold,
'Remember that *their* armour too is made of solid gold.'

And then Sir Joseph and his band the heralds stand behind
(For trumpeters are just the likely men to raise the wind),
And Sir Bung and Co. cried 'Go it, Joe! Hit harder! *Vive la guerre!*'
At the war-cry '*laissez aller*,' what a mingling host was there!

From morn till eve for many a day the battle raged apace,
And as one wounded knight went down another took his place;
And each man fought his hardest whether for weal or woe,
For the lookers-on provided that which '*makes the mare to go*.'

And the Grand Master, now and then, threw his baton from his hand,
And called upon the crowd of knights to rest their arms and stand,
And as each day's fight was over, and the knights were all led in,
No one on either side could tell which gallant band would win.

YE CONSPIRACY.

(Fytte ye Third.)

'Twas when the joust was raging, amidst the battle's din,
Two silly muffs within the lines of knights came crawling in,
And to Sir Dan his myrmidons a senseless message brought
That the Grand Master's honesty might easily be bought.

* The Committee were Lord H. Lennox, Mr. Freemantle, Mr. Dundas, and Mr. Cotes.

YE TRUCE.

(Fytte ye Fourth.)

'A truce, a truce!' cried out Sir Dan, 'ye knights both friend and foe,
 'There is a foolish mystery which all of you must know.
 'We've had full many a stubborn fight, and have oftimes won or lost.
 'But if we love the red, red gold, our HONOUR'S above cost.'

Then each knight threw his lance aside, and with his hand on sword,
 Each, friend and foe, in honest faith, pledged, each to each, his word,
 That in the contest none had sought by charm or evil eye
 Or devilish tongue to break the code of a TEMPLAR'S chivalry.

A truce was called for many a day until these muffs were tried,
 And their Judges one and all agreed that their statement was denied;
 And that the noble knights so true had all in honour fought,
 And that the Lobby scandal had ended all in nought.

YE DEATH STRUGGLE AND YE BRIDGE LOST.

(Fytte the Fifth.)

The final joust is over 'twixt Sir Edmund and Sir Pope,
 And those who tried to hold the bridge are vanquished beyond hope;
 And though Sir Joseph cried, 'There is nae luck about the house,'
 All knights and squires said 'D—— the bridge, let's think about the grouse!'

And so when either side had fought with stubborn might and main,
 Each belted warrior drank the toast, 'Let's live to fight again.'
 Though balms are known for outward wounds there are none for those within,
 Their warrior sores were quickly healed with the best 'gold-beater's skin!'

EPILOGUE.

Then up came Father Thames and said, 'Shut up your Lawyer's jaw,
 'Or I shall bring you to *my* Bar, where my word is always law.
 'The stately ships and yachts shall sail on my bosom where they like,
 'And if you bother me again I'll *dry* myself and *strike*.'

CRICKET.

THE beginning of July was, in all solemn reality, a reflex of the disagreeables in store for us during the whole of what ought to be, and usually is, one of the most pleasant months of the whole year. It matters little to cricketers that the weather just towards the close, when the season of the Marylebone Club was at least virtually over, assumed some of the brightness we are usually wont to associate with the middle of the summer, but they will not be able to forget the miserable never-ending succession of rains which, without one single exception, ruined every first-class match, more or less, during the three months that have already passed of the cricket season. July opened inauspiciously enough by destroying all possibility of play at Lord's on the second day of the forty-fifth match between Oxford and Cambridge, and the uncompromising attitude it then assumed

was, it must be avowed, resolutely maintained without the slightest signs of faltering, until the threshold of August was fairly reached. The shrewd judges of cricket had, early in the season, predicted that the Inter-University contest of 1879 was a real gift for Cambridge, and to those who know the pertinacity of those worthies, it need hardly be said that it would require little short of an earthquake to shake arguments once formed in their creative brains. The general opinion that Cambridge would win was, of course, fully justified by the performances of the two elevens, but it was by no means easy to understand the extravagant odds that were in some cases laid against Oxford. The Cantabs, though they had proved themselves to be fairly strong in bowling, even in the occasional absence of Mr. A. G. Steel, had, on the other hand, shown anything but good batting, and, indeed, in this respect the form they had displayed was about as uneven as well as can be imagined. The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, the Captain, it is true, had played fine cricket consistently, and Mr. A. G. Steel more than once batted successfully, but with the exception of one long score by the Hon. Ivo Bligh against Surrey, at the Oval, the old choices had consistently failed to come off, while the new candidates had hardly verified the expectations formed from their play in previous seasons. The Oxonians, it must be admitted, were all round much below the highest standard of university elevens; but to those who remembered how bravely A. H. Evans had bowled for his side in the Inter-University match of 1878, there was the hope that with him in anything like form, and even a moderate amount of luck, Oxford might make a good fight of it even if they were not able quite to pull through. How far these expectations were fulfilled the history of the game will show. The fast bowler of Oxford, no doubt owing to lack of practice, was not in by any means his best form, as events proved, and in the matter of luck Cambridge, especially towards the close of the game, had cause to congratulate themselves more than their opponents. Oxford certainly had none the worst of it in winning the toss, as the wicket, for perhaps the only time this year, looked in excellent condition, and the first day of the match, at least, took place under propitious circumstances of weather. By that time, though, the scale had fairly turned in favour of Cambridge, as the Light Blues were then 6 runs in front, with half their wickets still to fall, and there had been certainly nothing deadly enough in the Oxford bowling to hope for any extraordinary success in the event of another chance being allowed to them. Throughout, indeed, the Cantabs proved themselves to be the better eleven at every point, though the winning side was by no means up to the highest standard of excellence, and undoubtedly inferior to the Cambridge team of the previous year in batting. It was, perhaps, as things went, rather a piece of luck that the Cantabs managed to win after all, as the rain, which had prevented any play at all on the second day, came down in torrents just as the game had been safely completed on the third afternoon, and a very short delay might possibly have at

least prevented the attainment of a victory by the Light Blues. Looking at the cricket generally, the conviction was forced upon us that though on the Cambridge side there were at least two batsmen of extraordinary skill, one bowler who has proved himself to be the most successful performer of his kind, either amateur or professional, during two wet seasons, in the Oxford eleven there was certainly no one entitled to be called first-class, either with bat or ball, and that, taking the twenty-two players as a lot, the cricket was not only most unevenly distributed, but was generally much below the average of former years. The Cantabs were in some small measure lucky in that both the two batsmen on whom they had had chiefly to rely during the season, came off when their help was most wanted, and better cricket than was shown by the Captain, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, for his 53, and by Mr. A. G. Steel for 64, has perhaps not been seen during the entire series of Inter-University matches. Cambridge were only 49 runs in advance when an innings had been completed by each side ; but this majority, in the heavy state of the ground, was one of much greater value than the figures represented, and it was generally conceded, that with two such useful bowlers in the mud as Messrs. A. G. Steel and Ford, the Cantabs had the result then fairly assured. The weakness of the Oxford batting, indeed, showed itself at the crisis, as Mr. A. H. Heath, who had after three years of singular ill-luck broken the spell with a very well-played first score of 45, failed to score, Mr. E. T. Hirst, who had hit freely in his first venture, was bowled in the second for 2, and indeed no one but Mr. A. D. Greene, who proved himself so useful at the pinch last season, and who was in this time an hour and three-quarters for his 20, showed the slightest sign of being able to bat with any degree of confidence under the evident difficulties of ground. The second innings only reached 64, and there was very little time indeed to spare when Cambridge made the final stroke, which gave them the victory by nine wickets almost as the rain began. There was, apparently, too very little enthusiasm over the result, although, as this was in reality the odd match, each University having previously won on twenty-one occasions, one would have expected to have seen something of a demonstration. The result would probably have shown very little difference had the game been played over a dozen times, although we are inclined to think that there was not the disparity between the elevens represented by such a majority as nine wickets. We have seen better all-round cricket on many a previous occasion, more level batting and bowling, and infinitely better fielding ; and, indeed, the only sensational feature of the game was the brilliant form shown by Mr. A. G. Steel, who, in addition to a very fine score of 64, was credited with eleven Oxford wickets, for an average of exactly 6 runs, and may fairly be said to have won the forty-fifth Inter-University match for his side.

The abandonment of the fixture between Gentlemen and Players at Prince's, which had of late become a little distasteful to the higher authorities of the game, has permitted a return to the old order of

things, when the only contests were those at Lord's and the Oval respectively. The Surrey executive has now for some few years deemed it advisable to take precedence of the elder club in the matter of date, and the two meetings, occupying as they do the six days following the Inter-University match, rarely fail to attract the strongest eleven representative of each side. At the Oval the Players were quite as strong as they possibly could have been, as Daft on this year's form had hardly shown the credentials to warrant him a place in preference to Jupp; and, though Barnes had proved himself a useful bowler with the ground generally all in favour of the bowlers at Lord's, as an all-round player he could hardly be voted as much, if at all, superior to Midwinter. A match on the same days between Kent and Sussex, at Brighton, deprived the Gentlemen at the Oval of the services of Lord Harris and Mr. Frank Penn; but, as it happened, their aid was not required, and, with most of the luck, the Gentlemen secured the easiest victory they have ever won since the institution of the match, in 1857. The choice of the innings to a great extent determined the issue of the game, as while the wicket, owing to the rain, which prevented a start at all on the first day, was wet, and played very easily on the second day, and the bowlers found the ball greasy and slippery, on the Saturday the ground was very treacherous as it dried, and the Gentlemen had everything in their favour, although the collapse of the Players was much greater than could have been expected. Messrs. Ridley (5) and Evans (7) were the only batsmen on the side of the Gentlemen who failed to reach double figures, and Mr. A. G. Steel, who played quite as good cricket for 46, not out, as he had on the previous Monday in the Inter-University match at Lord's, Hon. A. Lyttelton (47), and Vernon (34) together made 6 runs more than did the Players in their two attempts, though Mr. Steel's score was by far the best display of the three. The batting of the Professionals, even making all allowances for the state of the ground, was very tame, and most of the very batsmen who had been doing most of the run-getting for their counties during the season failed unmistakably on this occasion. Oscroft, who had up to this time made, perhaps, more runs than any player of the year, failed to make a run in either innings; Ulyett, who had been doing some good things in scoring, had to be content with two runs; and Midwinter, with 19 and 8, carried off the honours as chief contributor, though Selby (10 and 16), the only one of the team to get double figures in each innings, ran him very close. When it was found that the Players had to follow on in a minority of 174 runs, it was evident that their only chance was in playing out time, but the experience of recent years in these particular matches at the Oval has not impressed on-lookers with the aptitude of the Professionals for playing an uphill game, and indeed Selby was the only one towards the finish who batted with any degree of pluck, the whole eleven being dismissed in a ridiculously short time for 48. The successes of the amateurs of late years have been in no small

measure due to the brilliant form shown by the brothers Grace, but this year at least the same plea could hardly be raised on behalf of the Players, as the recent definition of an amateur by the Committee of the Marylebone Club had placed Mr. G. F. Grace out of the pale of amateurism, and while Mr. W. G. only contributed 26 runs the Gentlemen were able to do without his bowling throughout the game. No doubt had the Players won the toss in the first instance, the positions of the two elevens might have been reversed at the finish, but such a change would have no doubt deprived the match of the peculiar interest that will always attach to it now as being the only occasion, we believe, in the whole history of matches between Gentlemen and Players in which two amateurs have been able to bowl unchanged throughout both innings at the Oval. There was a considerable difference of opinion respecting the claims of Mr. A. H. Evans, the fast bowler of Oxford University, to represent the Gentlemen on his performance against Cambridge, but at least in this match he justified his selection, and with Mr. A. G. Steel, of Cambridge, he will share the merit of a bowling feat never before recorded in the greatest contest of the cricket year at the Oval, and only once (in 1853) at Lord's. To compare the analyses of the two amateurs would show a considerable advantage in favour of Mr. Steel, as, while Mr. Evans's ten wickets cost as many as 73 runs, the nine that fell to the Cantab were secured at an average of less than 5 runs. Recent results show how greatly the balance of these contests has turned in favour of the Gentlemen, and it may be worthy of record that the Players have not been able to win one of these contests on the Surrey Ground since the year 1865. The match at Lord's was hardly more favoured by the weather, though in this case the rain came at a different period of the game, preventing any play at all on the third day instead of delaying the start till the second morning, as was the case at the Oval. Hardly a fault could be found with the composition of the Amateur eleven, but although they were exceptionally strong in batting the state of the ground assisted the bowling of Alfred Shaw so materially that the highest score (26, not out) fell to the batsman of whom it was least expected, Mr. A. H. Evans, the Oxford fast bowler, for whom had been reserved the eleventh place in the order of going in. This time the Players were not able to plead that their opponents had enjoyed the best of the wicket, as they won the toss themselves and went in first, although they failed to utilise these opportunities so much as they might have done. They would, indeed, have fared badly but for Ulyett, and the 61 made by that professional was a performance of which he might well be proud, considering that there was nothing like a chance in it, and perhaps only one stroke that could be described as faulty. Some useful hitting by Alfred Shaw to the extent of 21, not out, at the end of the innings, helped the Players to reach 2, considering the circumstances, by no means discreditable total of 121, and, indeed, of the three innings completed this was the largest, the others only reaching 109 and 103.

The Players seemed likely to have a goodly number of runs in hand, and it was only some vigorous hitting by the eleventh batsman on the side of the Amateurs, Mr. Evans, who was not out with 26 out of 35 runs, obtained since the fall of the ninth wicket, that reduced the lead of the Players at the close of an innings to 12 runs. The two Yorkshiremen, Lockwood (39) and Emmett (22), were the saviours of the Players in their second attempt with 61 out of a total of 103, and had the weather only allowed of its completion, the match would in all probability have produced a close and interesting finish. The Gentlemen were undeniably a very strong batting side, but with the ground in the state it was on the third day even a moderate total of 122 runs would have proved very difficult to get, especially with five such bowlers as Shaw, Morley, Barlow, Emmett, and Barnes, one and all dangerous on a wicket requiring care in batting, and the continuous rain of the third day left the match drawn in about as open a condition as it well could have been. Ulyett's batting rather spoiled the analysis of Mr. A. G. Steel on the first innings, and the average of his eight wickets in the match was more costly than usual, amounting to nearly 13 runs. As at the Oval, Mr. Evans came with a rush towards the close with five good wickets, those of Oscroft, Ulyett, Selby, Lockwood, and Barnes, at a cost of only 40 runs, but, after all, the best bowling performance of the match was that of Alfred Shaw, whose delivery in the one innings of the amateurs showed fifty-six overs and one ball for 41 runs, seven wickets (five bowled). The matches between Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire can rarely be charged with any great amount of dullness, and recently the results of the two meetings which have taken place each season have often been singularly at variance. County cricket is, as a rule, very eccentric in its tendencies, but the in-and-out running of the Yorkshire eleven up to the present point has greatly upset the students of public form, and the doings of the largest shire will present some peculiar features for the analysts at the end of the year. Only a short time before the return match between Notts and Yorkshire, which took place at Sheffield on June 30th and two following days, the weather had alone saved the Yorkshiremen from a decisive defeat at Nottingham, and yet on the second occasion, on their own ground at Sheffield, they were able, even letting their opponents have at first the best of an excellent wicket, to retaliate by defeating the Nottingham eleven handsomely to the tune of nine wickets. It is difficult quite to see how Yorkshire, under anything like equal circumstances, can this year be considered superior to Notts, but at the outset the latter threw much of its chance away by its own rashness, and the fact that Daft, Flowers, and Scotton were all run out in the first innings would account, in some degree, for the majority of 63 Yorkshire was able to claim on the completion of an innings by each side. The rain, no doubt, caused the Nottingham eleven to have the worst of the wicket when they entered on their second venture, but it was greatly their own fault that they had such a heavy sum of

arrears to pull off, and they have themselves mostly to blame for the victory they allowed their great rivals to obtain by nine wickets. Allen Hill and Peate by their bowling contributed mainly to the success of the Yorkshiremen, and few will be inclined to cavil at the result, as it caused the balance of power to be equally distributed, each county having now won the same number of matches. On this form alone Yorkshire might have claimed a conspicuous place in county cricket at the end of the season, but since that time the victory of the Eleven has been considerably discounted by successive defeats at the hands of Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Kent, and indeed the only wins of the Yorkshire team up to the present time have been over Middlesex and Surrey. Their defeat by Lancashire at Manchester was hardly a surprise, as they have never shown any great aptitude for playing slow bowling, and last year they were completely abroad with Mr. A. G. Steel. Lancashire, too, had mustered almost, if not quite, its best eleven, and in going in first they had none the worst of the wicket, so that the chances of the Yorkshiremen were not improved, while their batting, which, by the way, is very far from as strong as it was a few years back, was about as tame as it could possibly have been, Lockwood being the highest run-getter, with his first score of 28. Mr. D. Q. Steel's 52 was the best individual contribution to the Lancashire total of 180; but his brother A. G. was the most important factor in the triumph of the Lancastrians, and a thoroughly well-played innings of 31 was enhanced by his fine performance with the ball, which showed seventy overs for 73 runs and ten wickets. The Yorkshiremen were defeated with ease by an innings and 32 runs to spare, and it would hardly be just, in commenting on the match, to omit mention of the bowling of William McIntyre, who effectually settled the chances of the Yorkshiremen at the close of the game by taking five of their wickets at a cost of only 17 runs. The reverse suffered by Yorkshire at the hands of Derbyshire was the more surprising as the Derbyshire eleven had not shown in their previous matches even moderate form, and only at the commencement of the same week they had been beaten at Nottingham by Notts by an innings and 99 runs, having been got out for ridiculously small totals of 16 and 44. The bowling of Morley, who was credited with twelve Derbyshire wickets at a charge of only 35 runs, was the sensational feature of that contest, and the undeniably weak batting of the Derbyshire men on that occasion would have justified long odds in favour of Yorkshire for the match at Bramell Lane later in the week. A very well hit score of 68 out of a total of 129, by Foster, gave Derbyshire a useful lead of 49 on the first innings, although Allen Hill was in rare form with the ball for Yorkshire, accounting for five of the opposite wickets for only 15 runs. A not-out score of 52 by Bates was the one redeeming feature of Yorkshire's first total of eighty, and indeed the weakness of their batting was again forcibly demonstrated by the poor show they made against the bowling of William Mycroft, deadily as the delivery of that bowler

undoubtedly was. Another fine piece of bowling by Hill, who delivered twenty-three overs for 9 runs and four wickets, succeeded in reducing the total of the Derbyshire eleven, in their second innings, to 45, but excepting Haggas (21) and Mr. Wood (17) none of the Yorkshiremen could offer any lengthy resistance to the bowling of Mycroft, and they were unable to reach the requisite sum of 95 wanted to win, by 28. Derbyshire's victory, well earned as it was, came at an opportune moment for the county, but the laurels that were won ought to have been bestowed to crown the brow of Mycroft, to whose bowling (seventy-nine overs for 65 runs and thirteen wickets) was undoubtedly mainly attributable the Yorkshire defeat. The latest reverse of the Yorkshiremen at the hands of Kent, at Maidstone, might to some extent be accounted for by the absence of Hill and E. Lockwood, and the county was weaker than ever in batting, with three comparatively poor substitutes for absentees in H. Lockwood, Champion, and Crooks. On the Kentish side Lord Harris could not play, owing to the death of his father-in-law; but the match was throughout in favour of the bowlers, and the balance towards the finish turned in favour of Kent, who were able to pull through with only a trifling majority of 7 runs in hand. The nature of the scoring can be gathered from the fact that the highest total of the four innings was Yorkshire's second aggregate of 114, and out of the excellent bowling shown on both sides the most conspicuous display was by Emmett, whose five wickets in the second innings of Kent were secured in thirty-three overs, at a charge of only 22 runs. A peculiar incident occurred just before the close of the game, which may have had some slight effect on the result. Yorkshire had made 51 out of 122 required to win for the loss of three wickets, with Bates and Ulyett in, when the former was run out while standing in the middle of the ground talking to his partner, under the impression that the ball had passed the boundary ropes. It was the batsman's fault, no doubt, in not awaiting the decision of the umpire whether it was a boundary hit or not; but none the less, at Mote Park, where the boundary at the upper side is very much higher than the pitch, it is not always easy to see whether the ball passes the ropes or not, and in this case there was some possible excuse for the batsman, as the ball seemed to many who were on the spot to have reached the spectators. Kent's previous record during the month had consisted of one victory over Sussex by 163 runs, and two defeats during the Tunbridge Wells week from Surrey and Marylebone Club and Ground respectively, so that the success over Yorkshire made the balance during July fairly even.

The Eton and Harrow match, played at Lord's on July 11th and 12th, ended in that most unpleasant of issues to a real cricketer, a drawn game, and we regret to state chiefly, if not entirely, through the instrumentality of the players themselves, whose highest aim ought to be to have the contest, of all others the one in which the public has a right to expect a spirit of chivalry free from everything

that could possibly be construed into the semblance of sharp practice. Two years ago we had occasion to refer to the proposal made by the Governors of Harrow School to the Eton governing body to revert to the old time for playing 'the school's match,' that is, that it should be at the commencement of the midsummer holidays instead of in the term time. We then pointed out the many advantages, in a cricket point of view, of playing it in the vacation, as had been done for half a century up to the time, in 1856, when the Eton authorities refused permission for the Etonians to come to Lord's. However, at a meeting of the governing bodies, held subsequently, and after a lengthy correspondence as well, no agreement was arrived at. 'The Provost, douce man, said e'en let it be.' Whilst these matches were played in the holidays they were finished, as a matter of course, whatever the interruptions of weather might be, and of thirty-two contests between the two schools previous to the year 1856, every one had been played out. But, under the present system of playing upon the second Friday and Saturday in July, out of twenty-two matches those of 1860, 1861, 1863, 1867, 1875, 1877, and 1879 have been unfinished. We have seen no reason to change the opinion we then expressed—indeed, on the contrary, writing solely in the interest of a match we have been used to see carried out in a manly spirit, one which some of us interested in one or other of the Schools had fondly regarded with pride as the incarnation of fairness in cricket, we do not hesitate to say that it would be better to see it for ever cast into oblivion, or played in total privacy, than conducted on the principles of the last contest as we saw it on its closing day. To see the laws and ruling principles of the game openly violated, the regulations of the ground set at defiance, and the public misled, whether intentionally or unintentionally matters little, reflects neither credit on those immediately concerned in the match, nor the officers of the Marylebone Club, who are solely responsible, as far as the public is concerned. Unless we are mistaken, the regulations made by the Committee of the Marylebone Club stipulate—if they do not, at least it has been the custom for years—to have 7 o'clock fixed as the hour for drawing stumps on the first day of this particular match at Lord's; but on this occasion, without the slightest notification to the public, and even, as we have since heard, without the knowledge or consent of the secretary of the Marylebone Club, play was brought to a close half an hour earlier. The convenience of the public may be of little account, but even to those in authority at Lord's it will no doubt occur that the violation of rules generally recognised should not be allowed, even to meet the wishes of two Public School Captains, and it would be curious to know by whose authority the umpires, who are the servants of the Marylebone Club, drew the stumps on the first day of the match half an hour before the proper time. So far the faults only affected the public and the conduct of the ground; but on the second day there was very serious blame to be attached to the Eton players as well as to the management of Lord's. It has always been considered etiquette,

if nothing more, when rain comes on, to ask the sanction of the batsmen to any retirement, but in this case such a proceeding was apparently deemed utterly superfluous, and in a lengthy experience of cricket we never remember to have seen every member of a fielding side safely under shelter at the first drop of rain before either the batsmen or umpires had left the wicket. There was little excuse for such reprehensible anxiety for shelter, and infinitely less for the deliberate waste of time shown in returning to the field later in the afternoon; and the spectacle of the two batsmen, as Messrs. Kemp and Moncrieffe were, at the wickets, ready to commence play, before one Etonian had left the pavilion, is, we should think, utterly without precedent. We have been informed that the Eton Captain pleaded the difficulty of collecting his team, scattered over the ground or perched on the boxes of the family chariots, but such a plea would be voted as utterly absurd by those who saw the Etonians rally at the sound of the first peal from the Pavilion bell, and, even had this not been the case, the Captain was to blame for not having his men under proper control. The management of the match was throughout faulty and lax, and it seems unreasonable to argue a want of responsibility on the part of the Marylebone Club. Lord's we assume to be lent to the two Schools for the purpose of a match according to the rules of the game, and the regulations of ground framed by the Committee of the M.C.C.; and whose duty is it to see that cricket is properly played, and that the regulations are carried out faithfully, but of the officers of the Club? Of late years the popularity of the match has increased far beyond its deserts, and the influence of certain old members of the two Schools has been introduced to a pernicious extent that has introduced, no doubt, hostile feeling. We have written strongly on the matter, because we feel that a time-honoured match is being rapidly reduced to a contest after the Australian model, and we fear that if the present system is not checked, some of these days there will be a degrading scene. Of the play itself there is very little to be said, as neither of the Schools, owing to the continuous rains, had had much opportunity for practice, and except by T. G. Moncrieffe, who played right well towards the close for his 34, not out, for Harrow, and of S. W. Cattley, whose 29 in the second innings of Eton were thoroughly well got, the batting never exceeded mediocrity. C. T. Studd, a slow round-arm bowler and the Captain of the Eton Eleven, was the most successful bowler with eight Harrow wickets for 46 runs, and on the other side R. C. Ramsay, fast round, had ten Eton batsmen at a cost of 63 runs, though generally the bowling was not deadly. The game was eventually left with Harrow wanting 49 runs to win, one batsman well in, and the ground not altogether in a state to favour the bowlers or the field, so that the question of the result will no doubt remain a very vexed question between the partisans of the respective schools. Perhaps the most promising feature of the game was the wicket-keeping of M. C. Kemp for Harrow. The length to which

our notes have already extended prevents more than a brief notice of some important matches unenumerated. Middlesex had a very even game with Notts at Lord's, and when play ceased Notts had made 74 out of 158 runs wanted to win for the loss of two wickets. Southerton's benefit match at the Oval on the 17th and two following days was ruined partly by the weather and partly by the weak show of the southerners, who were beaten by nine wickets, mainly through the excellent bowling of the Yorkshireman, Bates. Southerton's success was only moderate, but he was infinitely more fortunate than Alfred Shaw, who was to receive the proceeds of Mr. W. G. Grace's complimentary match at Lord's to recoup him for his losses in the Whit-Monday fixture, and who again cleared nothing. The contest was between cricketers under thirty and those over thirty, and the latter won by seven wickets, thanks in some measure to the vigorous batting of Dr. E. M. Grace, who scored 40 and 33, and immortalised himself in the second innings by punishing one over of Barlow to the tune of 16 runs.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

DURING the past month the principal racing cracks have been pretty much scattered round the coast. Some attended the regatta at Havre, where our neighbours, whose progress in yachting matters within the last few years is remarkable, did their best to attract a large entry. The last important event near Gravesend was a handicap promoted by the New Thames Club, to sail in cruising trim round the Nore and back to headquarters. This secured nine entries. Mr. Trower's Spindrift and the popular Vice-Commodore's big cruising schooner Nina won the first-class prizes, while Belladonna and Marian took the honours in the smaller class. At Dover, where the Royal Cinque Ports Club hold their regatta, Miranda and Fiona took the schooner prizes; Lord Gosford's big ship Cetonia being astern all day. Latona and Florinda had a rare tussle for the yawl prize, the latter eventually winning easily, while contrary to her custom Surf abandoned the race early in the day. For the Channel Match to Boulogne and back there was a fine muster of all rigs, including the Prince of Wales's schooner Hildegarde, but she was never formidable, and the racers Florinda, Latona, Formosa, Arrow, and Miranda had it all to themselves, the yawls winning the first prize, which went to Florinda; Formosa the cutter prize; and Miranda the schooners—a pretty good representative trio indeed. The wind was light and shifty, but improved towards evening. Close after this came the match, Dover to Ostend, which certainly did not want for a breeze. Mr. Rowley's Latona made a very fast passage, as did the cutters Formosa and Arrow, while Neva, which has seemed mostly out of trim since Mr. Cox has had her, sailed better than usual. Yawls scored again, Latona taking first prize: schooners next with Fiona; the one-stickers third with the Formosa. At Ostend, the first event was reduced to three entries, so Latona, Formosa, and Miranda took a prize apiece. The next day a match home to Dover began well, but the wind evaporated utterly, making the finish rather fluky. Cetonia was in first, but lost by

time to Fiona, Formosa, and Florinda, the three crack F's taking the prizes. On the Mersey waters Cuckoo did a good thing with some big opponents in the Royal Mersey Club's match, while the old rivals, Coryphée and Bloodhound, were having a close affair; Mr. Richardson eventually turning the tables on the Marquis of Ailsa, who, however, had his revenge the next day, when Bloodhound, won, though had Coryphée's bowsprit not gone the result might have been different. At Havre the weather was atrocious, but there was a great entry for the All-Nations match, Cetonia, Hildegarde, Fiona, and Arrow in the first class; Neva, Violette (late Iona), Arethusa, Zampa (late Neptune), and Hypatia in the second; and for the third, a couple, which, however, did not put in an appearance. Unfortunately, Cetonia and Hildegarde each had a man overboard; in the first instance, the sailor escaped with a ducking, but the Hildegarde's hand, though gallantly rescued by Captain Voisard of the steamer L'Hermine, died on shore, the poor fellow complaining of internal injury. Fiona, Arrow, and Neva were the probable winners, but owing to this sad fatality the match was ordered to be re-sailed the next day, when most declined to start, only a trio competing, and the Arethusa took the prize in her class.

Harking back to the land of cakes, the Royal Northern had a large fleet for their events, and Condor turned the tables on Cuckoo, Mr. Clark's big dandy taking the first prize. Among the forties, in addition to those old opponents, Bloodhound, Britannia, and Coryphée, were Niobe and Queen. After a good many changes the Marquis secured the prize. Next day Cuckoo got home within her time of Condor, but the forty's running was upheld, Bloodhound again winning easily. Matters were, however, altered at the Mudhook meeting, when Britannia, Coryphée, and Bloodhound finished in this order; and Mr. Quilter was again at the Royal Clyde meeting, where after a tedious day's work Cuckoo got home before the fatal 9 P.M. and took the prize; Condor and others giving up the struggle. The next day wind or the want of it was worse, and the big class did not finish, while of the 'forties' (so called) Coryphée and Britannia were first home, but the latter, being by Y.R.A. scale 2 tons smaller than the ballet-dancer won by time.

During the present month the scattered forces of North and South will be united in the great doings round the Isle of Wight, when our long-delayed summer may be expected at last to make amends for past shortcomings: provided the sun be not, as is too often the case, of that powerful kind which eats up the wind at these meetings.

Henley Regatta is proverbially unfortunate in its weather, and though every now and then an anniversary passes at which there is less than usual cause for grumbling at the elements, this occurs with barely sufficient frequency to prove the rule, that a Henley with one fine day is more than a fair average. Owing to exceptionally large rainfall this year, the Upper Thames was almost constantly flooded, and during the periods which, according to the almanack, rank as spring and summer, the river has been invariably up to nearly a winter level, with the current, naturally, exceptionally strong. This has made practice against stream unusually hard work, while the towing-path being in many places submerged, and in all unpleasantly muddy, coaching from the bank became nearly impossible to pedestrian mentors, and very hard work to those less active instructors who are wont to press the fiery steed into their service. As for dawdling on the banks for the mere pleasure of the thing, there being no pleasure, there were but few dawdlers to

witness practice, the most irrepressible touts electing to study varieties of style and pace from the comparatively dry and sheltered spots on the Oxfordshire bank, either on *terra firma*, or sheltered from the elements by a friendly launch or house-boat, of which a large assortment was *en évidence*, laden with the good things of this world in hospitable profusion. Weather or no weather, however, folks come to Henley, more luxurious visitors imitating the majority of the crews, and making a week or more of it, while those less fortunately circumstanced content themselves with a couple of days' sojourn in the abnormally excited town, or inaccessible diggings in the vicinity, ranging from Wargrave and even Sonning up-stream, to Medmenham and Hurley down river. The merits of the coloured person of Hurley may be considerable, but we would prefer to test his hospitality on some more favourable occasion than during Henley week, when the daily journey has a tendency to exhaust one's energies before reaching the scene of action. It has been said, however, that in the lowest depths there is a lower depth still, which is attained by *les misérables* who journey to and fro daily by the more or (improbably) less tedious route of the Great Western Railway Company, whose highest effort of 'special' genius, we are told by the unfortunates who have experienced it, is to run their customers from Paddington to Henley in about an hour and a quarter.

In spite of hard times, Henley town was as full as ever—or, at any rate, the owners of eligible dwellings abated not one jot of the Doncastrian prices which are wont to rule in the sleepy Oxfordshire town 'only once a year.' Some rapacious beings, indeed, held out too long, and got nothing; but, *per contra*, there were divers reports of unusually high prices, and even as far afield as Fair Mile one lucky widow (who never 'lets,' you know, but—) was reported to have landed a £20 fish. During the regatta days the attendance certainly appeared smaller than usual, but this may be accounted for by the unsettled state of the weather, which, especially on the first day, made all who had anything like comfortable quarters, with a glimpse of what was going forward, very loth to quit them—indeed, there never was a Henley when those bosom friends, Brown and Jones, were so universally complaining that both had been there both days and still had not met.

As for the racing, though as plentiful as ever, and even more so, owing to the addition of the School Fours, form was certainly not up to the best Henley precedents. Jesus, as we hinted last month, were strong, and won. London, their opponents in the preliminary, were neat, but not strong; and the Berks station, which was more than usually advantageous on the first day, made the heat a certainty for the Cantabs, who were undoubtedly the faster crew. The same can scarcely be said of the winners in the second heat, and it seemed that the station mainly gave the victory to Kingston over Thames. In the final, on the second day, things were altered, wind making the Bucks shore preferable. Jesus, however, showed so marked a superiority, that in this instance, for a wonder, the station did not influence the result. Considering that nearly all the College crew were old Blues, while their opponents were conspicuously below the average, the destination of the Grand Challenge Cup was scarcely a matter of surprise. In the Thames Cup, second eights, London, from the worst (centre) station, beat Thames and Ino, the latter falling astern very soon. Twickenham then beat West London, and secured the final from London. This being the Twickenham Club's first victory on the classic waters, their friends were justifiably jubilant, and the success of a fresh Club may, it is hoped, induce others to put on boats for this race. In 1867 they rowed for the Wyfold a good second to Kingston, who

then almost monopolized that event; but since then, with the exception of the entry of Campbell and Davey, who beat Chillingworth and Herbert in a heat for the goblets, the club has not been represented. The Stewards' Cup, so long held by the London men, this year fell to the victorious Cantabs of Jesus, a strong quartette, who in the first heat made short work of the Bath Avon lot, a crew which has shown very good form on many occasions this year and last. Thames beat London and First Trinity, the last, though carrying two of this year's 'Blues,' making a very poor four, with specially eccentric ideas of watermanship. Lady Margaret beat Kingston easily, and made a respectable show in the final, until the station gave Jesus the usual pull, and, being level at the corner, they won easily in the straight. None were really first-rate, and the Cantabs were decisively the pick of the basket. For the Ladies' Plate, Lady Margaret, Eton, and Jesus won their trials, and the last, having taken the Grand, stood down, leaving the boys, who were wonderfully good, to meet the other Cambridge crew. The latter won, it seemed, by the station, as up to the Point Eton had the best of it; but the strong stream told on the lads, and the Johnians landed quite easily at the finish. They were a neat, level crew, and seemed to have caught the knack of utilising slides more than any eight engaged at the Regatta.

The Wyfold Cup went to the London Club, who, while farming the Stewards for some years, have not secured the minor four-oared race since 1862. Kingston fought a good fight in the trial heat, and only lost from having to cross over. Thames made short work of Ino, but in the final were cut down in a remarkable manner by London, who took their water at Remenham and won anyhow. Most people were glad to see the evergreen Gulston, this time with Labat as his partner, win the Goblets for the fifth time; his watermanship was as perfect as ever, and Eyre and Hastie, who had what was then the worst berth, on the tow-path shore, were outpaced from the start. For the Diamond Sculls, F. L. Playford, who has not contested since he won in 1876, made his *rentrée*, and, having taken the trial heat against Payne very easily, was reckoned a moral for the final, in which he met Lowndes of Hertford College, Oxford. Owing to the wind, Bucks was the best station, and Playford, who had the opposite shore, applied to be allowed to take the centre, a concession granted by another umpire in the race immediately preceding, the Wyfold. This was refused, which no doubt put the champion rather out of sorts. Anyhow, Lowndes, under the bushes, jumped away with the lead, while Playford was making bad weather of it mid-stream, where a perfect hurricane was blowing. He therefore made for the same shelter, and followed Lowndes up, but not overhauling him, crossed the stream and back again, the upshot being that Lowndes won quite easily, Playford not persevering at the finish. His friends were of course astounded, the event being put down the certainty of the day, and looked forward to a reversal of the form at the Metropolitan Regatta, where, however, as will be seen below, owing to a foul he was again disappointed. The new feature of the card, Public School Fours, secured fair entries, and owing to Eton most high-mindedly displaying great self-denial and declining what must have been a moral for them, the affair was very open. Some of the crews were quite ragged and had not mastered even the rudiments of rowing, but altogether the exhibition was a most creditable one, and both Cheltenham and Radley showed very promising representatives, the former, who were quite a strong lot, winning the final amid great excitement.

In addition to the difference of opinion between the umpires of the Wyfold and Diamonds, there was quite a nine-days' wonder, or rather twenty-four hours' excitement, about the heats for the Grand Challenge. These were

drawn and stations allotted, also second day positions so far as to settle that the winner of the first heat had No. 1 (usually the best) station in the final, the second heat winners of course taking No. 2. Kingston and Thames were drawn for the first heat, but owing to the numerous engagements of Jesus, it was proposed that these and London should row first. To this Thames and Kingston offered no objection, but finding that the Committee proposed with this change to give the winner of the Jesus and London heat No. 1 station in the final, they naturally objected, protested, and generally kicked at the suggestion, which, however technically correct, did certainly appear unreasonable. After some suspense, the Committee reviewed their decision, and admitted the claim of the protestants, which was also warmly supported by Mr. Le Blanc Smith, the experienced Captain of the L. R. C., who saw clearly that the proposed action of the Committee was practically indefensible. Thus ended a dispute which might have shorn the programme of some of its attractions; as, in the event of the authorities persisting, both Thames and Kingston were determined not to start. The town of Henley, as usual, indulged in high jinks after the rowing was over, though—as we have stated on former occasions—much of the riot seemed the work, not of the oarsmen or their friends, but of the townfolk, who embrace the opportunity to relieve the habitual monotony of their *locale* with a little horse-play.

The Metropolitan Regatta, which in spite of the excellent character of the rowing and the value of the prizes is usually rather a dispiriting festival, was this year most unfortunate in its surroundings, the day being no exception to the chronic state of rain with which most *al fresco* gatherings have this season been favoured. Not that this seemed to keep the visitors away, indeed, though the number was said to be below the average, two steamers and the Maria Wood state barge were crowded more than conveniently, the steamers in especial which followed the races being packed with the sisters, cousins, and aunts of the performers. The sisters, &c., aforesaid, stuck to their post in spite of the threatening weather, but their heroism could not be expected to go the lengths of abstaining from hoisting the inevitable gamp, so that a sea of umbrellas prevented either their owners or more hardened followers of aquatics from catching aught than the merest casual glimpse of many of the races, showers perversely commencing just at critical moments. In view of this large attendance we were at first puzzled to account for the poverty pled by the executive, whose expenses of management are reduced to a minimum, thanks to the energy of the Committee, and though the prizes are exceptionally valuable and costly, so large an attendance must we fancied land the treasurer on the right side of his ledger. We found, however, that while a solitary individual pays half-a-guinea for admission, double that amount entitles one to a card-board good for the elastic quantity of live stock known as 'self and party,' the party in question having an almost feline degree of vitality, as seven lives are reckoned the extreme limit, though it is doubtless occasionally exceeded, specially in the case of children, who on such occasions practically take more room than adults. This then explains the lack of milk in the Metropolitan's cocoa-nut. In the good times, half a dozen years ago, when everybody made a couple of thousands a year, more or less, and spent it whether they made it or no, subscribers had one-admission for each half-guinea at most affairs of the kind, but in the present hard times an offer of better terms is doubtless a necessary condition of extracting guineas from older and more careful men. Still a line must be drawn somewhere, and might perhaps be struck rather higher than three shillings a nob. Folks are generally ready to give a little extra for increased space to move in.

The arrangement of the programme was as usual excellent. In the big race, Senior Eights, Thames and London met, the Kingston entry being withdrawn, and the blue-and-white won easily at the finish. For the Champion Fours, the struggle lay between Bath Avon, Thames and London rowing down from Hammersmith. The latter pair got away, leaving Bath astern, but the steering, especially in the Thames lot, being wild, they fouled London, who were not much better. This let up Bath, and the countrymen taking an excellent course went ahead. Thames broke an oar, and London, getting to work again, hunted the Avon men home, but could never get quite up, a veritable triumph of mind over matter, as the Bathers are quite a light team, and watermanship alone gave them the race. For the Metropolitan Eights, juniors, there were several entries, and one heat produced a splendid race between North London and Kensington, the former winning gallantly just on the post. None of the lot were, however, in the same street with Thames, a very smart junior crew, who won the trophy easily. The Pairs were a walk over for Eyre and Hastie, the Thames crack couple: but the final heat of the Sculls caused excitement enough to atone for half-a-dozen walks over. Rowing down, Playford had the station against White, and bored towards the latter, fouling him near the Soap Works. Further down, the same thing was repeated, after which Playford came away and was first home by a distance, but the umpire disqualifying him for the foul, White took the prize.

For many years, races for the Wingfield have attracted a good deal of attention, and although for the last three seasons one sculler has monopolised the trophy, on each anniversary there has been more or less interest evinced even when the final has been reckoned a moral for the scion of the famous aquatic family of Playford. This year, owing to the collapse of the Champion at Henley and his being disqualified at the Metropolitan Regatta, the affair has assumed a more open character, and the meeting of the challengers, C. G. White, a valued member of the L. R. C.—but described on this occasion as Pembroke Rowing Club, Dublin—and J. Lowndes, Hertford College, Oxford. The former, though a mere feather of nine stone and a half, has greatly distinguished himself both as sculler and oarsman, and his stamina being undoubted, he would, it was fancied, wear out Lowndes, in spite of two stone difference in weight. The race proved most exciting, White going off fast, while the Oxonian sculled more leisurely, but held his man, and, before Hammersmith, was washing him artistically. The affair now seemed over, as, up to Chiswick, Lowndes kept the lead at pleasure, and though his pilot-utter—carrying Jack Clasper—had fallen astern from the start and was probably out of sight, he managed to steer by copying White's movements, which were signalled by Mr. Gulston, who, noticing what Lowndes was doing, took his man into the bight above Chiswick Church. Lowndes followed suit, until he was quite in the slack, and White, pulling his left hard, came out astern, into the best of the tide, which was almost high water, and at the bottom of Horse Reach was absolutely level with the Oxonian. A neck-and-neck race ensued to the bridge, where a bargelay in the way, and Lowndes, instead of taking his proper course inside, came out and fouled White, both stopping dead. On getting clear they set to work again, but were next hampered by the launch of Mr. Thorneycroft, who being a water-side might have known better. Lowndes was nearly swamped, but just escaped in time, and the pair raced home gallantly, Lowndes seeming to have the best of it, though old Jack Phelps's verdict was only half a length in his favour. White appealed to Mr. Brickwood, who was umpire, but his decision was 'first home,' so Lowndes had to meet Playford.

In the final heat there was none of the intense interest which marked the trial, though the number of spectators was far in excess of any previous anniversary, and the steamer's patrons were packed like herrings. Lowndes was never in it, the Londoner coming right away after a mile, leading at Barnes by over half-a-minute, and three-quarters at the finish, having never been pushed after the first furlong. Lowndes worked very gamely, but was outpaced all through, and those who forget the exceptional conditions of the Henley race, wondered more than ever how he ever, throwing in wind, station, temper, and what-not, managed to lead Playford, who has now won the championship four times, and appears likely to imitate the brook and 'go on for ever.'

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—A Midsummer Medley.

Down the thick sward of a mile famous in racing story, and up whose trying hill many high-classed reputations have succumbed, the sides bounded on one hand by a rampart on which fiery Saxon and furious Dane might have met in deadly rivalry, and on the other by a plantation sacred to Venus and luncheon; few there are who do not know that lovely spot. We wish, selfishly of course, that the reverse was the case, and that it was unknown to the great majority; we wish that there was still a spot left on this racing earth besides Danebury Down, where we might enjoy the national sport without the assistance of the nation. All of which sounds very bad, we confess, and 'the nation' will perhaps be down upon us somewhere in the columns of something for our apparent snobbishness. It is not that really, but only a natural desire for the peace and quietness that cometh but rarely to the racing man. Some of us middle-aged fogies can remember when the July was a blissful meeting indeed, in the days when we had such a thing as summer, and there were strawberries; where there was a little good racing in which quality and not quantity was the rule, and we were able to lounge on the grass (or in the plantation if Amaryllis preferred it), and if we backed the winners of the July and the Chesterfield, why it sufficed. Now all that has passed away, and with a lengthy programme and Mr. Tattersall selling yearlings from morn to dewy eve, the July week is a tearing one, during which turf reporters bemoan themselves, and disquisitions on shape and breeding form the staple of conversation. On this occasion the weather was only too 'awfully awful,' and days of storms and nights of chilling cold made 'the warmth of its July' a bitter memory.

The sport was good, however, and we saw some undeniably good horses, and that was a comfort. We confess to an honest liking for a good horse—a racehorse, in fact—and for a total inability to appreciate that plating excellence so dear to many racing men. We are quite aware that to the vast majority of turfites the horse is the instrument of gaming and nothing else, and that Confetti, so as he wins, is entirely on a par with Wheel of Fortune in their eyes. We fancy shape, and make, and pedigree are but lightly regarded by these worthies. The wholesome and dark plater, and the worthless wretch who has had his head pulled off until he finds himself in the Great Roping Handicap a five-year-old with 6 st. 7 lbs., are in their eyes gems of price. To point out a Bend Or or a Mask would little excite them unless their

numbers had gone up; and they are more at home at Croydon when the selling plater of their choice comes to the front than they are on the Bunbury Mile among

'The future fathers of our kings to be.'

This, however, is a digression. We must take the rough with the smooth in our racing pilgrimage, and we see so much of the plater and so little of the racehorse that we had better put up with what we get. Indeed, on the other side of the Ditch on this occasion, we saw more of the racehorse than has been vouchsafed to us since Ascot. We mentally congratulated the Duke of Westminster when he got rid of Morier, and to see the colours of Lord Strafford carried first past the chair on Gil Blas was a revival of old memories. It was a sincere pleasure also to see such a good sportsman as Prince Soltykoff in the possession of what struck us as a good horse in Mask. Nothing could well have been easier than the way in which he won the July, and behind him were Marc Antony, Evasion, Dora, &c. About the most muscular two-year-old we ever saw, with quarters that ought to stand him in good stead over the Epsom gradients, we hope that Mask will train on and turn out better than his half-brother Spark did. He has not the quality of Spark, but there is a wear-and-tear look about him from which we augur favourably. Evasion ran better than she did at Stockbridge, and was we fancy second best. She was not, as at Stockbridge, ridden in spurs, and that may account for it. As to the others we can form no opinion, for Mask had so settled his field from the start that non-persevering was the order of the day. That useful plater, Cagliostro, won on the first day, as he generally does when the money is down, and there was an exhibition on the part of another French horse, Venise, in the First Welter, but what it was all about we do not know. They are 'kittle cattle' to deal with are the Frenchmen. For our own part we have come to the conclusion that it is best to leave them alone.

How we all overvalued Discord when we thought he was going to win the Two Thousand is clear to our perceptions by this time, and the race for the Midsummer Stakes helped the clearance. Muley Edria, what with racing and trying two-year-olds, has had nearly enough of it, and was hopelessly beaten a quarter of a mile from home, while Discord had a good deal of trouble to overhaul Peace, whom he only defeated at last by a head; cleverly some people said, but we failed to see it. The popular and kindly foreigner who has now become acclimatised among us, and whose name is a fertile source of pleasantry to tiny wits, had a real good thing in Anonyma for the Beaufort Stakes, one of those certainties on which people had a dash at the last moment, and our Prince who had escaped from the horrors of the Agricultural Show arrived in time to do his little plunge, and in the end all went merry as a marriage bell. Anonyma won easily enough, and as some noble sportsmen got on her at 5 and 6 to 1, why it was a very pleasant win. Douranee, of course, won the Exeter Stakes, seeing she had nothing to beat, and Schoolboy upset Masquerader in the Fourth Two-Year-Old—a terrible affair the latter circumstance for many fine young English gentlemen.

The race of the afternoon was that for the July Cup. It was thought that Océanie would oppose Hackthorpe, and unthinking people prepared themselves to lay odds on the latter. But the Phantom Cottage stable knew better. They had a rod for the back of Hackthorpe, in the shape of the celebrated Phénix, ridden by the no less celebrated Goater; and the non-appearance of the flying French filly ought to have opened our eyes to the

strength of their game. But Phénix is one of those 'kittle cattle' to which we have just referred. There is, as the fat knight remarked to Mrs. Quickly, 'no knowing where to have them'; and Mrs. Quickly's obvious retort will not apply in their case. What was Phénix going to do? We had seen him beaten by Paul's Cray at Epsom, and we had seen him knock about the best miler in training (as we then thought) into a cocked-hat at Ascot. Now here he was meeting a very speedy gentleman over his own course, in Hackthorpe. What would he do? The clever people were puzzled. Half inclined to back him, they were wholly afraid to do so, and so let slip the golden opportunity, for Phénix jumped away in front directly the flag fell, raced Hackthorpe out of it before he had gone two furlongs, and won in a canter, though he only beat Out of Bounds by a neck. So the old sore broke out again. The bookmakers cheered ironically; the gentlemen looked at one another, and thought a good deal, and Goater was a trifle pale as he returned to weigh in. It transpired that most of the Newmarket division were on the winner, and all the jockeys, and after the race there was a disposition to back Paul's Cray for the Liverpool Cup. But we need scarcely say that Tom Jennings was not disposed to put up with such a liberty as this, and the pen quickly went through Paul's Cray's name. He will afford work for the handicappers though, no doubt, during the autumn, and we wish him a good deliverance.

The fields in some of the over-night races were very large during the meeting, and particularly so on the second day, when there was the Second Welter, and also a Maiden Plate, seventeen running for the first and eighteen for the second. Lincolnshire was the good thing in the Welter. He had been highly tried just before Ascot, and was backed for the Wokingham, in which he was disappointed. Now the Welter was said to be at his mercy they took 5 to 2 kindly about him, even in such a big field. He ran up to his trial, for Fordham brought him to the front at the plantation, and he soon had his horses in trouble, beating Royal very easily by a length. The Katrine colt and the Chieftain's Daughter colt were the principal favourites for the Maiden Plate, though Archer's mount, The Shaker, found support, chiefly because he had run forward in the Two Year Old Plate in the Second Spring, in which Océanie made her *début*. The issue of the race must be considered 'a fluke,' for Lemaire, who rode Susquehanna, pulled up at the July Stakes chair, three lengths before everything, under the impression that that was the winning post. Archer, of course, took advantage of this, and sending The Shaker along, obtained such an advantage that though Lemaire set Susquehanna going again, she could not overhaul The Shaker, who won, after a fine race, by a head. Every one was glad at such a good sportsman as General Mark Wood, whose colours are not often seen in the van, winning a race, and we hope The Shaker will hold his own; but we fear his number would not have been hoisted this afternoon but for Lemaire's blunder.

The weather still vexed us on Thursday, but the sight of a good horse—a real clinker, we hope and believe, in Bend Or—made some amends. There was the Chesterfield, of course, always an interesting race, and one of the very few half-mile races which recent legislation has abolished that we shall lament. We believe the Jockey Club has taken the right step in this matter, but we wish they had gone a step higher to begin with, and ordained that no three-year-old should run over a course less than a mile. 'Why, my dear fellow,' said a friend to whom we propounded this idea, with genuine horror in the tone of his voice, 'you would put a stop to racing.' Alas, that so it should be, but we fear our friend is right. Fancy a meeting without a five-furlongs handicap for three-year-olds and upwards; why, half our horses

would have to be shot. Yes, the idea is in advance of the age, we believe, and it must be pigeon-holed for the next quarter of a century, till the errors of our ways will have dawned upon us, and some zealous steward of the Club shall immortalise himself by disinterring it.

But to return to our racing. In addition to the Chesterfield there was the meeting of Phénix and Silvio in the Bunbury Stakes, and some other close finishes, which, though not between anything of great class, were very interesting. The French stable was lucky in the Maiden Stakes, which looked a pretty good thing for Gil Blas, the winner of the Princess of Wales Cup on Tuesday; but he could not carry his penalty home, and was beaten by Innocent. Baveno was one of Captain Machell's selling platers, on which you might plunge and go to sleep. Fortunate were the people who could get 7 to 4 about it, for it speedily came to even money, and, we need scarcely add, won in a canter; Lord Dupplin giving 510 guineas for her at the hammer. Lincolnshire gave us, in the July Handicap, another proof that no mistake had been made when he was backed for the Hunt Cup; for he made mincemeat of Japonica, Flashman, and such small deer. The weather was more favourable to-day than on Tuesday, when inspection of the July candidates was well-nigh an impossibility, owing to the heavy rain. Now we could see them in the plantation, and popular rumour, which had been loud in Bend Or's praises, was more than confirmed. It would have been difficult to pick a hole in the handsome chestnut, a son of Doncaster and Rouge Rose, and the unanimity about him was wonderful. Generally there are as diverse opinions about a horse as there are about a woman; but the most hypercritical acknowledged that Bend Or was as good-looking a one as they had seen for some time, not forgetting his stable companion Evasion either. He is all over quality, with powerful quarters, well-placed shoulders, and a grand top. He took all eyes, and all the money as well; for it was thought that Robert Peck was very sweet upon his chance, though something was said (the only words to his disparagement that we heard) about his not quite liking a hill, which turned out to be an egregious error, if ever it was really entertained. He won anyhow; Petal and Dora were his immediate followers home, the others being eased as soon as it was seen their case was hopeless. The race for the Chesterfield was very similar indeed to that for the July; for as Mask ran away with the latter, so did Bend Or with the former; and we congratulate two such good sportsmen as Prince Soltykoff and the Duke of Westminster on having two such good horses. There is no doubt about one, and we hope there is little about the other.

The meeting of Phénix and Silvio in the Bunbury Stakes was the other interesting event of the afternoon. After the taste of his quality in the Cup of course he looked quite capable of giving 5 lbs. to Silvio, and odds were therefore laid on him, Rob Roy and Sutler, the other two runners, being at 50 to 1 each. It was a very fine race, and at last Phénix's neck was stretched. It was a match of course, and in the dip Phénix had an advantage, which, as they came up the hill, Silvio attempted to rob him of. Inch by inch Lord Falmouth's horse crept up, and it was a fine exhibition of skill on the part of men and gameness of horses; but Silvio could not quite reach him, and Phénix won by a short head. Every one expected the result, only we did not think it would be quite such a close affair. There were no ironical cheers on this occasion. We have passed that point, and the old Phénix being dead and buried, we take off our hats to that bird newly arisen from the old ashes.

There was a slight sensation in the next event, a 10 sov. sweepstakes, over the five furlongs course—because the best thing of the week—that on

which everybody had a plunge from H. R. H. downwards, was very nearly being brought to grief through the unpardonable error of a young gentleman of the name of Heywood, who rode Confetti in the race, and took upon himself the liberty of winning it. How he could have done such a thing we are at a loss to explain. We remember some few years ago that the late lamented Mr. Joseph Wood had his pocket picked on Brighton racecourse. The fact was in itself so extraordinary that upon its being known it became a topic of conversation, until the illustrious Joe explained how it happened. 'It was a d—d countryman,' he said; meaning that some ignorant rustic—a perfect outsider at the game—had, like a fool, rushed in where a (London) thief would have feared to tread. We think young Heywood must be a rustic, or else he never would have ventured to 'interfere,' as Jeffery said he did, with that Echo II., about which they took 5 to 4. Confetti, too, was not backed for a sixpence, which made it the more unpardonable of Master Heywood. Why should he go and 'interfere' with Echo II., even supposing the latter was beaten? Why could he not have been content with following her home, instead of blanching many a cheek and causing the faces of backers to look troubled, as Confetti's number went up? Clearly, Master Heywood, to use the lamented Joe Wood's words, must be a 'd—d countryman.' However, we trust he has had a lesson, and will not do it again.

The event of the closing day—and we are not quite sure that we are right in so calling it—was the match between Sir John Astley and Mr. Caledon Alexander, over the Suffolk Stakes course, on their horses Drumhead and Briglia. Commenced in a half-chaffing way at the Bibury Club the previous week, it had been taken up in sober earnest, and though there were many people found ready to declare that nothing would come of it, no such idea, we fancy, ever entered the minds of the principals. 'The Mate' immediately went in for hard walking exercise, which led, according to popular report, to a lamentable result; for the appetite the exercise engendered became the means of Sir John putting on more flesh than he got rid of. Be that as it may, there is no doubt, as the sequel proved, that he was in better condition than his opponent. His early habits of training stood him in good stead, and though Mr. Alexander was doubtless the better horseman of the two, he tired before his horse, and Sir John won in a canter.

The result was not according to 'the book.' Under light weights and over five or six furlongs Briglia is able to give her opponent 10 lbs., but she succumbs over a longer course and under welter weights, though she is receiving 6 lbs. This may be explained in a certain degree by the fact that Briglia ran away with Mr. Alexander for a quarter of a mile or more and beat herself and her jockey; but would the result have been the same if they had run at hunting weights, say 14 st. each, with Custance and Cannon in the saddle?

So long as light weights and short distances are the fashion of the day, breeders will go for speed only, and will care nothing for stoutness or ability to carry weight—and why should they? But for any other purpose for which horses are wanted, strength is a great desideratum. Drumhead may be the worse racehorse, but he is the better weight-carrier. Where are the horses of the present day fit to compare with Trenby, who carried Mr. Osbaldiston (11 st. 7 lbs.) sixteen miles in thirty-three minutes and fifteen seconds? And yet there are people who tell us that our stayers have not degenerated.

We did not go to Liverpool, but it was a fairly successful meeting, and Maximilian, who was very well in the Cup, carried off the prize for the

Duke of Westminster; so the yellow jacket has not been doing badly of late. Maximilian will run when he likes, and no doubt is an improving horse, and will yet bring back some of the money so lavishly given for him. We contented ourselves with the sylvan beauties of Kempton that week, and very pretty the place looked on the occasion of its first anniversary. Great pains had been bestowed upon it evidently, and the Club lawn, with its trim flower-beds and well-kept turf, looked at its best. If only the Club Stand had been fuller, the sight would have been more cheering perhaps to Colonel Peyton and his brother directors; but we hope and believe that by the next meeting there will be a considerable accession of members. The visit of the Prince of Wales, who was charmed with the course, as, indeed, must every one be who has seen it, did great good; for, where royalty goes, not only follow Brown, Jones, and Robinson, but others of higher degree. It is the way of the world, always has been, and always will be, and if the charm and desirableness generally of Kempton Park have only been just discovered by fashion and beauty, why we must not blame them. How could they possibly know till they were told in the proper quarter? Next summer we shall expect to see fashion promenading and beauty holding her court on the lawn at the back of the stand; and if the directors would turn their attention, as we once before ventured to suggest, to a pretty bit of ground on the other side of the course, capable of being laid out as a sort of lawn and lounge for the ladies in the intervals of racing, they would add to the natural attractions of the place. Though Kempton cannot boast the situation of Sandown, nor its view, yet it has a beauty peculiarly its own, the chief features of which are its eminently park-like appearance and its magnificent foliage, which we hope never to see destroyed. One thing we would impress upon the directors, who, we are quite aware, are most anxious to do everything in the most liberal spirit, and to make the members of the club comfortable—and that is, that one of the best means of so doing is to give them a good luncheon. Now in this department Kempton has as yet not exactly failed, but it has hardly come up to the mark expected of it. One of the great helps to the success that Sandown has attained has been from the first the excellence of the commissariat. This is important, and we feel sure the Kempton directors will not mind our friendly hint.

The late meeting was certainly the best in the way of sport that had yet been held there. The fields were good all through, and though the Kempton Cup, with its liberal added money, should have brought out a greater number of horses, we fancy it is a race that will become more popular with owners as time goes on. The weather, except on the last day, was really nice and pleasant, and occasionally one felt quite warm, a novel and delicious feeling much appreciated. In the Trial Stakes, the first event of the opening day, the meeting of Placida and Alchemist was made the medium of a good deal of gambling. Backers were about equally divided between the two, though the mare was the favourite; and if Mr. Beddington did not greatly fancy Alchemist, many other people did. The latter, however, seemed to be out-paced from the start, and the farther Placida went the farther she won. Confetti, after what he so injudiciously tried to do, or did, at Newmarket, was of course the good thing of the day for the Selling Plate, and every one had a plunge. The Prince of Wales, who had come down on Lord Charles Beresford's coach, of course backed Count Jaraczewski's horse, and all followed suit. It did not turn out such a very good thing, however; for though Confetti won, he cost his backers moments of much uneasiness as the horses came up the straight. He seemed to be first in trouble, and it was only Archer's efforts, seconded by great gameness, no doubt, on the part of the horse, that

brought him home a neck in front of Cayuga. Archer did not spare him, we must say, and poor Confetti will probably remember Kempton Park for some time to come. As he had fulfilled the purpose for which the Count bought him, he was let go to his Grace of Montrose for 300 guineas, and we wish the Duke joy of him. Devotee has disappointed her stable more than once this year, and she did again this afternoon in the Welter Handicap, which really was a pretty good thing for Telephone, at least so thought Lord Dupplin when he went in and took 700 to 100 directly the numbers went up, late comers, the owner included, having to put up with fives and fours to one. It was a fine race for awhile between Telephone and Hudibras, but the former won cleverly at the finish. There were one or two good-looking young ones in the Royal Stakes—the Pintail colt from Humphris's stable being the favourite; a good mover, though he appeared to want a little more time. Whitebine, who won at Hampton, was another good mover, but he was not so much fancied, as he had a penalty. However, he won easily enough, the Pintail colt being second. The July Handicap was another medium of rash speculation, and nearly everybody had 'a dash' on Hopbloom, who was Archer's mount, and was giving Suffolk Lad 3 lbs. This, according to the talent, he would be able to do and win, and, we own, we thought with the talent; but we were wrong. It was a very fine race from the distance, between the two, but Suffolk Lad always had a little the best of it, and though Archer got as much as he could out of Hopbloom, the latter was beaten by a neck.

There was not much to interest on the card the second day, and backers said in the train that they thought they would 'look on,' an idea often promulgated, but never in our recollection carried into effect. So we need scarcely say after this that nearly every one was desirous of backing Collingbourne for the first race, the Middlesex Stakes, and those who did not back him backed Paramatta instead. There was a tip from Newmarket about Barullion, but it was only attended to by a select few. Neither of the two favourites were in it, and the sequel was a splendid finish between three placed, Barullion coming with a rush opposite the Club Stand and beating Suffolk Lad by a head, the same distance separating the latter from Carnethy. The race for the Prince of Wales's Cup was rather noteworthy for the win of Silver Cloud, because Silver Cloud, ridden by Goater, had been badly beaten at Stockbridge, and now here she made a fine race of it with Fanfare, and beat him by a head—a rather singular alteration in form. Iron Duke and Sunbeam, the two favourites, were never in it, by the way, and ran very badly. The race of the day was the Kempton Park Two-Year-Old Stakes, and here we had some quality and good looks to make amends for the plentiful plating with which the programme too much abounds. There had been a great talk about a young one in Captain Machell's stable, the colt by Adventurer out of Cantinière. Like his dam he was very narrow-looking, and did not at all recommend himself to the eye, but he had done something at home evidently, or else his advent would not have been heralded as it was. There were one or two in the paddock that had higher credentials, as far as looks went, among them Country Dance, a handsome daughter of Doncaster and Highland Fling, Whitebine, and Skilleygolee. The two latter were winners, and each were backed, as was Country Dance, but the rage for the Cantinière colt was such that at one time even money was eagerly taken about him, and happy were they who got 6 to 4. It was the old story of the dark wonder proving to be an impostor, or something very like one, for he was beaten before reaching the stand, where Country Dance, who had the lead, was challenged by Whitebine and Triermain, the latter getting up in

the last strides and making a dead heat of it. The stakes were subsequently divided, and Mr. Crawford's filly walked over.

On the last day the weather spoiled all, but as Master Kildare won the Cup the feelings of those present were somewhat assuaged. He has been rather a trouble to his stable, and in the early part of the year was *bors de combat*, but he looked well enough at Kempton, though it was stated that his illness had affected his wind. He won very cleverly, and people who treasured up the recollection of how well Placida ran for some distance profited by it we hope the other day at Sandown. But we must not dwell longer on Kempton Park. The meeting was eminently successful in all respects, and we hope before next anniversary we shall see the Club with many additional members, and that higher class of racing which we know the directors of the company are so anxious to secure there.

After all, racing between the July week and Goodwood is a sort of plating interregnum, and it will require strenuous efforts to get horses of a class at either of our metropolitan clubs (Sandown and Kempton), let the authorities offer what prizes they may. The provincial gatherings at Winchester, Southampton, and Halifax are more dependent on particular stables, and sport of a fair class may generally be expected at them. Halifax, the newest venture, seems likely to prosper though it has met with strong opposition from that Puritan element which in some parts of the country is still so vigorous. The opposition did not do much harm at Halifax, at least to the racing, but the piety of the opponents drove them to do a great act of injustice to the poor card-sellers, who were prosecuted for causing an obstruction in the streets, and either imprisoned or fined. Of course, as religious zeal prompted this outbreak, the card-sellers had to console themselves with the idea that they were suffering *ad majorem Dei gloriam*—a comforting reflection which we trust sweetened the bread and water of affliction to them. As for their pious persecutors they were sustained by feelings too lofty to admit of any doubts as to the propriety of their conduct. Depriving a few poor people of the means of earning their bread appeared to these miserable Puritans an act in the execution of which they were doing God service. To waste a word or thought on such people would be useless. We pity the poor card-sellers, while we have a very strong belief that our real pity, if we could feel it, ought to be bestowed on their persecutors.

We had two most enjoyable days at Sandown, and as much of society as had not already taken flight in search of the warmth and sunshine denied us here met on the club lawn and lunched in the bright and pretty pavilion which has been erected since last meeting. A charming pavilion it is, fitted up with great taste, and wherein Messrs. Bertram and Roberts's catering effects, aided by additional kitchens, &c., have freer scope than they have yet been able to attain. Every one was loud in the praises of the place, and the thanks of members are due to Sir Wilford Brett and Mr. Hwfa Williams for these additions to their comfort. The park and grounds were looking, too, their best and brightest, and on all sides you heard the words chiefly from pretty lips, 'How nice it all is!' The Prince was there, accompanied by Prince Louis of Battenberg and Prince Christian (the latter one of the most regular of members), and there were most of the beauty woman there too. The fields were large, and though the class represented was not very high, yet the racing was close and exciting. It did not always turn out exactly as backers wished, and there were one or two real good things upset in a surprising way, but then that is very often the case at Sandown, where the severity of the course, requiring a thorough stayer, upsets many calculations. Fordham,

Cannon, and Archer distinguished themselves greatly, and the former showed us that his right hand had lost none of its cunning. In the race between Silver-streak and Early Morn was a splendid exhibition of jockeyship, while the way in which Fordham on Placida beat Hackthorpe for the Gold Cup will be remembered by those who saw it. Archer made the hearts of one or two of the boys to sink into their boots when he came alongside of them, and that was notably the case when he rode that generally ungenerous brute Shillelagh, and M. P. on the first day. There was a sad accident on the Friday which rather marred the pleasures of the afternoon. There was a scrimmage in the first race, the Surrey Juvenile, occasioned by two jockeys both trying for an inside berth at the turn, and Burnt Cake and Cedric jumped the rails, the rider of the former, Aldridge, breaking his leg badly and otherwise injuring himself, while Wood, who was on Cedric, escaped with a shaking. Aldridge was at once conveyed into the Club-house and his leg set by Mr. Izod of Esher, but it is doubtful if he will ever be able to ride again. The Prince of Wales, with his accustomed kindness, went to see the poor lad, and said some kind words to him, and Messrs. Bertram and Roberts immediately headed a subscription for his benefit. This apart, the meeting was an entirely enjoyable one, smiled on by the weather and by beauty and fashion also. It was the last *al fresco* gathering before Goodwood, that final dispersion of men and women, not exactly to their farms and their merchandise, but some to the waters of the Solent, others to Scotland, many to the Engadine. Happy people who can so disperse. We have proposed the Engadine to Mr. Bailly, stating how happy we should be—putting aside all other considerations—to go there for a month at his expense, but regret to say the proposition has not been favourably received. We feel that a 'Van' of no common interest has been thereby lost to the world.

Not that the world will be entirely a loser. If we are not misinformed, it will be well represented at Pontresina, and perchance 'Atlas' will have much to tell us stay-at-homes, either toiling after the grouse or pursuing the uneven tenour of our racing way. We hope to read all about the gay doings, sitting leisurely on some Yorkshire headland, with the German Ocean murmuring at our feet. That will be *our* Pontresina, rather slow, perhaps, but entirely respectable; our readers may depend on that. But we are wandering, and must return to the beaten path, and that points Southward Ho?

The Goodwood Saturday is usually devoted, for want of something better to do, to a leisurely striking of tents and preparations for 'sitting' in an easterly direction, from the harpies of Bognor and Chichester to the daughters of the horse-leech who reiterate their well-known cry at Brighton and Worthing. Racing men with an eye to business, however, should not fail to take the wings of the morning, and to make Sandgate their mid-day halting-place, where we will guarantee their good entertainment and a hearty welcome at the hands of Mr. Carew Gibson, who holds his third annual sale at one of the most charming homes in the South of England. Nestling beneath that famous spur of the Southdowns, upon which so many cracks from Michel Grove have taken their final breathers 'just before the battle,' the place has a sporting flavour about it in keeping with the snug ranges of boxes, trim inclosures, and sheltered paddocks tenanted by the flower of equine chivalry of all ages, from the tender foal which noses its dam's udder beneath the greenwood tree, to the staid and sober matron cropping the sweet herbage in solitary state under the lee of the plantation. Rosicrucian is king in this happy valley, and if he is unable to boast the possession, like old King Cole, of his 'fiddlers three,' he can at least command the allegiance of Paganini, bold, larky, and handsome as ever, and flashing his silver tail with the old

'follow me' sort of air, so familiar to good handicap company a few seasons ago. 'Rosi' boasts, of course, the lion's share among the yearling contingent, and his sons and daughters make up one dozen out of the three offered for sale. There is no mistaking the impress of their sire upon his handsome family, stamped as each and all of them are with the same level neatness, grand muscular development, and finished precocity so dear to the seekers after the handy and useful sort of yearlings, which make their mark and pay their training bill early in the year. We fancy the May Queen colt and the brother to Preciosa will hold crowded levies during the morning of Saturday next; while among the fillies, connoisseurs will linger longest over the fair daughters of Themis and Lucretia, and next to these the progeny of Mantilla, Sphynx, and Melodious are likely to rivet the attention of intending 'purchasers. Lovers of the Newminster blood—and their name is legion—will be drawn away to contemplate the young Hermits and Adventurers, the Sooloo filly of the Blankney sire, and Reaction colt by the pride of Sheffield Lane being likely to command the largest share of attention, and a quartette of better grown yearlings it would be next to impossible to find in any collection. Macaroni's Miss Glasgow colt has been mentally noted down as a 'nailer' in many a catalogue already; and if Kingcraft's colt from Rinderpest does not please, it will be strange indeed, and we have but little of the grand old Alarm blood left in the country. For followers of the latest fashion Mr. Gibson has not forgotten to cater; and many will be on the look-out for Favonius fillies, to whom we would commend a few minutes' interview with the handsome daughter of Lizzie Distin. Scottish Chief, Mandrake, King of the Forest, Restitution, and Vedette are also favourably represented; while from the far north come descendants of Macgregor, Argyll, King Lud, Tynedale, and Exminster, all worthy to supplement Mr. Gibson's string, which is therefore not likely to suffer owing to lack of freshness and variety. Sensational prices, which might have been forthcoming a few years since, cannot of course be expected; but there is something at Sandgate to please all comers, and the conduct of former sales is a guarantee against reserve prices and such like manoeuvres, destructive in the highest degree of a vendor's name and reputation.

Those who availed themselves of the opening day of the Royal Show, and went to Kilburn to see the judging, were rewarded by a lovely day, about the finest this peculiar season has given us. On our arrival we found the judges—Colonel Luttrell, Mr. J. B. Booth, and a gentleman in a Norfolk shooting-jacket, whose name no one seemed to know—hard at work with the Thoroughbred Stallions, and on the point of coming to a decision which was in favour of Duc de Beaufort (who won several races for Mr. Clare Vyner), Make Haste, who has left his mark in Devonshire, and also in Lincolnshire we are told, and Caterer, in the order given. The winner has fine action, but lacks substance, and wants more middle piece. Make Haste has both the latter, a fair amount of the former, and Caterer has great quality, and is a good mover as well. Next came the Hunter mares and foals, and again Snowflake won (what a pity this grand mare never has a good foal), a very nice mare, Evangeline, shown by Mr. Goodliff, with a Julius foal, one of the best we have seen for many a day, was second, and Minerva, the property of the Master of the Atherstone, was third. The Weight-carrying Hunters then came into the ring, and we certainly had quantity as well as quality, and, if we mistake not, several old friends, some with no names and some with new ones. Mr. Goodwin's Gainsboro' looked to us exceedingly like George Henry, who was quite invincible as a three-year-old, and who has not been seen for some years at a

show; then FitzOldaker was riding a bay horse by Voltigeur, that we speedily recognised as the high-priced Leotard, who made 700 guineas at poor Mr. James Hall's sale at Scorbro' two years ago. Mr. Legard had sent Blacklock with his Alexandra Park honours thick upon him, but he was coughing badly, and there were besides Hurricane, who won at Islington, Scotsman, the Doncaster winner, and The King, who was third at the Alexandra Park. Andrew Brown was riding Gambler (who won in a moderate class at Manchester), and was suddenly taken over the barrier into the other ring, much to his astonishment, we expect. However, the winner was not found in any of these, but in King John, a son of Lucifer, and who came from Northumberland, a big-boned, short-legged horse, who moved well, but lacking the quality of Blacklock, who was dead amiss, and was obliged to play second fiddle to the Northumbrian; Leotard being third. A large class of Light-weight Hunters was soon dissected, and we found two old prize-winners, Cockney and His Majesty, fighting it out with a black horse (who looked like carrying a huntsman), Emperor, belonging to Mr. Phipps. The judges reversed the decision at Alexandra Park, and put Cockney before His Majesty—as was the case at Islington—and Emperor third. The Four-year-old class introduced us to a new nag, whose pedigree reminded us of the Boynton sale, and a nice blood-like horse into the bargain, Yeoman, by Ploughboy, dam by Angelus; some folks said he was a whistler, but the judges ought to know, as they rode him; next to him came the helpless-going Katerfelto, and then Golden Plover—the Islington places of these two being reversed. Colonel Barlow's Shannon was again shown, but he has not made the improvement we expected he would when we saw him at Islington, and here, to make things worse, he got rid of his rider. Whilst this class was being judged, a parade of mules and donkeys was going on for the amusement of the Royal party, who had arrived some little time before, and some of the young horses objected to the intrusion very much; Jack Goodwin being obliged to turn Gendarme's tail where his head should have been, so that the horse might not see these ungainly intruders. The Four-year-old Mares was a small class, and then came the Three-year-old Hunters. In this class, a grand chestnut colt by old Vulcan won, as he has done on many previous occasions, and as he will continue to do if he keeps well. We had not time to go amongst the Hacks and Coaching classes, but we believe there was a good show, and that many old friends received favourable notice from the judges (Mr. H. Beevox and Mr. Parker), and the weather continued so bad all the week that we had not any inclination to return to inspect them.

The cattle were not exactly those of a thousand hills, but still the show was a wonderfully good one. The entries were 940, an unprecedented number, we believe, but, singular to say, the foreign cattle were not there, or, at least, were there in such small numbers as to be comparatively unrepresented. Our breeders had come prepared to see the Charolais cattle that made the Paris show last year such an attraction, but not one was there, nor any of the Swiss or Spanish herds. There were but few Normans, and Denmark sent one bull. France was kinder to us in the way of dairy-maids, well got up, with plump arms and trim ankles; but they were not among the exhibits, still were they fair to see. If the wretched weather had not spoiled so many things, the International Dairy would have been the pretty thing of the show. The Ailesbury Dairy Company came out strongly, so did the French, as we have intimated, and we dare say other nations were represented, but on the occasion of our visit we were so much taken by the French method, as exemplified by the plumpness and trimness above referred to, that we disregarded others. To return to the cattle proper, the Shorthorns were all good,

some superior to anything that been in the showyard before, so said some good judges. The Hertfords, too, though there were only sixty-three entries, had scarcely a bad one among them. Lord Falmouth was to the fore with his Devons, as might have been expected, and he and Mr. Gould ran first and second with bulls which had gained honours at Exeter and Devonport. The Scotch cattle showed a little falling off in numbers, but the quality was good. The Polled Angus were much admired, so were the Galloway cattle, though only nine were sent. The West Highlander, who is generally such a feature at Islington, was but poorly represented; but there was a good show of Jersey cattle, and Lord Rosslyn took second prize in the bull class. Space will not allow us to dwell further upon a show which, had the elements been propitious, would have afforded delight to thousands.

We have lived such a life of going to and fro upon the earth that we have been able to see but little of the theatres. 'Madame Favart' we, however, paid our respects to the other night, and very delighted were we with her, and did not at all wonder at Marshal Saxe having been so troublesome and interfered with the domestic happiness of herself and M. Marius to the extent he did. We did not so much care for the loves of Miss Violet Cameron (Suzanne) and Mr. H. Bracy (Hector), seeing they did not seem to care much about it themselves, and we thought that the two *aides-de-camp* in blue ought to have had six months' each. With that our criticism ends. The piece is charming, and so thoroughly well acted that no wonder it is having the run it is. The music is worthy of Offenbach, and Miss Florence St. John has a voice which we trust her nightly exertions will not try too much. The claims of comic opera are hard, and if, as is probable, 'Madame Favart' runs up to Christmas and beyond, what is to become of the singers? Miss St. John's organ is too precious to be wasted upon country cousins, and we hope she will not waste it.

We thought burlesque had reached its lowest limits in vulgarity and absurdity, but we were wrong. The production of 'Venus' at the Royalty has reached that 'lower depth' which exists even in the deep of modern burlesque. It is not that it is simply an inane production, with neither rhyme or reason to recommend it. That we are, unfortunately, accustomed to, and though we might have groaned under the infiction, we would have suffered in silence. But 'Venus' is avowedly an exhibition of women—what the management, we suppose, considers handsome women with shapely figures—and nothing else, and when we mention that Miss Nelly Bromley fills the title-role, and fills it of course well, we have said all. We would wish to speak in befitting terms of the other ladies who represent the gods and goddesses of Olympus, the Phœbes, the Almas, the Maries, and the Emilies, who, with a nameless herd of lesser stars, disport themselves in Olympian revels, but we find it hard to do so. We will remember, however, that they are not responsible for the position they occupy. That has been thrust upon them. Still must we hold some one to blame for this latter insult to good taste, and the unhappy authors and the manager will please to divide it between them. Not that the blame will much affect the latter, for Mr. Edgar Bruce can point to the crowded stalls, filled nightly with crutches and toothpicks, as a proof that 'Venus' draws. Mr. Edgar Bruce, too, can boast that he has introduced the latest thing in children, or supposed children, to an admiring audience, and surely that ought to be the brightest feather in his cap of management. The young person who plays Psyche is, we hear, like 'the 'original and only Jarley,' the delight of some of the nobility and gentry of this kingdom, and as she, like the burlesque, is utterly inane, there is no doubt a brilliant future before her. The management of the Royalty may indeed be congratulated.

A third edition of 'Stonehenge on the Dog' has just been published, in which the points of the various breeds, as settled by the judges up to the present time, are accurately described. With this exception, no change has been made in the original work. The chapters on the rearing, breaking, and management of the dog indoors and out, with its diseases and treatment, will be found instructive and useful; and the illustrations are exceedingly well drawn and printed. We can confidently say it is the most complete work on the subject we have seen.

We hear that hunt servants have sent their humble half-crowns to the Whyte-Melville Memorial Fund, and even small boys who never saw him their little shillings, but we are surprised to learn that many very rich men, who had not only the honour but the privilege of Major Whyte-Melville's acquaintance in the hunting-field and elsewhere, have as yet sent nothing at all; but we fear it is too true that, except for personal gratification, the more money some people have, the less they like to part with it.

A cricket match will be played on Prince's ground about the middle of August between eleven professional huntsmen and eleven jockeys. The proceeds of the match will be divided between the Hunt Servants' Society and the Bentinck Benevolent Fund. It is hoped that all patrons of both the Chase and Turf who can attend will rally round them, so that the funds of each institution may be materially benefited.

Mr. Walding, of Rugby, is again ready with his well-known make of hunting garments for the coming season. We had an opportunity lately of looking at the scarlet and black waterproof cloths which he is making up for three different hunts, and masters of hounds who are particular about the workmanlike appearance of their hunt servants should certainly follow our example, as he makes hunting clothes his whole study.

We are glad to hear that our national game of cricket is taking a firm hold with our Parisian neighbours, though the following authentic story suggests that at present they prefer the 'Suaviter in modo' to the 'Fortiter in re.' An Englishman was playing a match in Paris, and, being a fast bowler, was bowling at his best pace, when he was stopped by a gendarme, who placed a hand on his shoulder and remarked, 'Pas si fort, monsieur; pas si fort, s'il vous plait.'

We hear that the Cobham Stud Company will be dissolved, and the stud dispersed by auction after Doncaster. A new company will arise, we believe, on the ruins of the old.

If there be any truth in the story which 'the divine Sarah's' English sisters repeat with 'damnable iteration' and 'malicious joy,' H.R.H. performed an act of Mercy, as well as Charity, when she bought those white kittens from Brompton.

When poor 'Confetti' appeared in lucky Count Jaraczewski's colours (at Kempton) it was amusing to hear two well-known journalists, at the same moment, think *aloud*—'Hast thou killed and also taken possession?'

About the entries for the 'classic' races of 1881 there is very little to be said except that Mr. Ivolaisky's Msteetel would 'have made Quintilian stare and gasp,' and will make 'the ring' swear and blunder; that the reappearance of such old friends as Campanile, Alfonso, Benedictine, Sister Louise, Speranza, Isoline, and Téléphone—the last-named with a new face—speaks ill for what their owners are pleased to call their imagination; and that the gentlemen who give the names of Areopagus and Seneca to fillies did not receive sufficient corporal punishment in their boyhood. We are bound, however, for the honour of England to state that it is Mr. Pierre Lorillard, of New York, who has so wantonly insulted the memory of the noble—and particularly *manly*—Roman philosopher.





P. H. 12 M

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. R. OSWALD, OF AUCHINCRAIVE.

MOST of our London readers will recognise the face on the opposite page as one generally seen at meets of the Four-in-Hand and other resorts of the fashionable and sporting world during the season, while to the great body of his fellow-countrymen north of the Tweed, both face and name are as familiar as household words.

Born in 1841, Mr. Oswald went, in due course, to Harrow, and in 1860 joined the 29th regiment, and served with it eight years, the last two of which he was extra A.D.C. in the household of the Duke of Abercorn, when that nobleman was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Mr. Oswald married in '68, and succeeded his father in the family estates of Auchincruive and Cavens in '71. He is a resident landlord in the proper sense of the term, for ten months out of the twelve he spends at one or other of his properties. He is a keen sportsman, too, good with rod and line, equally good with the gun, especially when he is at Cavens, where there is some of the best partridge-shooting in the west of Scotland. He rarely misses a day with Lord Eglinton, of whom he is a near neighbour, in the hunting season, and, indeed, be he near any pack of hounds, Mr. Oswald is not the man to miss a day with them.

There is another branch of sport, too, one in which Mr. Oswald takes perhaps the greatest interest, and that is hawking. He is

perhaps the only man in the United Kingdom who keeps hawks solely for game-hawking, and his old falconer, Peter Ballantine, aged 77, last year killed nearly 200 head, and this season has already rendered a good account of the grouse. As we have alluded to Mr. Oswald as a member of the Four-in-Hand Club, we may mention he is rarely absent from the meets, and has before now driven his coach from London to Auchincruive, taking in Goodwood race week and the York meeting, a very pleasant way of seeing England.

In his native county Mr. Oswald is known as a most excellent landlord, and in this respect Ayrshire seems to be extremely fortunate. Of most popular manners and address, hospitable and courteous, he carries well the weight and responsibility of an old name and an untarnished honour.

CHANGING PASTURES.

THE readers of 'Baily,' however many casuals and uninitiated may be reckoned among them at this holiday season of the year, are hardly likely to be led into mistakes by a supposition that the subject matter of this article is of the strictly pastoral nature apparently indicated by its title. Word painters we may be proud to be called, but it is not our intention to take up a parable on scenes of country life which David Cox has illustrated so charmingly under the heading we have chosen to prefix to our random notes, penned while on vacation rambles intent. The flocks in which we take more than a passing interest are none of those which change their pastures from airy fell to placid valley, but rather of that kind which inhabit the snug quadrangles of roomy boxes, or roam the shady paddocks contiguous to the homes of the English thoroughbred. The month sacred to St. Partridge and St. Leger, always an important time with breeders who make Doncaster their centre of operations, with an eye to disposing of their yearling strings, will in this present year of grace offer extra attractions to purchasers for the home or the foreign market by the sale of the Stud Company's collection at Cobham on the 16th and 17th of September. To say that things in the worlds of racing and breeding for racing are in even a moderately prosperous condition would be nothing short of a delusion; but the existence of an acknowledged depression cannot lessen the interest invariably attaching to market operations, which have reference this month to something beyond the ordinary dispersions of blood stock during the sojourning of the tribes upon the banks of Don. It is satisfactory to note, as regards the producers of

yearlings in the north of England, that they come up smiling as heretofore, and, though we miss a few small 'lots' here and there, the best-known fixtures of the sale ring at Doncaster are still preserved to us, while new men are found to fill up gaps in the ranks as fast as they are thinned by death, defections, or the inevitable 'circumstances beyond control.' The good time may be a long while in coming round again, but in the meantime there is consolation to be found for the noble army of breeders in the fact that Dame Fortune is tarring them all alike with the same impartial brush, and that none of their number hold patents for sustaining their ancient remunerative averages. It is at periods like these that philosophers among them are content to revert to the principle of the 'interesting hobby,' which first influenced them in their determination to get together a small stud. Most of such can afford to sink the profits of their venture for a season or two, certain of things coming right in the course of time; but it is vastly otherwise with those who seek to live of and by the production of young thoroughbred stock, of whom many must needs go to the wall in the depreciation of prices consequent upon universal pinching of incomes by the classes to which the turf owes a large portion of its prosperity and popularity. So far as we are aware, no one has yet gone thoroughly into the subject of profit and loss as applied to the production of racehorses; but we fancy that those who regard it in the light of a 'paying game' have been too precipitate in forming conclusions upon data of not the most reliable kind. Some day we may attempt to reckon the 'cost of a 'yearling'; but at present our object is rather to take a purview of the Doncaster programme, and to furnish an analysis of the imposing bill of fare set down for discussion at Cobham during the following week. If a full description or notice of the various lots destined to face Messrs. Tattersall and Pain in the well-known paddock of the town of butterscotch cannot be furnished, the fault must be deemed to lie with those who have neglected to respond to our appeal for information, our object being to furnish readers scattered all over the country on sporting intent with some sort of digest of impending sales. Appended will be found a tabulated list of mares on sale by Mr. Rymill, at the Stud Company's paddocks, in the week succeeding Doncaster, and to this attention may first be directed, if our readers will excuse us for putting the cart before the horse on the plea of giving as much 'law' as possible to correspondents making up their Doncaster returns.

The figures in parentheses following each name denote the ages of mares, and greater prominence has been accorded to the Bird-catcher and Touchstone lines for the reason that they have long been regarded as a sort of staple commodity in both small and large breeding speculations.

The COBHAM STUD MARES arranged alphabetically (1) under sires, (2) under families.

IRISH BIRDCATCHER.

<i>The Baron.</i>	<i>Blair Athol.</i>	<i>Bracadan.</i>	<i>Caterer.</i>	<i>Chanticleer.</i>	<i>Julius.</i>	<i>Ketildrum.</i>	<i>Rastafan.</i>	<i>St. Albans.</i>	<i>Sasnterr.</i>	<i>Stockwell.</i>	<i>Thunderbolt.</i>
Merlette (21).	Alra (20). Invicta (8). K. Rose (4). My Wonder (6). Miss Mannering (5). Q. of Chase (10).	Bella (6). Eva (10). Garry (7).	Fricandeau (10).	Lady Fly (14).	Juliana (9).	Frederica (12).	Lady Bountiful (18).	Angelica (15). Lure (13).	Oriolan (13). Steppe (11).	Celerina (17). Nyrus (11). Stockhausen (12). Sunmer's Eve (14).	Violet (12).

TOUCHSTONE.

<i>Diaphanus.</i>	<i>Divide.</i>	<i>Fitz Roland.</i>	<i>Lord Clifden.</i>	<i>Lord of the Isles.</i>	<i>Marionette.</i>	<i>Maryas.</i>	<i>Majid.</i>	<i>Newminster.</i>	<i>Orlando.</i>	<i>Ovid.</i>	<i>Trumpeter.</i>	<i>Scottish Chief.</i>
Algebra (9).	Circet (14).	Jocosa (11).	Shepherd's Bush (10). Sweet Cicely (4).	Lady Salisbury (11).	Better Half (12).	Brisket (3).	Vagary (14).	Crinon (11). Cestus (12). Lucy Bertram (12). Ladylike (12). Miss Ida (11). Papoose (17).	Fairy Land (17). Matilda (16).	F. Queen (10).	Denelle (13). May Queen (16). Trompette (5).	M. of Perth (10).

<i>ION.</i>	<i>BLACKLOCK.</i>	<i>MELBOURNE.</i>	<i>BAY MIDDLETON.</i>	<i>VENISON.</i>	<i>PANTALOON.</i>	<i>GLADIATEUR.</i>	<i>HARKAWAY.</i>	<i>WEATHERBIT.</i>	<i>LANERCOST.</i>	<i>SWEETMEAT.</i>
Armada (13). Albatross (14). Becky Sharpe (18). K. Dayrell (16). Molly Carew (18). Menace (18). Mary Ambree (18). Minna Troll (13). Mishap (3). Wild Swan (10).	Black Rose (19). Curacao (18). Nukuhua (17). Tea Rose (5).	Brisbane (10). Couleur de Rose (21). Garter Queen (5). Lettie West (16). Margery Daw (18). Mrs. Croft (16). Mrs. Nagleton (17). Phyllana (5). Southern Cross (15). Trickish (15).	Birette (18). Lady Soffie (11). N. Eglantine (22). V. Mein Nicht (21). Valcreuse (12).	Coinbra (18). Lady Soffie (11). N. Eglantine (22). Rose of Kent (20).	Semiramis (11).	So Glad (12).	Corcyn (8). Reginella (17). Reine Sauvage (7). Trucht (16).	Frolicsome (14). Polas (19). Pimpnel (13).	March. Maria (12). Masquerade (18).	Catherine (10). Lovellace (17). Martiniue (13). Mascherina (12). Munificence (3).

The above tabular form of setting forth the tribes and families from which are derived the chief contents of the Stud Company's catalogue for September 16th and 17th, will save much time and trouble in running through them with a view to indicate those most desirable in point of age, breeding, and 'doughty deeds at the stud.' So many 'household names' in the mouths both of breeders and owners of racehorses will be found among them, that it would be lost labour to trumpet forth their various recommendations to those who have already learned them well by heart. It will not fail to be noted, however, that the collection has been so 'judgmatically' formed as to please all tastes, and if certain strains are found to predominate, it is because public fancy has fastened upon them, and not from any undue caprice on the part of Mr. Bell, to whom the selection has been altogether confided. No one is more fully aware than that gentleman that those whose business it is to produce for a multitude of whims and tastes cannot afford to cultivate abstruse theories, or to cherish the many little 'fads' and fancies well-nigh inseparable from the cultivation of a hobby or a business (call it what you will) depending so much upon examples and precedents. Stockwell mares, erst the *decus et tutamen* of our premier studs in England, are now of course getting scarce, but the Stud Company happily had Blair Athol to fall back upon, and his representatives, like those of his brother Breadalbane, are all young, vigorous matrons, albeit more than one of them has already made for herself a name in the Racing Calendar as a dam of winners. No stud would be complete without daughters of Rataplan, St. Albans, Saunterer, and Thunderbolt; but it is seldom nowadays that mares by The Baron, Chanticleer, and Kettledrum are to be obtained at any price, though all have done the state good service, and it must not be forgotten that nearly every strain of well-tried blood becomes 'fashionable' in its turn, as those who run may read. Coming now to the Touchstones, we find of course Newminster strongly represented, and it may be said of those claiming descent from the old Rawcliffe hero that they have at least done as well as members of the sisterhood elsewhere. There are still a few of the Orlandos left, while his sons Diophantus, FitzRoland, Marsyas, and Trumpeter have come nobly to the rescue; and Dundee, Lord of the Isles, and Scottish Chief adorn yet another branch of the family tree, to say nothing of Lord Clifden and Musjid, which ought to have received honourable mention above, when allusion was being made to the scions of Newminster. The Ion blood is for ever cropping up in pedigrees of great winners, and at Cobham we find it established in remarkable strength, Wild Dayrell with his sons Buccaneer and Wild Oats being of course the chief contributors, and it is seldom that this hitherto somewhat neglected line has been so religiously preserved and cultivated as at Cobham. The once despised Blacklocks, too, recently restored to their former state of 'high feather' by the doings of Speculum and Vedette, have here taken root and flourished; while yet another resuscitated tribe are the Melbournes, of which no less than half a

score figure in the Stud Company's returns, derived from such staunch and stout sources as West Australian, Brocket, Y. Melbourne, and Prime Minister, and their descendants, Bonnyfield and Knight of the Garter. To mares by the Flying Dutchman, Romulus, Cowl, and Dollar has been delegated the honour of upholding the Bay Middleton descent; but Venison and Pantaloon, by means of Kingston and Thormanby, are, alas! too feebly represented, and Gladiateur can show but one daughter sprung from his loins to transmit the stout Emperor blood to his descendants. As some consolation for the scarcity of such sterling stuff in the three tribes just alluded to, we find Harkaway (mainly of course through King Tom) showing a bold front, and with Weatherbit and Lanercost both furnishing welcome contributions, and the Sweetmeat blood giving no signs of a lack of issue, we fancy a remarkably formidable line of battle will be presented on the two eventful days of the week between Doncaster and Newmarket.

Of the stallions we need say but little, only remarking that as regards Blair Athol there is plenty of life in the old dog yet, and he bears the burden of his years more lightly than his compeers General Peel and Scottish Chief, both of which he has beaten as handsomely as sires as he did when all were carrying silk in one of the best Derby years on record. Wild Oats was rather 'rushed' up to his present figure at the stud on the strength of the doings of his first batch of two-year-olds, and will doubtless find his proper level in good time; while Caterer has lately been starring it about the country as a prize-winner at horse and agricultural shows, in which capacity he may still shine, and he has begotten some fair class racers in his day, both on the flat and across country.

The foals must speak for themselves, but there is a colt, own brother to Highland Fling and Strathfleet, likely to set a good many heads nodding; and we would mention the young Blue Gowns as especially promising, to say nothing of some very high-class efforts on the part of the home contingent, including foals by Blair Athol, Carnival, and Wild Oats, and of certain 'aliens' claiming Mortemer and Flageolet as their progenitors, and duly stamped with the mint marks of those foreigners of distinction.

Mr. Cookson's lot, of course, furnish the great attraction for Thursday morning, when Neasham will be represented by three colts worthy to sustain the reputation of their birthplace on the banks o' Tees, with which so many mighty names in racing lore have been associated in the long period during which their owner has been before the public as a breeder. Lady Audley, the dam of Pilgrimage and Pellegrino (who, by the way, has visited her old love The Palmer at Graditz this year), seems to throw good foals to all her consorts, and we take it her colt by Hermit will be difficult to match at Doncaster, while it has plenty of fashion in the way of pedigree to recommend it. Nothing could more amply have fulfilled the promise of its foalhood; and the same may be said of the grand King of the Forest colt from Metheglin (a daughter of old

Hybla), which has been pronounced in well-informed quarters 'the very image of old Fandango,' and we can pay the youngster no higher compliment. **Jenny Diver**, one of the sweetest mares in the **Neasham** collection, and dam of **Palmflower** as well as of the unnamed two-year-old recently victorious at Manchester, shows a highly promising filly by that good but rather neglected sire, **Kaiser** (into whose blood they have dipped so deeply at Cobham this year); and there are a couple of Irish importations in the shape of colt and filly by **Speculum**, the former out of **Strategy**, and the latter from **Bicycle**, one of the speediest mares of her day, and to be remembered as the dam of **Spinster**. Both of these descendants of the **Moorlands** sire are racing-like, with plenty of size, and come of well-tried running blood, which buyers will duly appreciate; and there are one or two more of the **Neasham** contingent, not quite so fashionably bred, but equally promising. **Leolinus** and **Atherstone** both bring contributions to the catalogue, and the produce of neither is likely to be disgraced, even in the good company to which more particular attention has been directed.

Mr. John Watson of **Waresley** (whose yearling fillies we notice are also advertised to be sold at **Doncaster**) sends up three remarkably well-grown colts to the northern racing rendezvous—a couple by his old favourite **Cathedral**—out of **Miss Hawthorn** (dam of no end of winners), and out of **Compton Lass**—while the other is by **Doncaster** from **Euxine**, a young **King Tom** mare straining back to the **Flying Dutchman**, and whose first produce, **Maid of Wye**, has already earned a winning bracket. All the above are in the **Derby** and **St. Leger** of 1881, and **Mr. Watson** is likely to show us a much stronger hand next year, for he reports two-and-twenty foals dropped at his paddocks this season, where **Albert Victor** and **Cathedral** have been having a busy time of it.

Mr. Crowther Harrison is 'down' for one lot only in the programme for this autumn, but his 'single swallow' is a very likely looking chesnut by **Lowlander**, whose yearling stock will make their first bow in the **Doncaster** sale paddock during the **St. Leger** week. This youngster is out of **Bathilde** (the dam of **Tomahawk**, and a capital performer herself), and has been aptly christened '**Lowland Chief**' by his breeder, who can lay claim to having sent up for sale such clinkers as **Leonie** and **Preciosa**, though he has never had more than two or three mares to furnish supplies.

The **Moorlands** list is not yet quite complete, but **Mr. Thompson** will probably parade about his usual strength, and the young **Speculums** will, of course, be the chief attraction in his collection. Among these an own brother to **Advance** (the first living colt the mare has thrown since that celebrity) is as good-looking a yearling as will be shown during the week, being a nice 'sizeable' colt, with everything to recommend him in the way of shape, bone, and action; and he is well matched by the bay sister to **Memoria** and **Telescope**, a fine, lengthy filly, upon which her breeder especially prides himself, and many other good judges are equally sweet upon this highly con-

nected young lady. Two other fillies, also by Speculum, and daughters of Produce and Jung Frau respectively, have both size and looks to recommend them, the first named being sister to Lunette; and there is a sister to Cornucopia, on a slightly smaller scale than the first-mentioned quartette, but very quick, and promising to pay her training bill early in life. *En passant*, we may note that Martyrdom is back again at his old quarters at Moorlands, and at the very modest figure of 15 guineas, and with such excellent public advertisements as Lartington and Robbie Burns (to say nothing of smaller fry), the good-looking chesnut should have his list filled in no time, and, like most of the sons of St. Albans, he gets nearly everything to race a bit.

Mr. Van Haansbergen of Woodlands, and a whole host of breeders on a smaller scale hailing from the neighbourhood of 'canny New-castle,' have a field day to themselves on Tuesday morning, when Messrs. Tattersall open the ball; and the yearlings are chiefly by Macgregor, Argyle, and other sires in favour with owners of thoroughbred mares in the far north. Mr. Van Haansbergen's quartette are all begotten by the 'bold outlaw,' and include a brother to Nellie Macgregor, and sisters to Bell the Cat and Ranald McEagh, while there are also colts from Knavery and Finesse, the latter a well-known 'snapper up' of Queen's Plates in Ireland in her day. Messrs. Barry, Armstrong, and Orde (the latter *clarum et venerabile nomen* of old Beeswing memory) all show young Macgregors, while Messrs. Fail, Heslop, and Walker have patronised Argyle for their mares; and Mr. James Graham has distributed his favours between Andre, Will Dayrell II., and Kaiser, by the last named of which he has a capital colt out of Approbation, certain to please good judges. Lastly Mr. Morgan submits for sale a two-year-old filly by Restitution, and we heartily wish all success to the Durhamites and Northumbrians who have followed the lead of Mr. Van Haansbergen in breeding for sale under somewhat adverse circumstances as regards situation and climate.

No breeder, be the times what they may, realises consistently better yearly averages than the veteran William I'Anson of Malton, whose sale is the 'feature' of Friday morning. Fillies, in the proportion of four to three, predominate in the small but choice team hailing from Blink Bonny stud farm, and Caller Ou, after many accidents and disasters in her stud career, contributes something worthy of 't'auld mare's' reputation in a brown colt by Cremorne, who need only to be seen to be appreciated; and there is much to like about Peffar's King Lud colt, though both he and the Vanderdecken colt may appear lacking in quality when compared with their playmate by Cremorne. Both King Lud and Vanderdecken, however, are sires of a totally different stamp to the elegant Parmesan horse; and there is a filly in the Malton team by the former out of Poldoody, looking thoroughly like business. A bay and a grey filly by Strathconan from Hoodwink and Alice respectively, together with a very sweet daughter of Speculum and

Bonny May, make up Mr. I'Anson's seven; but we miss the names of Bonny Bell, Borealis, and other well-known names from the list, though we trust they may not be unrepresented in 1880.

Mr. Taylor Sharpe, whose yearlings follow I'Anson's into the sale ring, musters half a score from Baumber Park, Suffolk, Doncaster, Pero Gomez, Strathconan, Young Melbourne, Merry Sunshine, and Boiard being responsible among them for the five of each sex marshalled in the catalogue of the day. Many who take stock of Stamen will regret Suffolk's departure from these shores, while Ma Belle (an own sister to Valentine) and Boadicea are also capital examples of the North Lincoln horse. Pretty Dance is own sister to Country Dance, but better all round and with lots of quality; and Peregrine, by Pero Gomez out of Adelaide, is one of the old Glasgow breed bought at the Enfield sale last autumn, where we duly made a note of him as A 1, and that he has gone on in his well-doing will be amply evidenced, we trust, by spirited biddings for his possession. Strathleven is bred after the fashion best suited to his sire Strathconan, and Lord Melbourne is out of Triermain's dam; while we must also say a good word for the breeding as well as for the looks of the colt and filly by Merry Sunshine (one of the best-bred sires in the world), and the only thing against Areopagus is her name, which would be more appropriate for a colt than a filly. Our readers may be glad to know that the Cœruleus foals at Baumber Park are giving every satisfaction, and Mr. Taylor Sharpe is confident about the brother to Blue Gown ultimately taking high rank among the sires of the day.

Mr. Hudson, of Brigham, like a good many other breeders with young sires on hand, has been using his own horse Landmark; but were we to write for a year we could not hope to succeed in persuading purchasers to look at anything by stallions which have not as yet sired something of merit, so that we must leave 'the thorough-breds from Hull' to speak for themselves.

Mr. Botterill, who has brought up to Doncaster such good subsequent performers as Strathavon, Knight of the Bath, Majesty, Eastern Empress, and others, and these out of a very small collection of brood-mares, has bestowed his chief patronage on Lowlander for this year's batch of youngsters, and a characteristic of the big chesnut's stock is immensely powerful backs and quarters, which sent their sire bowling up so many a hill in such magnificent style. Lowland Queen is out of Honeycomb (by Kettledrum, from Honeydew); another filly, Lowland Flower, claims True Blue as her dam; while Lord of the Vale is from a General Williams' mare, and a real credit to Lowlander. Lady Sprightly is aptly named, for she looks as quick as a rabbit, and is, if we mistake not, one of the old Sheffield Lane sort, being by Mandrake out of Lady Temple, a pedigree which reads like racing.

From Sledmere come up a brace of colts by Macaroni, and a filly by Galopin, all out of daughters of the illustrious house of Agnes,

the genealogical tree of which is now getting rather 'mixed'; and we must refer our readers to the Stud Book for further exact information regarding the dam of Sir Tatton Sykes's yearlings. Most unfortunately, their nominations by him for the great races of 1881 arrived at Messrs. Weatherby's a few hours too late; so that the Doncaster success cannot be repeated two years hence.

Croft, which in old times has turned out so many illustrious graduates in racing honours, is still administered by a member of the house of Winteringham; and its contingent of eight yearlings includes, in addition to scions to Andred, Barefoot, and Macgregor, a brace by Kind Lud (who has already made his mark with Princess Bladud and Incendiary), and a leash by Albert Victor, who occupied Underhand's old box at the Spa Hotel during the season of 1877. All three by Mr. Cartwright's favourite are fillies, and out of sister to Glendale, Letty Long, and last, but not least, the venerable Lady Dot, who has given so many successful pledges to Turf history. It is only fair to add that Camballo disputes with Albert Victor the sireship of the last-named; but she is an undoubted credit to whatever begot her, and both her suitors trace back to Touchstone, whose blood has nicked so well with hers in former alliances made with Dundee and Scottish Chief.

But we must draw to a conclusion; and all that remains for us is to wish a moderate measure of luck to tempters of fortune in the sale-rings at Doncaster and Cobham, whether in the capacity of buyers or sellers. The former would appear to have had their turn for the nonce, and to have abdicated in favour of their customers, by which means accounts may be balanced; and let us hope that a fresh start may soon be made under happier auspices and with fuller purses on both sides than at present. Meanwhile there is some consolation in the reflection that things cannot well be worse than now, and the turning in the long lane will be none the less welcome because unexpected by those 'dead out of luck.'

AMPHION.

OUR SPORT UPON THE SEA.

AN enthusiastic friend of mine says 'there is no end of sport to be obtained upon the sea,' and, having tried it, I can back up his assertion. Sea-angling in particular—but that is not the only sport—affords first-rate amusement, as well as an entire change of scene; therefore, whilst friends are peppering the English partridges, or flogging the salmon-waters of the far north, I shall endeavour, as well as I can, to inoculate a few of the readers of 'Baily' with a taste for the spearing of flounders and the capture of codfish. I might describe a whale-hunt or a seal-battue; there is rare excitement in both. 'Bagging a whale' is a trying occupation, but clubbing the poor seals is a bloody business. For the present, how-

ever, I shall ignore these sports of the great deep, and confine my exposition to milder work.

It is really a happy condition of humanity, I think, that we do not all take to one kind of sport. Some love to tread the heather of the Highlands and lay low the moor fowl, others prefer to search the stubbles and flush the flashing partridge, whilst many seek no other gamebird than the beautiful pheasant. There are men, again, who wish there were no winters, so that cricket might go on for ever; *au contraire*, in Scotland live not a few who would willingly add a month or two to the reign of King Frost, wishful to prolong the days of 'the roaring game,' and enjoy those glorious items of 'curler's fare'—beef and greens and whisky toddy—so german to the season. And what of the golfers? 'Who would not be a golfer?' exclaim the untiring ones who tramp the daily round of Brantsfield, North Berwick, or St. Andrew's links. And are there not those hardy Highland lads who think a match at 'shinty' the game of games, not to speak of the multitudinous, lithe, and active kickers of the football? Who would dare to tell these men that any other sport is better than theirs? With yachtsmen and huntsmen I meddle not at present, nor yet with 'chamberers.' There are men, however, who can sit for long nights over the fascinating draught-board, or who are adepts at the game of chess, men who never handle gun or rod, and who heave a regretful sigh when the crowing cock of daybreak warns them that their hour of departure has arrived. Men who sit in club chambers and gamble at cards, for the sake of what they can win from their companions, I hold no terms with; they are in no sense 'sportsmen.' It is with those only who love our bracing out-of-door games and sports that I have sympathy; the active men of muscle, who wield the bat or handle the fishing-rod, who stalk the bounding deer of the Highland glens and forests, the stalwart and the brown-skinned sportsmen, whose days in the open air are as a leaf in the book of nature, and whose nights know no dreams but those of the day's achievements.

'There is a sweetness in the mountain air,
A life that bloated ease can never hope to share.'

All the sports and pastimes I have named are each of them excellent, after their several kinds, and it is seldom, indeed, that they pall or grow stale. The scenes are ever changing, ever new; the aspects of nature are so varied that men return again and again to a favourite resort with a renewed sense of pleasure. And what is true of the mountain and the moor is equally true of the 'changeable sea,' on which many men are beginning to find that they can spend a few weeks with great satisfaction, there being no lack of manly pastimes of the most varied kind, monsters of the deep to tackle and fowls of the air to pursue to their rocky homes. Sea-angling, as a sport, has one excellent recommendation. It can be gone about in simple fashion, no expensive upholstery being required, and wherever there is a stretch

of sea, there will be found fish, fish of some species, free to all **who** can capture them. There is no need for me to be dictatorial as **to** a locality of sport, but for real enjoyment and plenty of work **I** prefer Scotland. I am writing, I may state, from personal **experi-**ence, but I would beg my readers to note one great fact, which **is** that what I am going to say will do for any quiet bay or sea **loch**. Fishes are stereotyped in their habits, so that the bait of one **locality** will, as a rule, do perfectly well for another locality. Raw mussels or boiled limpets, a killing bait for many kinds of sea fish, will be **as** effective off the coast of Yorkshire as off the Island of Arran. **As** to the kind of fish to capture, let my readers take my advice **and** capture all they can; let every living creature that enters their **net** or swallows their hook be a fish, from the most prodigious hallibut to the tiniest mullet.

By way of creating a greater interest in 'our sport upon the sea,' let me first of all say a few words generally about the animals which inhabit 'the dark unfathomed caves of ocean,' or roam the ravening waters. To count the hairs on a human head has been set down as a hopeless task, and who, therefore, can hope to number the denizens of the mighty deep? Who could write down on the most gigantic slate the myriads of fish which compose a shoal of herrings? Add together the area occupied by all the parks of London, and then suppose a space three times as large, which multiply by three and fill it with herrings laid on edge five or six deep, and yet that would not be a shoal—at least, it would after all be but a small one! Only the other day the fishermen in the West of Scotland struck a 'spot' of herrings about half a mile in length, and a few hundred feet in breadth, and one of the men told me that there must have been an inconceivable number of fish in that collection; he was able to seize them with his hand and lift them from the water.

As my readers perhaps know, all fishes are wonderfully fecund; a female salmon yields a thousand eggs for each pound of her weight, and so a 20-lb. salmon will yield the germs of twenty thousand fish. I had the pleasure, by the way, of handling the other day *the* salmon of the present season. I shall not ask the reader to guess its weight or dimensions, but at once say that it weighed 72 lbs., that it was 4 feet 2 inches in length, 3 feet in girth, and that the fluke of the tail was as nearly as possible 12 inches across. A wonderful fish! It was captured at Bunawe, on Loch Etive, and sent into Glasgow to be sold. This is the largest salmon I ever saw. But the herring is far more prolific than the salmon. A herring which weighs only a few ounces replenishes the waters at the rate of thirty thousand for each fish of the female kind, truly a prodigious power of reproduction! It was said by the great French naturalist that if the produce of a pair of these *clupeidæ* were to be allowed to go on multiplying their kind for a period of twenty years, the bulk of fish produced would be larger than the globe on which we live! Any of our ambitious arithmetical readers may try and test the figures, taking it for granted that only half the herrings

produced are females, and that the fish breed once a year, and begin to be reproductive at the end of twelve months from the date of their birth. The first produce of the fish would be, as stated, thirty thousand young ones, and, half of these being taken as females, would yield within a year 450 millions of herrings, to which would have to be added the second thirty thousand of their parents. At this stage, however, I leave the computation, having no head for figures which go beyond twelve times twelve. As a matter of fact, the abundance of the herring in our British, and more particularly in our Scottish, seas and friths, is best proved from the enormous numbers of these fine fish—how really fine they are none can tell but those who have eaten them ‘new drawn frae the sea’—which are annually brought to market in aid of the national commissariat. In a recent year as many as one million barrels were ‘cured’ under Government superintendence in Scotland alone, and as each of these barrels would contain at least seven hundred individual herrings, we have thus a total of seven hundred millions of these fish, and it is on the cards that quite as many were captured and sent to market *fresh*, that is, without being cured, producing to the fishermen and those who employ them a very large sum of money. At the low price of a halfpenny each, these fourteen hundred millions of herrings would bring in a sum of nearly three million pounds of sterling money!

I hope my readers are not impatient of these calculations. Some of them will probably say, ‘This is not sport; this is commerce.’ And perhaps it is, but for all that there is method in my madness. A magazine article is nothing if it have no philosophy in it, and I desire to have my touch of philosophy. To slay a single man is murder, but to shoot down a few battalions is ‘war.’ To capture a single salmon with a rod and tackle is ‘sport,’ but to drag twenty from the water in a net is ‘business,’ although there is considerable excitement in that wholesale method of fishing. I consider it no end of good sport to go out in a deep-sea trawler, to fish in the wondrous mines of the German Ocean; to see the pockets of the great bag nets emptied and the fish spread out on the deck is a sight to be remembered. A good sportsman is always desirous of knowing something about the subjects of his sport. St. John took part in the herring-fishing, and Colquhoun and Horatio Ross can do more than bring down a bird or a roebuck; they can write or discourse pleasantly, and in a learned spirit, on the birds and animals of the chase. My object in writing so of the herring is to try and induce any reader of ‘Baily’ who may be within reach of a fishing-station to go out one night in the boats and witness more fish taken at a haul than he could see in a hundred years of mere angling.

It is, in my opinion, a fine and manly occupation to lure the speckled trout from that liquid home in which it lives

‘A cold, sweet silver life,
Alloyed with moments of transporting fear.’

Yes, the trout is one of the very gamest of our fish, but I frankly

confess that I have more than once sacrificed a week's trout-fishing to vary my life with 'a night at the herring.' So did Christopher North, the 'man of recreations,' and what he did may be imitated. In the 'herring drave' there are six hundred boats on the sea, each with its glimmering light shimmering on the heaving waters, and in these boats are five times six hundred men, asking that the ocean shall yield up a portion of its treasures. In the liquid space hang six hundred long miles of a deep and perforated filmy wall, each mile of netting being fixed to a herring-boat. With much and ardent labour these nets have been shot into the water, and at sunrise they will be laboriously hauled up and divested of their finny treasures. Meantime all is silent as the dread churchyard at the lonely midnight hour; the wearied men have sought a rough couch among the sails, and all but the captain have sunk into sweet oblivion. He sits awake at the helm, thinking doubtless of the wealth which a few short hours may place in his grasp. He lets his vessel drift away with the tide, as the boats around are doing. A skipper or two, more cautious than some of their brethren, prowl about, wishing to see if there is 'fish' before they undergo the labour of shooting their nets. As to there being fish or not, that is all a lottery; they must undergo the labour I have hinted at, and take their chance. The silence of the scene before the dawn becomes oppressive, but as the glorious sun arises from the waves all start to life and action, the nets are hauled, and the new-caught fish sparkle in the light as they glance into the boat, brilliant with all the varied hues of the rainbow. On some nights the mere capful of wind which fills the shoulder-of-mutton sails of the fleet will swell into a pitiless tempest and scatter the boats upon the water, as they fly for shelter to the nearest port; and in the morning there goes up a cry of desolation from the despairing wives and mothers who have lost their husbands or their sons during the storm. The herring-fishery is a lottery; one boat will take fifty barrels, whilst another, perhaps not a hundred yards away, will not capture fifty fish. No person residing at a convenient distance should omit to pass a night in the herring drave. If they want exemplars, I can point to the Dukes of Argyle and Sutherland, neither of whom disdain to bear a share in the toils of the herring-fishers, and both of whom have more than once taken great hauls, which they generously divided among the fishermen who had been less successful than themselves.

As has been stated, the herring reproduces its kind in thousands, but the flat fish multiply themselves by tens of thousands, and the codfish in literal millions! Very few of the young ones, however, arrive at maturity; the waste of fish life in the sea is never ceasing—one species, indeed, seems to have been expressly created to prey on another species. Of the millions of ova exuded by the female codfish, not five, perhaps, will ever see Billingsgate grown to the size of a presentable animal. The sea-birds alone consume in the course of a single year more herrings than man gathers from the waters to bring to the public market.

Having said so much about piscine powers of reproduction, I shall now venture to give a few hints as to sea-angling, which, by the way, is a sport in which ladies may be permitted to join, taking care not to indulge in too long a spell of the sport at one time. Ladies now make no bones about handling the salmon-rod, and some dames of quality can land a sixteen-pound salmon quite as deftly as their fathers or brothers. Just as I am writing these remarks one of the daughters of England (Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne) has sent a large salmon of her own capturing from her Canadian home as a present to her mother, the Queen. I have seen ladies in Scotland who were clever at the sport of sea-angling; how deftly they captured the pollock, or lythe, as we call the fish in Scotland. Gentlemen who have exhausted their trout-streams and who find nothing in pike, should try lythe-fishing, it will amuse them consumedly. The good folks who have never yet tried a day's sea-fishing must not imagine that they will find fish which will surrender at discretion—not a bit of it, some of them fight like devils, and dispute their capture inch by inch. The common cod-fish, if the angler can hit on a good find, will do a little fighting, and being a heavy animal, perhaps fifteen or eighteen pounds, he often has the best of the struggle just because of his weight; the whiting and the beautiful poor, or power cod, as well as the mackerel, are all susceptible to a tempting bait. The coal-fish too, or, as I call it because of its handsome shape, the salmon of the sea, is so abundant in certain localities that it may be caught by the angler in literal hundreds; so can, at certain times, the mackerel. In sea-angling no one knows what a day may bring forth, and before one adjourns from labour to refreshment he may perhaps have received a visit from some of the more curious of the minor monsters of the deep—from a devil-fish or sea-angler, or from a hammer-headed shark, or a small school of 'dogs.'

As has already been hinted, the machinery of capture in the practice of sea-angling may be of the simplest. Nor need any one go, in the first instance, to the expense of new tackle, as whatever is necessary may be obtained on loan for a trifling sum; the true charm of our sport on the sea lies in its simplicity and its accessibility. Suddenly resolved upon and quickly carried out with the aid of such apparatus as are at hand or can be easily borrowed, a sea-angling excursion has all the charm of an impromptu picnic. The party may either resolve to fish from the seaside rocks or hire a boat and so obtain the assistance of a practised fisherman. It may be as well, however, to bear in mind, as regards hooks, that they cannot be obtained in every small seaside village; and of these, especially the larger kinds, a supply must be purchased and taken to the scene of action. Tackle for hand-lining should be strong, and the hooks must be carefully baited; as I have already stated, boiled limpets are a deadly bait, and should be provided in large quantities; small crabs which can be plentifully picked up in shallow places at the sea-shore and about

the rocks are also useful, they make first-rate bait. I consider fishing for lythe the best sport in the way of sea-angling. A strong hook is necessary, about the size of those used for cod-fishing, and one of the most killing of all baits is a bit of well-dyed red rag firmly tied on to the shaft of the hook; a piece of lead should be fitted on the line above the hook a little way. Let the boat during lythe-fishing be rowed at a moderate pace, let the angler wrap the line a few turns round his arm, which is a better way than fixing it to the boat, in which case it might be easily snapped by the power of the fish, which, in the circumstances, is great; a twenty-pounder will not surrender without making play, and sometimes it is play of a fatiguing kind; a small net or gaff for aiding the ascent of the fish to the boat is, therefore, much to be recommended. Whilst the well-baited line is out to tempt the larger fish, the ladies or youngsters may amuse themselves by fly-fishing. The flies may be of the rough-and-ready kind, bushed with a small red or black feather in homely fashion; the rod may consist of a pliant branch stripped from a tree, and the line should be stout and strong. When the fish strikes, swing him at once into the boat; a whole party may enjoy an exciting day's recreation at this business, as each person may easily attend to two or three small rods. The fry of the lythe can also be captured from rocks jutting into the water, and from harbours and pierheads. Bigger fish may easily be secured in various ways. There is, for instance, the plan of set-line fishing, which can be profitably carried on at places where the tide recedes; for this use a very long cord, with plenty of corks affixed to it, tie on the hooks at about four feet from each other, and anchor the line to a big stone, bait and dispose the line at low tide, and examine at the next ebb. There is not of course so much excitement in this method of sea-fishing as in angling from a boat, but it will pass away the time on days when the water is too rough for sailing.

It adds to the charm of our sport upon the sea to know that there is room and verge enough for a hundred boats filled with crews of eager anglers. No need to scowl as on a trouting water, when others come to seek a share of the spoil; no need to wait till the fish comes to you, or to bait the ground; you can go in search of the fish, and, what is better, you are sure to come on a colony in some part of the water. Find out a sandbank, or go to the mouth of some river which rolls its earthy waters far into the briny deep, and there you will assuredly find what you want. Around a solitary rock or two, fish will be seen, and crustaceans will have a habitation. Periwinkles are plentiful in some places, while at other spots the rocks are spotted all over with limpets. Those who like to pursue the sea-birds can find excellent sport in Scotland; they can shoot at the Bass Rock in the Firth of Forth, or at Ailsa Craig in the Firth of Clyde; or the lone island of St. Kilda, the very outermost of the Hebridean group, a sentinel in the stormy sea, may be visited by those who desire to witness the perilous feats of the daring Highland cragsmen. 'Fowling,' which *looks* to be one of the most

perilous occupations by which man can earn his daily bread, may be seen as practised on the cloud-capt precipices of the lonely rocks of Kilda, which harbour tens of thousands of the wild sea-fowl. What to the uninitiated seems a dangerous occupation is almost as a pastime to the hardy tenants of the sea-girt rock, whose agility on the face of a precipitous crag is something for us insular mortals to behold with wonder. I need not at present take my readers farther a-sea. The wonders of the sea-shore will almost prove sufficient for a first season.

These hints are perhaps meagre enough, but I make no pretence of doing more than giving a few hints to those who would try a new pleasure. The best plan is to get hold of some old fisherman of the neighbourhood where you are residing and employ him for a season as a 'coach'; he will put aspirants up to all the necessary wrinkles, show them how to bait their lines as well as how to capture the bait, as also how to make their flies and back their hooks. At various of the English sea-side resorts there are men who make it their business to let out all the gear that is necessary for sea-fishing. The search for the small crabs and mussels which are necessary for bait is a fine amusement for the juveniles of the sea-fishing party. I may mention that a capital basket may be made at flounder-spearing. Any kind of rough spear is good enough for the business, although some gentlemen go the length of having fine flounder-picks fashioned for the purpose; others again do good execution by means of a common pitchfork. About this kind of sport the simplest advice is to spear all the flat fish you can see, taking good measure of the depth to be encountered in case of falling into the water, and also being sure that you have spiked a fish; flounders look so little different from the bottom on which they rest that it takes a novice some time to distinguish them. 'Crab-hunting' is good fun on a rocky part of the coast; it needs some experience before one can expect to be successful at finding and bagging the crab, who looks out from the holes so cautiously.

As I have stated before in the pages of this magazine, angling cannot be taught 'on paper,' not even sea-angling, which, after all, for variety of sport and big bags is by far the best kind of angling. In angling, as in most other arts, 'practice makes perfect,' and I like to see the 'prentice hand looking on; by watching what others do who have acquired the necessary experience, he learns more in a day than he would by the perusal of five or six volumes, however well they might be written and however learned the authors of them may be. With these brief remarks I leave the sport of sea-angling to be considered by those who have never yet attempted it. Its attractions are manifold, but not easily described within the brief compass of a short paper in 'Baily's Magazine.'

SPORT AT RUGBY SCHOOL.

MORE years ago than I care now to reflect on I was at Rugby, and very curious and irregular were my proceedings there. I had begun my career in the house of Mr. Jex Blake, with whom I did good work; but, when he went to Cheltenham, my studious proclivities went with him, and, at the time I am dealing with now, my hankering after fox-terriers had led me to import several to the school, contrary to all rule and precedent. I had supplied my friends with specimens which, in those days, we considered choice, and I myself possessed the dog Jester, thereafter to become known as 'Old,' and destined to be famous so long as fox-terriers shall continue to exist. Then he was but twelve months old, unpretending in appearance, though mighty in deeds.

Of my friends, there was Beilby, now a distinguished luminary of the North-eastern Circuit. He had selected Old Vic, the daughter of Old Trap, and a worthy animal she was. A gentleman from Lincoln had sold her to me, and stated that one of her ears did not drop, because of a bite she had received a week or two before, but it would be all right again soon. Be that as it may, Old Vic's ear until her death never recovered itself. There was also Still, and he rejoiced in the ownership of Fret, a pretty little daughter of Tyrant, whose ears, however, stood straight upright—and thereby hangs a tale. Still had heard of the well-known 'faking' process for making a terrier's ears drop properly, and asked me if I knew how it was done; upon my saying 'Yes,' he besought me to operate upon Fret, so that he might have more pleasure in looking at her. Not liking to appear deficient in surgical skill I consented to do so, and, I grieve to say, tortured the poor animal very badly with a razor—of all unwieldy instruments!—for a great space of time. Eventually, however, after a protracted scene of this horrible carnage, I succeeded in my objectionable enterprise, and the beauty of Fret was certainly improved for ever afterwards.

Some people will think this is an extraordinary confession to make. Perhaps it is; but, at any rate, I have ever since then allowed dogs' ears to remain in a state of nature. Any of us who will look back on his school career will come upon many incidents that hardly seem creditable or credible to his matured judgment.

Sydney also, another of my friends, had, after long and intricate negotiations with the far-famed Mr. Wootton, purchased an animal named Touch, of reasonable pretensions; and lastly, Lemonius, who was the biggest of us all, had taken to himself the biggest dog, in the shape of a vast and nameless pseudo-terrier pup, purchased by him from the vendor of cakes and other aliments, named Day, who then—and now, for aught I know—plied his trade daily where the boys most did congregate.

Day it was who kept our dogs for us, and well do I remember,

as if it were yesterday, our visits to his little back-yard, where in their several barrels they lay, and greeted us on our arrival in various tones, from the melodious voice of Jester to the thick, blanket-like bark of the big pup. Day would be rubbing ointment on some of them, or, turning from thence to his pasteboard and jam-pots hard by, would work away at the concoction of dainties, while the dogs released by us scampered wildly around—always over and upon the paste, and always thrusting their noses into the jam-pots. No matter; *we* did not eat of Knight's delicacies—and, for the rest,

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

Now it must again be mentioned that the possession of dogs at Rugby was doubtless a heinous offence, and whenever on half-holidays we took them out, we always walked a good distance into the country, and were there met by Knight, with the small pack. We then proceeded to hunt hares, rabbits, or whatever we could come upon, and many a good run we had, Old Jester especially being as true on a line as a beagle, and giving tongue equally well. All this was very delightful; first, the idea that we were doing wrong in having dogs at all; second, that we were trespassing, and that, too, in pursuit of anything we could find. To be pursued by farm yokels, and to easily distance them, to see an angry game-keeper at times menacing in the distance, and to crouch behind a hedge while the head-master of the school—the present Bishop of Exeter—went by, these were joys indeed.

I am willing to persuade myself that ours was a true love of sport in those days, though, being pent up and constrained, it broke out, as I shall have to relate, into an abnormal and unpraiseworthy display. Just as boys who are well fitted to make soldiers or sailors, being cooped in an office, shop, or elsewhere, read the exciting literature of the 'Prowlers of the Prairie,' 'Jack Sheppard,' &c., until they let the spirit that is in them gain vent in some Blackheath highway robbery, or other foolish performance: so too we, impatient of restraint, planned and plotted more and more, what next and what next to do in the matter of dogs and sport that should surpass our previous efforts.

There was one old hare we had pursued on countless occasions, and we began to think such game not worthy of us: 'Besides,' thought we, 'there is nothing in a hare to test the courage of our dogs, in any case.'

Sydney was reading the *Field* newspaper advertisements, and suddenly uttered an exclamation of delight, 'Here's the very thing for us!' We crowded round him, and read: 'For sale, a large dog-fox, in good condition. Price, 2*l.* 10*s.* Apply, &c.'

Instantly we made up our minds to the purchase, and spent the evening in planning where it would be best to turn him down with a view to his giving us a good run. Some little feelings on the subject of his being a bagman, perhaps, entered our minds, but the general idea was so grand as to soon overwhelm them. Next day a post-

office order was sent off, with directions to despatch the fox to Mr. Day, confectioner, Rugby. That fox arrived in due course, in a box with holes bored in it. A drunken friend of Day's had already poked one of his fingers through a hole, and been fearfully bitten for his pains. We augured well from this for the vigorous nature of our purchase. Day had cautiously given him food and drink, and the time was now at hand when he was to be conveyed into the country to afford us sport.

The excitement was great. Sydney had procured for himself a whip, still a horn; the dogs had been well and rigorously exercised for a hard run, and they were duly fasted on the eventful morning.

Day's boy had now wheeled away the fox and box out beyond the water-tower, Day had followed at no long interval with the dogs, and then we, having bolted the frugal midday meal honoured by the name of dinner, also sallied forth eager for the fray.

At this time it may be mentioned there had been a change in the head-master of Rugby, and the present Bishop of Exeter had been replaced by a successor who was in all ways worthy, but who did not find favour among the under-masters of that period.

But to the point. We were soon out, away past the water-tower farm, where visions of a horse or two still haunt me in dreams. Often I was wont to gaze on Mogador with admiration, for there was no John Davis there then to supplant him in the foremost place.

Day and his boy were presently found, and with them we repaired out into the country, the dogs anxiously sniffing round the wheelbarrow, and we as anxiously looking this way and that to see if any enemy in the shape of a master were in sight. We reached a very secluded part we had selected, and then the thrilling moment drew near. Each man took a firm hold on his dog, while Day, in full view of us, proceeded to knock the top off that box and release the bold Reynard.

A yell of suppressed savagery from the dogs betokened his appearance in the field, and fiercely they strove with us to escape and get at him. To our minds the sight did not produce an equally exhilarating effect, for the fox looked mangy and melancholy, not by any means fitted for the 'deeds of derring do' for which we had destined him.

He actually sat down and looked at us. 'Shoo!' shouted Day, 'G'way!' screamed the boy, and yet he moved not, but gazed at us in an amiable manner. The situation was rapidly becoming unbearable. The contrast between the wild eagerness of the dogs and the utter complacency of the fox was really dismal. Sydney cracked his whip and still endeavoured to blow his horn, and yet the fox looked steadfastly at us, with no apparent intention of moving.

Eventually Sydney delivered Touch over to Day and went up to the quarry and absolutely flogged him into motion. He started aimlessly away, carrying his brush high in the air, almost over his back, cantered round about us, and then sat down again at about an

equal distance on the other side of us to what he had been when he started.

I know that feelings of considerable dissatisfaction, not to say shame, at the performance were beginning to take hold on me, but the energetic Sydney went at him once more with the whip, and then he fairly went straight away through a hedge and was lost to view. The rampant dogs were now released and scampered wildly all over the place, till Jester, after much whip-cracking, and many attempted blasts of the horn, settled down on the line and quickly drew the others to him. 'Now,' thought we, 'the fun will begin.'

Through the hedge they hustled, and away across the next field; we following at our best pace, having regard at the same time to the probability of a protracted run. Warming to the chase, we scrambled over the second fence, expecting to see the little pack away on ahead; and lo! there, just under our feet in the ditch, the kill was taking place, the wretched fox having heartlessly lain down and succumbed. It was vain to attempt to cry 'Whoop!' as one of us did, the circumstances savoured so little of good sport, and the downfall of our hopes was so damping.

We even tried to get the dogs off, but Jester had made his hold good, and the poor tame beast was about dead. So there was nothing for it but to break him up in due form, which we did with the aid of a penknife, becoming horribly befouled, as the reader may well imagine, in the process, and so we set off home with the brush and pads, rather surprised and irritated that our hounds were not keen enough of blood to make an end of the remainder, and mutually inclined to persuade one another that we had very much enjoyed ourselves, though I well know not one of us in his own mind felt anything but regret for the afternoon's performance.

Suddenly from behind a fence there emerged a farmer, on whose domain we were trespassing, and angry were his expostulations at our presence. We were calmly reasoning with him, for it was no use running away now that he was so near, and I believe were mollifying him, when there came a voice, 'Never mind, Mr. Brown, leave them to me; I'll deal with them.' Looking up we beheld Patey, the school marshal, an officer whose duty it is to look after all matters of detail in the school, and whose position was somewhat of a cross between a proctor and a bull-dog of Oxford or Cambridge. I will say now that Patey was an excellent and worthy man, and I say it with the more pleasure because I got so utterly the best of him on that occasion. It must be mentioned that, at that time, Beilby and I were about at the head of the school, and were therefore much more considerable 'gods' than we have ever been since, so that when Patey muttered something about gentlemen in our position requiring to be ashamed of ourselves for keeping dogs, and showing such a bad example, and then departed evidently bent on mischief, I bethought me of a plan to outwit him.

I knew that our fresh head-master was quite unacquainted with

any rules about keeping dogs, and also anxious to make friends with those who were high in the school, so I ran straight away off to him, completely outstripping Patey, and to him made my complaint. 'Please, sir, I have come to complain of Patey.' 'What about?' naturally inquired the head-master. 'Well, sir, I and one or two friends were out this afternoon with our dogs, and it seemed we were unintentionally trespassing. We were amicably settling the matter with the owner on whose land we were, when Patey came up and used language which would hardly have been excusable had he been speaking to any one in the lower school, and I do think to any one in my position in the school he should not be allowed to do so.' 'Ah! yes, I see,' said the head-master, never thinking of the dog matter as an offence at all. 'You were trespassing, and Patey came and took on himself to reprimand you, which, as you say, is quite beyond the scope of his duty when dealing with any one in your position. I must make him sensible of this, and for your part, you will of course not get across with farmers in future.' 'Certainly not, sir; I assure you I never intended to do so this time,' and with that I left. Thereafter came Patey to state his case against us, and was met with a stern rebuff, never allowed to say what he had to say, and ignominiously sent downstairs. Poor Patey, I believe he took a dislike to me ever after that, but I shall always esteem him.

Patey afterwards explained the matter to certain under-masters, who purveyed it to the head-master, and informed him that the dogs, and not the trespass, were the points at issue. He sent for me and merely said, 'I think, on the whole, you had better at *your convenience* remove those dogs of yours.' Of course our convenience was not till the end of the term.

But I must write no more. What I have written may give readers an unfavourable impression of me; but I cannot help it, it is quite true, and I have only committed it to paper as an instance of the misguided aspirations to which any one may be subjected, and the strange things a harmless human being like myself may perpetrate.

FOUR YEARS OF ROAD WORK.

THE ROAD IN 1876, 1877.

HAVING in previous papers given the history of the Road from its 'revival' in 1866 up to and including the year 1875, we now resume the subject, and will endeavour to bring it down to the present date. We shall see as we proceed that there have been but few changes, except that the journeys of some coaches have been lengthened, a circumstance that goes to prove that the attractions of the Road will no longer be confined to an hour or two's drive, a

lunch and back again; but that the public begin to appreciate the long journeys done with such facility, that they either combine amusement with business, or some other reason for travel. There is no doubt that with all classes Coaching has become wonderfully popular during the last few years, and many and anxious were the doubts as to whether the first month of the season of 1876 would set in with its wonted severity, its cold winds and downpour of rain, the effects of which had proved so fatal to Colonel Withington the year before.

That year was, we may say, fatal to two of the Proprietors, of whom Mr. Cooper was one, and he was one too of the best Whips that ever handled the ribbons; Colonel Withington caught the cold which so quickly ended his life on the opening day of the Dorking, driving down the same party he had taken for years; whilst, at almost the commencement of its autumn season, on the 9th of September, the Boxhill met with its sad accident. All our readers will remember the cause, how the pole broke going down the hill just before arriving at Burford Bridge; how Mr. Cooper endeavoured to keep the coach straight until he could once more gain the level, how vain were his endeavours, and how wonderful the escape from still more serious results.

Although another year the supporters of the Boxhill would have given Mr. Cooper a hearty welcome whenever he had started—he had had a new coach built by Ventham of Leatherhead, and kept some of the best horses from his last year's lot—yet he never felt himself well enough to drive, and we find the horses, a few, old public favourites, were disposed of at Tattersall's in August. But although these were such bad signs of the total abandonment of the pastime by Mr. Cooper, his many admirers still looked anxiously forward to the next spring, when they hoped again to see him adorning the 'bench' as of yore.

We must now turn to the coaches which had resumed their roads as usual, and will first notice the Tunbridge Wells, which continued with Selby as coachman. No one could help being struck with the whole turn-out, everything being done in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. On their London stage they had a good team of three bays and a brown, and, like the horses on this ground the preceding year, they were full of quality and showed a good deal of hunter-like appearance, though, if memory serves us, there seemed to be more power all through than in the last year's lot. All down the road they were equally good, and every horse seemed fit and ready to go in his place at once. They left Hatchett's at 10 A.M. and reached Tunbridge Wells at 2 P.M., returning at 3 P.M. As to the road they travelled over and the country through which they passed, we need say nothing; though why they adopted that road in its earlier stages with the abominable tramways and other inconveniences, save to avoid the hills, we cannot tell. They had a good season both in point of time and passengers, for they con-

tinued from May until September, on the 10th of which month their horses, thirty-five in all, were disposed of at Tattersall's, at an average of 39 guineas apiece.

The next coach we will notice is the Windsor. They went on again as the year before, with Harry Thorogood on the bench; but Mr. Hurman was sufficiently recovered to interest himself in it, and he even drove towards the end of the season. Amongst their horses they had some very good and well-known hunters, and their road was changed from Hounslow and Brentford to Richmond, then through the beautiful lanes to Hampton Court, Bushy Park, and Hampton Wick, where they again changed horses; passing through Staines they reached the Castle, always true to their time. The whole thing was done well, as we may be sure it would be in the hands of such a man as Mr. Hurman.

This year Mr. Brand had the Dorking with Mr. Pread, Lords Blandford and Macduff having retired. They changed their route, adopting Mr. Cooper's, by going over Westminster instead of Vauxhall Bridge. Their London team was certainly not equal to the smart chesnuts belonging to the Marquis of Blandford the preceding year. They started at 10.45 A.M., arriving at Dorking at 1.30 P.M. They commenced their season on the 1st of May, with Clark for professional as before. For the first few weeks the east wind seemed to blow all the coaching out of the public; but afterwards they had an excellent time, nearly always taking good loads. Their horses were sold at Tattersall's on August 14th.

We next have to notice the Guildford; and a prettier drive or nicer road it would be hard to find. This year they had Timms for a time as coachman instead of Thomas Thorogood, who unfortunately met with an accident, A. Spencer continuing as guard. On their London ground Mr. Walter Shoolbred occasionally had his private team, which was so well known on that stage the year before. The journey is through a most beautiful country—in parts as wild as any in Devonshire. The whole thing was done in a most workmanlike way, and how the public appreciated the coach their good loads will answer for. Their horses came to the hammer September 25th, at Tattersall's.

Another coach starting from Hatchett's at the same time as the Guildford was the Watford, we believe that year in the hands of Mr. Hobson, who was connected with the Maidenhead coach of the previous summer. He had a rare lot of weight-carrying looking horses, especially in his London team, which consisted of two bays, a roan, and a chesnut, and the whole turn-out was good.

The St. Albans continued all through the winter of 1875-76, arriving in London at 10.45 A.M., and was owned by Mr. Parsons; he had Harry Cracknell as professional, who was with Captain Otway in Wales the year before. Their horses were sold at Tattersall's in September, after a good season, somewhat marred by a great deal of unpleasantness experienced on this coach, as well as

on the St. Albans and Watford, owing to the behaviour of some bicyclists.

An example of how the long distances were beginning to be appreciated may be found in the Reading coach, which that year was extended to Oxford; it left the Clarendon at ten o'clock; Mr. Mansell drove it as far as Reading, and Mr. Carleton Blyth brought it the remainder of the journey. They had a very powerful team on the London ground, the wheelers being a bay and gray, and a couple of smart-looking blacks or black-browns as leaders. Edwin Fownes, who had been on the Virginia Water with Mr. Kane the year before, was the professional. They continued three months, and had a very successful time of it, finishing in July, and the thirty-six horses that had worked between Reading and London were disposed of at Tompkin's Repository, Reading, in August. A capital sale rewarded them, the horses realising the sum of 3168 guineas, making an average of 88 guineas apiece, or $21\frac{1}{2}$ guineas more than the Reading and Windsor horses averaged in 1875.

On the 1st of June the Brighton coach, which had been such a success the previous autumn, recommenced running. It was still in the hands of Mr. Stewart Freeman, with John Thorogood as coachman, and M^cIntyre, who was formerly an old mail guard, behind. They started from the White Horse Cellars, and had five changes: Sutton, Kingswood, Lowfield Heath, Handcross, and Aldbourne. In 1875 they stopped at Reigate to lunch, but for good reasons Mr. Freeman moved both the change and luncheon place to Lowfield Heath, which is a few miles farther on. Their coach this season was the same used the year before, and was built by Holland and Holland. Of the beauties of their route it wits not to speak; as the way the coach was patronised will answer amply for both the road and the way in which the whole affair was carried on, Mr. Freeman devoting all his energies to make this splendid road as popular as it had been in the hands of Mr. Chandos Pole, Mr. Tiffany, or in the times of the old Age. If there has ever been one link which connects the coaching of the past with that of the present it is the Brighton Road. Here lingered until the last the old spark of life left in coaching, and here was rekindled the flame which was once more to burst on the astonished world in the present revival of a sport (for such it always was to some men) that had been considered dead and buried.

Brighton had yet another coach in the Arundel, which that year changed hands, Mr. Silverthorne, the well-known job-master, being the sole proprietor. It started from the Grand Hotel, instead of from Markham's as in the previous season, and it also changed its route, abandoning the coast line and adopting the old and direct road, which was a great improvement.

The East Cornwall coach commenced its season on June 1st. It left Liskeard daily at 8 A.M., Callington at 9.30, Gunnislake 9.55, and arrived at Tavistock in time for the 10.35 train which

reached London at 5.25 P.M. On the arrival of the 9 A.M. train from Waterloo, the coach left Tavistock, reaching Gunnislake at 4.40, Callington 5.20, and Liskeard at 6.50 P.M. This is a good example of how popular coaching has become in the provinces, and in Cornwall, as in Wales, the country through which they passed is lovely. The whole affair was well done, and no wonder it received the patronage it did.

But now for Coaching in the principality. In 1875 Captain Otway had a coach between Llandrindod Wells and Kington, which was a great success, and in 1876 he determined to take a longer road, and started a coach between Presteign in Radnorshire, on the borders of Herefordshire, to Aberystwith, on the coast, a distance of nearly sixty-four miles, through a most beautiful country, embracing some of the finest scenery of Mid-Wales, as their route lay for a few miles through Herefordshire, then crossed the counties of Radnor, Montgomery, and Cardigan, the beauty of the journey being enhanced by coming from the wilder scenes of Cardigan and Montgomery into the exquisite verdure of the more inland counties. The coach, a Holland and Holland, was a much lighter one than the one used the previous season, and was painted the old mail colour instead of yellow and black. The Duke's Arms was made their starting-point, and at Rhayader luncheon was provided at the Red Lion, for the despatch of which half an hour was allowed; they then did the rest of their journey, stopping at the Bellevue, where Mr. Pell always had a good dinner waiting for them. The sixty-three miles was compassed between 10.5 A.M. and 6 P.M., not very bad work over such a road and with a well-loaded coach. The whole affair was done in a most workmanlike manner, beautiful scenery all through, good accommodation at each end, a capital lunch half way, and a very careful coachman in Elstone; with such elements the undertaking was bound to be successful.

Cheltenham was that season the scene of action for two coaches—the Newnham and Cheltenham and the Cheltenham and Malvern. The former commenced on the 1st of July, leaving Newnham every Wednesday and Saturday, at 12.30; went through Gloucester, stopping at the Bell Hotel, and arrived at the Plough, Cheltenham, at 2.55, and started on the return journey at 4.30 P.M., their coach a new one, by Holland, and their teams perfect. They continued to run until August, and always had good loads, especially on market days. The whole affair was done in the best possible style, and Mr. William Crawshay, the proprietor, deserved great credit.

The Cheltenham and Malvern, under the proprietorship of Captain Steeds, Mr. J. Hargreaves, Mr. J. A. Platt, and Mr. R. Chapman, left the Plough, Cheltenham, at 9.30 A.M., and arrived at the Bellevue Hotel, Malvern, at midday. A good luncheon was there provided at a moderate charge, and the number of covers to be laid were each day telegraphed, so that those travelling on the

coach were sure of getting something, and of not being sent away empty. The passengers were allowed until 4 P.M. to examine the beauty of Malvern, when the coach started on the return journey. Timms was their professional, and, we believe, they had no reason to complain of their season.

The previous year there was a coach running to Virginia Water, under the proprietorship of Mr. Delancey Kane. This season Mr. Kane remained in America, and had the Rochdale and Pelham coach, which commenced running on May 1st, with A. Fownes, who was behind Selby on the Tunbridge Wells the year before, as guard. Their coach was built by Holland and Holland, and their horses were spoken of as being well selected and a good stamp for road work; in fact, the whole turn-out would have done no discredit to Piccadilly.

The High Wycombe continued the same as usual from the Scotch Stores, the proprietor's own house, in Oxford Street. Mr. Eden ran two coaches on his opening day for the convenience of his many friends, who liked to have the first drive of the season. One team consisted of a smart lot of bays, while the other coach was drawn by four equally good chestnuts.

We now come to the second season of our article, 1877, and although at the first sign of spring it did not appear to have so bright prospects as might have been wished, ultimately it turned out to be as good as any since the revival. Two routes, which are to be counted amongst the most noted in the annals of the road, stood a fair chance, or appeared to do so, of being unoccupied; but the outside world could not see and know all that was being cogitated in the minds of some few coaching men, and as the season advanced coaches were started on roads which had hitherto been tenantless.

Once more Mr. Freeman, having entered into partnership in his undertaking, resumed his old road, and although he has always done it well, its attractions were increased, perchance by the co-operation of one of 'the old ones of four-in-hand fame,' for this season saw the return of Colonel Stracey Clitherow—one of the then two survivors (alas that he should be now the only one!) of the mighty trio who had helped to immortalise the king of roads—to his old love, and it was indeed a matter of congratulation amongst his many friends.

As before, John Thorogood was coachman, and Ike Simmonds, who was the previous year behind the Arundel, and formerly on the Tunbridge Wells—where he broke his leg in active service by a fall from the roof—was the guard. He is a very good man with the horn, and it was a lucky thing he was not on the same line with Spencer and Phillips, or we fear there would have been a pretty tough struggle for the premiership. They still stuck to their old colours, their coach being blue and red as before, and they left London *via* Grosvenor Square and Vauxhall Bridge. The first change was on the London side of Croydon, and lunch

was spread at the Chequers, Horley, where poor Tedder was host in former times. This year they altered their hour of leaving Brighton from 1 P.M. to midday, and 11 o'clock was the time appointed for their departure from Hatchett's; an alteration of material difference to many men, who could go down by the coach and return to London by the up express in time for dinner.

They commenced their season on June 3rd, and had a capital time all through, winding up on October 24th. The same number of horses were advertised for sale as those that represented the Portsmouth, but Mr. Freeman owned that he was rather fully horsed, or we should wonder at a similar number being required for fifty-four miles as for the Rocket's seventy-two. The Brighton possessed a good lot, and amongst them several capital hunters came to the hammer. Ireland was the native land of most of them, and being young and sound, and not stale from overwork, they made a very good average at the sale, and altogether Mr. Freeman was to be heartily congratulated on the success of his undertaking.

A good example of a long-distance coach was the said Rocket, which ran between Portsmouth and London under the proprietorship of Mr. Hargreaves. It commenced on the 3rd of April between Portsmouth and Godalming, but on the 21st of the same month we find that they did the whole distance between London and Portsmouth, and although a rumour was abroad that it was to be taken off the road in July, it continued until late in September. Mr. Hargreaves guarded against any excuse for the flight of the enemy in the most careful manner, as he had a clock fixed to the footboard, so that whoever might be driving could see the time whenever he looked at his boots, not an unneedful precaution, as their whole journey, seventy-two miles, had to be performed in eight hours, including half an hour for luncheon. Phillips started with them as guard, but having such a much better musician on the opposition coach (the Guildford), he soon resigned. Fownes did duty behind as well as before, for from the manner in which the proprietor stuck to his work, there was not much need for a professional in front. Altogether, combining both duties was a very wise step, for no doubt Fownes's music was good enough for every useful purpose, and he could always get over to drive when Mr. Hargreaves wanted a rest. In July they worked the proprietor's private coach; colour, all yellow; as it had no lettering on the sides, but only on the hind boot, one had to go behind it to tell that it was a stage coach earning money.

On Tuesday, August 28th, this coach left Hatchett's and reached Portsmouth at its usual hour, and then started again for London at 9 o'clock, and having travelled all night, reached Hatchett's at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning. The idea was to have a moonlight drive, but the darkness for part of the journey may account, in some measure, for the time they were doing it. The proprietor handled the ribbons himself, and they obtained refresh-

ments at a very early hour at Godalming. The coach rested all Wednesday, and returned to Portsmouth again as usual on Thursday. This is the first instance of such a thing having been done since the revival. As the season advanced it loaded very well, a circumstance not to be wondered at, when the beauty of that country at that time of the year is taken into consideration. For where could one have a more beautiful drive than amongst the heath-clad hills through which this coach passed, and which at that season are adorned in their fullest wealth of bloom? On the evening of September the 14th they pulled up at Hatchett's for the last time, and thus ended a season which had lasted over a period of twenty-three weeks and a half, or almost six months—what a contrast to some of its companions!

Mr. Hargreaves bore all the brunt alone and unassisted, and surely success was well merited; for the Rocket was the longest distance coach then running, and travelling for the most part over a maiden road, had to be carried on at a very heavy expense, and many and great were the disappointments which attended his undertaking. He sent forty-eight horses to Tattersall's, all of which made a fair average.

We will next glance at the doings of the Guildford. It started from Hatchett's on March 25th for Cobham, and did the whole journey to Guildford on April 14th, under the proprietorship of Messrs. Shoolbred and Luxmore. Their coach, a Shanks, was drawn by a handsome team of blacks on the London stage. Unlike its companion, the Rocket, the Guildford was the first of the long distance coaches to withdraw, and it made its last journey on September 1st, and the horses, twenty-two in number, came to the hammer on the 10th at Tattersall's.

This year the Tunbridge Wells was started by Lord Bective, in conjunction with two other noblemen. At first it only went as far as Sevenoaks, but afterwards was extended to Tunbridge Wells. This coach, both in name and route, was a revival of the first coach put on this road by Mr. Hoare in 1868, with Comley, who had lived as second coachman to the Duke of Beaufort, as professional. Selby was coachman, and their route lay along the Embankment, down the Brixton Road, through Dulwich, past the Crystal Palace, Penge Hill, and so to Bromley. On June 2nd it was extended to Tunbridge Wells, leaving London at its old time, 10 A.M., and arriving at Tunbridge Wells at 2 P.M., returning at 3 P.M., and reaching London at 7 P.M. Then for some strange reason it resumed its old route, and left London *via* the Old Kent Road, with all its tramway abominations. They ended their season rather abruptly on August 28th, and their horses were disposed of at Tattersall's on Monday, September 3rd. This was the shortest season this coach had ever been known to run.

The Cheltenham and Malvern was again on the road, starting on July 2nd, with that capital coachman Lord Arthur Somerset

on the box. Lord Castlereagh also accompanied them. Their changes were at Tewkesbury and Upton, leaving Cheltenham at 10, and returning from Malvern at 3.30. Altogether they had a fair season, considering the bad weather they had to contend with; but the visitors of Malvern may be congratulated on being its best customers by far, as it in fact received but very little support from the town of Cheltenham. The horses, sixteen in number, were a very useful lot, and all having been hunted received that attention from purchasers which no doubt they deserved, for we find they had a very fair sale.

The small bay team which took them out of Cheltenham were an exceedingly smart lot, and trotted the nine miles to Tewkesbury in forty-eight or fifty minutes, and again the distance back again to Cheltenham in the same time. They came to the hammer at Humphrey's repository on Thursday, October 11th.

Another of the provincial coaches was the Leamington and Stratford on Avon, which we believe had no cause to complain of want of patronage.

The St. Albans and Watford started from Hatchett's on Saturday 5th May, and left for London on alternate days. Harry Cracknell again resumed his place as professional. This coach was styled the afternoon St. Albans, in order to distinguish it from the other St. Albans, owned by Mr. E. Broadbent, while the afternoon boasted of Mr. Parsons as its proprietor. They finished a capital season early in October, and the horses were disposed of by Mr. Freeman at Aldridge's on the 10th of that month. Its sister coach, the morning St. Albans, was put on the road on May 25th, leaving Hatchett's at 11.15 A.M., and ran *via* Finchley and Barnet, returning from the Peahen at 4 o'clock. In July they were driven by Ewens, who was formerly on the Orleans Club coach, but it was unfortunately only a temporary arrangement; for on Friday 28th July they stopped, after one of the shortest seasons on record, having been on the road barely three months. What a contrast to the Portsmouth! The horses were sold at Tattersall's.

On the 2nd of June, Colonel Somerset's coach, the Hironnelle, made a start (Enfield, Hitchen, and Welwyn), and, with the consent of the Marquis of Salisbury, drove through his splendid park at Hatfield, which in reality contributed the chief pleasure of the road. It only ran two days in the week, and always was well loaded.

Early in May we find that Mr. Lowther began to get his teams into form for the Scarborough and Bridlington Quay coach. The colour was primrose and red under-carriage; Page was professional, and hearty was the welcome that the squire received when he resumed work.

There was a very pretty coach, canary-coloured, running this year to Richmond, Twickenham, and the Orleans Club, built by Shanks. Its entry into London with lamps of a night recalled many a recollection of the past. It was driven at first by Ewens, but

on his resignation Glover, the professional of the Badminton Club, took his place.

A coach was also started between Cheadle and Manchester, and very soon it made a tour through the Midlands, which must have been a very pleasant trip.

On Whit Monday the morning Dorking started, with Clark as professional. Although they reduced the distance one and a half miles by stopping at Boxhill, they yet kept to their old time of two and three-quarter hours, which was certainly very slow as compared with the Rocket or Brighton. There were too many changes, the first was at Nightingale's, Balham; they then ran on to the George, Morden; Epsom and Leatherhead being the other two. They continued running until August 11, making exactly twelve weeks, and their horses, twenty-five in number, were sold on the 20th. The season, although a very short, was a successful one, and the new coach, built by Messrs. Holland, on the lines of one of Wright's, we believe, was much admired.

The Windsor coach ran again this year, but, like the Orleans, forsook its road to visit Ascot—a performance termed by some 'doing job-master's work.' In August they made a change in their London ground, taking High Street, Kensington, in preference to the Cromwell Road, which was tried at the commencement of the season. They finished on the 18th of August, and their horses were sold at Tattersall's on the 27th.

The Brighton and Arundel ran as usual that year, but for a very short time, their season only extending over a few weeks; Botcherby was the professional.

The Missenden coach, a very old-established one, was again on the road, and finished in October, when the horses were sold at Gower's.

The first week of September saw the 'Rapid,' West Wickham, Beckenham, and London coach, on the road. With this coach one of the great leaders of the 'revival' was again brought before the public, and a very hearty greeting he received, for all were glad to welcome once more Mr. Charles Hoare, one of our best whips. Selby was the professional. They left Wickham at 9 A.M., passing through Beckenham, by the Crystal Palace, and so to Piccadilly. Their coach was painted white and red under-carriage, the colours which were introduced on the Tunbridge Wells by Mr. Hoare himself.

They continued all through the winter, and were ready to welcome the butterflies the next spring. In another article we hope to bring our coaching records down to the present date.

THE IRISH WOLF-HOUND.

ALTHOUGH the Irish wolf-hound can no longer be numbered amongst the 'Dogs of the British Islands,' a certain interest must always attach to the history of an animal that once played so conspicuous a part in the annals of the chase.

To say that this fine race has become entirely extinct, although very near the truth, is happily not quite the case yet, for we have reason to believe that there is still so much of the true breed existing as, with proper management, to admit of its complete recovery. It is a fact well known to breeders of mastiffs that, until within the last thirty or forty years, these dogs as a pure race had almost ceased to exist, but active measures having been adopted to restore the breed, it has been entirely recovered, in a form at least equal, if not superior to, what it was of yore. There is no reason why a similar success should not attend a properly managed attempt to restore the more ancient and equally noble Irish wolf-hound. To say that the services of such a dog, being no longer required for sport, it is no longer desirable to preserve the breed, is an argument which scarcely deserves consideration; for very many dogs are bred and exhibited at the present day for whom no work is provided, nor is any expected of them. Moreover, although it may be true that the Irish wolf-hound can no longer be turned to account by sportsmen in this country, the same cannot be said of our colonies, where such a dog, in the pursuit of wolves, deer, kangaroos, and other animals, would prove a most useful ally.

From the fragmentary accounts which have been published of the appearance and dimensions of this dog, it is to be inferred that it was of considerably greater stature than any race existing at the present day, unless perhaps we except the Great Dane, or Boarhound, with which many writers have confounded it.

The original greyhound was unquestionably a long-haired dog, and the modern smooth-coated and thin animal now known by that name is of comparatively recent date. Of this we have sufficient evidence in the ancient monuments of Egypt, where, as well as in Persia and India, rough greyhounds of great size and power still exist. A dog of the same kind has been described as well known in Arabia; and a gigantic rough greyhound was found by Dr. Clarke on the confines of Circassia, and by him described as identical with the old Irish wolf-hound.* Ray describes the dog correctly as a tall rough greyhound; so also does Pennant, who descants on its extraordinary size and power, although he falls into an error in identifying it with *le grand Danois* of Buffon.

Much difference of opinion has been expressed on the subject of its stature. Buffon states that one measured 5 feet in height when sitting up. Goldsmith says it stood 4 feet; while Richardson

* Clarke's 'Travels in Russia, Tartary, and Turkey.' 1816.

(author of 'The Dog: its Origin, Natural History, and Varieties'), whose practical acquaintance with the subject on which he wrote entitles him to respect, was of opinion that the average height was probably about 3 feet 4 inches. The discrepancy between the first and last of these measurements obviously arises from the circumstance that, in the former case, the dog was measured from the top of the head when sitting up; while Richardson refers to its height from the shoulder when standing. Moreover, Buffon's dog, as we have hinted, was perhaps not a wolf-dog at all, but a Great Dane.

Captain George Graham, of Rednock, Dursley, Gloucestershire, a gentleman who has devoted many years, much trouble, and considerable expense towards the restoration of the Irish wolf-hound, has a splendid specimen of this dog, which he bred himself, and whose pedigree he can trace back for more than thirty years. This animal at twenty-three months old, weighed over eight stone, and measured thirty-one inches at the shoulder. Its colour is dark brindle, and it has a splendid full coat, with wonderful depth of chest. Captain Graham has other dogs of this breed in his kennels, descended from animals procured in Ireland many years ago, before the race had become quite so rare as it is at present. His researches into the history of the Irish wolf-hound, coupled with his own experience as a breeder, have led him to consider the following to be its points:—

General appearance and form.—That of a very tall, heavy Scottish deerhound; much more massive and majestic-looking; active and tolerably fast, but somewhat less so than the present breed of deerhounds.

Head.—Very long, but not too narrow; skull much squarer between the ears than the present deerhound, and flat; nose large; neck very muscular, and rather long.

Ears.—Small in proportion to size of head and half erect, resembling those of the best deerhounds. If the dog is of a light colour, a dark ear is to be preferred.

Coat.—Rough and hard all over the body, tail, and legs, and of good length; the hair on the head long and rather softer than that on the body, and growing over the eyes and under the jaws.

Colour.—Black, grey, brindle, red, and fawn, though white and parti-coloured dogs were common, and by some preferred in olden times.

Measurements.	Dogs.		Bitches.	
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
Probable height at shoulder	32	to 35	28	to 30
Girth of chest	38	" 44	32	" 34
Round forearm	10	" 12	8	" 9½
Length of head	12½	" 14	10½	" 11½
Total length	84	" 100	70	" 80
Weight in lbs.	110	" 140	90	" 110

From this table it will be seen that Captain Graham's estimate of the height does not reach that assigned by Richardson, whose calculation, it appears, was based on the measurement of skulls of the

Irish wolf-hound preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. He states 'the skull is 11 inches in the bone;' to that he adds 3 inches for nose, skin, and hair, thus getting 14 inches as the length of the living animal's head. The head of a living deerhound, which he measured, and which stood 29 inches high, was 10 inches; from which he infers that the height of the Irish wolf-hound must have been 40 inches. But as Captain Graham has pointed out, the allowance for covering the skull is excessive, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch instead of 3 inches being much nearer the mark. Thus, if the head of the wolf-hound be taken at $12\frac{1}{4}$ inches instead of 14 inches, the height would be reduced to 36 inches. Moreover, a deerhound that stands 29 inches should have a head measuring at least 11 inches instead of 10 inches. So that, on this calculation, the Irish dogs which owned the skulls referred to would only have stood about $33\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Thus we arrive at a very fair notion of the appearance and size of the Irish wolf-hound.

That the breed is one of great antiquity in this country is evident, for so early as the latter end of the fourth century we find Symmachus, a Roman consul, writing to his brother Flavinus, to thank him for a present he made him of some dogs, which he calls *Canes Scotici*, and which were shown at the Circensian games, to the great astonishment of the people, who could not believe it possible to bring them to Rome otherwise than in iron cages. Some commentators have suggested that the dogs referred to by Symmachus were English mastiffs,* but that this is a mistake has been shown by Harris, who, in his edition of Sir James Ware's 'Antiquities of Ireland,' has pointed out, that for some time before Symmachus lived, and for many centuries after, Ireland was well known by the name of 'Scotia,' and that the appellation *Canes Scotici*, while wholly inapplicable to English mastiffs, was quite appropriate to Irish greyhounds. Moreover, the dogs upon which the highest value was always set in former times were those which were of use for the chase of wild animals, and we know from various sources that wolf-dogs were held in such esteem as to be considered worthy the acceptance of monarchs, and were frequently sent abroad as presents to foreign potentates. In some instances lands were held by the service of providing the king with a certain number of these dogs. Thus in Edward the First's time, one William de Reynes held land at Boyton in the parish of Finchingfield, Essex, by the serjeanty of keeping for the king five wolf-dogs (*Canes luporarius*).†

Campion, whose 'History of Ireland' was published in 1570, especially refers to the chase of the wolf there with wolf-hounds. 'The Irish,' he says, 'are not without wolves, or greyhounds to hunt them; bigger of bone and limme than a colt.' Sir James Ware, too, in his 'Antiquities of Ireland' (1658), speaks of 'those hounds, which, from their hunting of wolves, are commonly called

* Cf. Lepsius, Epist. ad Belg. Cent., i. p. 144; Burton, Itinerary Anton., p. 220.

† Blount, 'Ancient Tenures,' pp. 235, 236 (ed. 1815).

‘wolf-dogs,’ being creatures of great strength and size and of a ‘fine shape.’ Many of our kings used to send direct to Ireland for wolf-dogs; and illustrious visitors to the English court used to petition the king to exert his influence in procuring for them some of these animals of which they had heard so much. Thus, in a privy seal from King Henry VIII. to the Lord Deputy and Council of Ireland, his Majesty takes notice of the suit of the Duke of Albuquerque, of Spain (a member of the Privy Council), on behalf of the Marquis Desarrya and his son, ‘that it might please his Majesty to grant to the said Marquis and his son, and the longer liver of them, yearly, out of Ireland, two goshawks and four ‘greyhounds,’ and commands the deputy for the time being to order the delivery of the hawks and hounds, and to charge the cost to the Treasury.

In November 1562, as we learn from the State Papers relating to Ireland, the Irish chieftain, Shane O’Neill, forwarded to Queen Elizabeth, through Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a present of two horses, two hawks, and two Irish wolf-dogs; and in 1585, Sir John Perrott, who was Lord Deputy of Ireland from January 1584 to July 1588, sent to Sir Francis Walsingham, then Secretary of State in London, ‘a brace of good wolf-dogs, one black, the other ‘white.’ Later still in 1608, we find that Irish wolf-hounds were sent from Ireland by Captain Esmond of Duncannon, to Gilbert Earl of Shrewsbury. When Sir Thomas Rowe was Ambassador at the Court of the Great Mogul in the year 1615, that Emperor desired him to send for some *Irish greyhounds* as the most welcome present he could make him.

Thus it appears that these dogs were considered very valuable, and were highly thought of by those who received them as presents; but some years later, when, owing to the great increase in the number of wolves in some parts of Ireland, their services were more than ever required to keep down these ferocious animals, a law was passed to prohibit their exportation.

In 1641 and 1652 wolves were particularly troublesome in Ireland; and in the latter year the following Order in Council was issued by Cromwell, prohibiting the exportation of wolf-dogs:—

‘DECLARATION AGAINST TRANSPORTING WOLFE DOGGES.’

‘Forasmuch as we are credibly informed that Wolves doe much increase and ‘destroy many cattle in several partes of this Dominion, and that some of the ‘emie’s party, who have laid down armes, and have liberty to go beyond sea, ‘and others, do attempt to carry away several such great dogges as are commonly ‘called *Wolfe dogges*, whereby the breed of them which are useful for destroying ‘of wolves, would (if not prevented) speedily decay. These are therefore to ‘prohibit all persons whatsoever from exporting any of the said Dogges out of ‘this Dominion; and searchers and other officers of the Customs, in the several ‘partes and creekes of this Dominion, are hereby strictly required to seize and ‘make stopp of all such dogges, and deliver them either to the common huntsman, appointed for the precinct where they are seized upon, or to the governor ‘of the said precinct.—Dated at Kilkenny, April 27, 1652.’

The following year another Order in Council was made, which ran as follows :—

'DECLARATION TOUCHING WOLVES.'

'For the better destroying of wolves which of late years have much increased in most parts of this nation, it is ordered that the Commanders-in-chiefe and Commissioners of the Revenue in the several precincts doe consider of, use, and execute all good wayes and meanes how the wolves in the counties and places within the respective precincts may be taken and destroyed; and to employ such person or persons, and to appoint such daies and tymes for hunting the wolfe, as they shall adjudge necessary. And it is further ordered that all such person or persons as shall take, kill, or destroy any wolves, and shall bring forth the head of the wolfe before the said Commanders of the Revenue, shall receive the sums following, viz., for every bitch wolfe, six pounds; for every dog wolfe, five pounds; for every cubb which preyeth for himself, forty shillings; for every suckling cubb, ten shillings. And no wolfe after the last September until the 10th January be accounted a young wolfe, and the Commissioners of the Revenue shall cause the same to be equallie assessed within their precincts.—Dublin, June 29, 1653.'

When, through these and other coercive measures, wolves at length became exterminated in Ireland, there was no longer any inducement to preserve the breed of wolf-hounds, and this noble race of dogs, in many parts of the country, was suffered to die out. It was thought, indeed, at one time to have become quite extinct; but there is reason to believe that, owing to the preservation of a few in scattered localities, the breed has never been entirely lost.

The learned antiquary, Dr. Pegge, writing in 1792 ('Archæologia,' vol. x., p. 160), states that he had seen some. 'There was one,' he says, 'at Lambeth Palace, and another at Wentworth House, and if the breed be not now quite worn out, perhaps it may be found in Ireland or Scotland.'

Sir Walter Scott had two, both very large animals, which were presented to him by Glengarry and Cluny Macpherson. Writing of these 'wolf-hounds,' he observed, 'There is no occupation for them, as there is only one wolf near, and that is confined in a menagerie!' He was offered a fine Irish wolf-hound by Miss Edgeworth, who owned some of this breed, but, having the others, he declined it.

In the third volume of the 'Linnæan Society's Transactions' is a paper by Mr. Aylmer Burke Lambert, in which he describes and figures a dog in the possession of Lord Altamount, son of the Marquis of Sligo, as the old Irish wolf-hound.

In the opinion of Richardson, however, than whom no one was better qualified to form an opinion, this was not a wolf-dog at all, but 'a middling-sized, and apparently not very well-bred specimen of a comparatively common breed of dog, called the Great Dane. Had *this* been the Irish wolf-dog,' he adds, 'it were absurd to speak of its scarcity, far less of its extinction.'

Richardson, being an enthusiast on the subject, and not content with merely writing, himself took measures to recover the breed. With much patience and trouble he hunted up all the strains he could hear of, and bred dogs of gigantic size, to which the strains

now in existence can be distinctly traced. A gentleman of position and means in Ireland, deceased some nine or ten years, possessed a kennel of these dogs, on the breeding of which he expended both time and fortune freely, and though not considered quite equal to the original type, they were very fine animals. Captain Graham, of Rednock, Dursley, Gloucestershire, to whom reference has been already made, has laboured for the last fifteen years to restore the breed, and has, most vexatiously, lost several valuable dogs just as he was approaching the standard at which he aimed. Latterly, however, his efforts have been rewarded, and he has succeeded in producing some grand dogs of the ancient type. Would that others could be induced to follow his example!

In these days, when so much interest is manifested in producing and preserving pure strains of various breeds, and kennel shows are in such favour throughout the country, neither means nor inclination should be wanting to effect so praiseworthy a result as the complete resuscitation of this noble, ancient, and purely national dog.

J. E. HARTING.

CRICKET.

ACTUM EST. Another season has gone to its rest, and certainly not amidst the universal expressions of regret which usually accompany the closing days of the cricket year. It would be mere affectation to strain the laws of hospitality to such an extent as to attempt in this instance to speed the parting guest, or at least to give the wish an air of sincerity. In one respect the campaign just completed may possibly be deemed worthy of praise by those who admire consistency, for the use of the watering-pot has been unsparing to the last. After three months of discomfort on heavy grounds, it was not altogether unreasonable to hope that August, the month, as a rule, of bright weather and genial sunshine, would compensate cricketers a little for their previous sufferings; but such was not the case, we are pained to have to admit, and, true to its traditions, the season of 1879 ended as it had commenced, unpleasantly in a shower of rain. But for one week, which only served to show out in bolder relief the poverty of the scoring generally during the three previous months, August indeed signally failed to act up to its usual character, and, with some few remarkable exceptions, the cricket was as unreliable, if not quite so full of glaring inconsistencies as had marked many of the earlier contests. Some diversity of opinion, no doubt, exists with regard to the actual advantages of the Canterbury week solely from a cricket point of view, but the most prejudiced supporter of that ancient fixture would be sorely exercised to satisfy an impartial observer that the last gathering was in any way up to the standpoint of former years. For ourselves, we are inclined to think that the importance of the meeting has been in some degree

exaggerated, and that its success has been mainly due to the energetic way in which it has been written up in the principal newspapers. That there is a very considerable amount of good derivable from the annual meetings is patent to every one, and in proof of their popularity it only needs to point to the now numerous weeks which have lately sprung up in humble imitation of the great Kentish original. Anything which may be said to popularise cricket must be regarded as worthy of encouragement, but at the same time the very increase of the game, and the certainly great strides which have taken place recently by cricket of the better sort, must tend to rob these celebrations of much of the public importance that has attached to them, and make their influence more of a local than of a general kind. During the last few years, to judge by the lack of co-operation shown by the principal amateurs, the attractions of the Canterbury week have to some extent faded in public estimation; and certainly it would have been far better for those who have the management of affairs in London to have been less ambitious this year in giving to their fixtures pretentious titles altogether unwarranted by the calibre of the players engaged. To call the twelve which opposed the Gentlemen of Kent, in the second match of the week, the *Gentlemen of England*, was nothing more than to 'give to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name,' and it only requires an analysis of the merits of the several cricketers interested to prove that such a high-sounding title was little short of ridiculous. The Kentish authorities have acted wisely in giving a local colouring to the various fixtures of the Canterbury week, and the meeting has sufficient interest of itself to outlive the prophecies of decadence which are recorded with each succeeding anniversary. From old associations, the gathering of the St. Laurence Ground, Canterbury, deserves the hearty support of all cricketers who are interested in the development of the game; and it is only in the fear that any shortcomings on the part of those who have the control of the cricket in their hands may diminish the importance of an old-established and extremely agreeable outing that we would like to see a little more energy infused into the proceedings another year. The original intention of the Kentish committee to attempt to play England even-handed was laudable enough, and, in the opinion no doubt of partisans of the county, was in some small measure warranted by the excellent form shown by the team in 1878; but, after the ill-success that had marked the efforts of Lord Harris and his trusty men during this season, it was quite as well that the fixture was modified to England *v.* Thirteen of Kent, and even then it was only owing to the very inefficient representation of England that the contest was able to give rise to a good finish. Of course the matches between Surrey and Sussex at the Oval, and Yorkshire and Derbyshire at Derby, in course of progress on the same days, especially the latter, very materially interfered with the collection of a representative England eleven; but otherwise there was a noticeable void in the non-appearance of many of the leading amateurs who had shown up at Canterbury in former years, and the Hon. A.

Lyttelton, Messrs. I. D. Walker, A. J. Webbe, A. P. Lucas, A. N. Hornby, and others, were conspicuous by their absence. As a matter-of-fact, the match was robbed of its tinsel, Marylebone Club and Ground, with Selby and Oscroft, against Thirteen of Kent, very much weakened by the loss of Lord Harris, who, to the regret of all who have had the opportunity of appreciating his unceasing and unselfish efforts to develop and improve Kentish cricket, was unable to take any active part in the Canterbury week. The match was fruitful in surprises, as Mr. Alfred Penn and Bray, the Colt whom Lord Harris dropped upon at an opportune moment at Lord's, most unexpectedly got rid of a certainly strong batting eleven for a total of 72, and at the end of the first day an innings had been completed by each side—a very unusual occurrence on a ground so favourable for run-getting as that at Canterbury—with an advantage of 70 runs to the County. Strangely enough, Mr. A. G. Steel, whose bowling was expected to be so effective, especially after his brilliant achievements just previously, was the most punished of the five bowlers tried on the England side, and his *début* at Canterbury proved by no means the success that was anticipated, the one wicket credited to him costing as many as 76 runs. Mainly owing to the excellent batting of Messrs. Frank Penn, who each time scored 31, and R. S. Jones, of the Cambridge University eleven (30 and 40), the Kentish thirteen were able to reach the very respectable total of 174 at the second attempt, and things looked very much in their favour when England began their second innings with 245 runs to win. Oscroft (40) and Selby (27) made matters look a little more favourable for the eleven at the outset, but Barnes and Mr. Steel were both dismissed without a run, and, when Flowers joined Mr. W. G. Grace, only four wickets were left to fall with still 118 runs left to win. With only Alfred Shaw, Pilling, and Morley, three batsmen who can hardly be considered at all reliable, in reserve, the chances of England seemed almost hopeless; but Flowers, who has more than once shown a remarkable aptitude for coming with a useful score when runs were much needed by his county, and Mr. Grace showed some of the best cricket that has been seen this year, and the young professional hit all round so clean and well that he actually made runs faster than Mr. Grace, a feat by no means easy of accomplishment, as most cricketers will allow. It was not, perhaps, the sensation of the year, but the records of the season will not furnish many more creditable performances than that of the Nottingham player, and, in proof of the smartness of his hitting, it need only be stated that he carried out his bat for 72, making that number of runs in about an hour and a quarter, while Mr. Grace was scoring 40. Had any accident occurred to secure his dismissal, the scale would in all likelihood have been turned in favour of the thirteen; but as it was England won, with a fair margin of four wickets to spare, the two not-outs having added 119, both of them without a fault. Why the second fixture was allowed to continue with the high-sounding designation of *Gentlemen of England* against Gentlemen of Kent can only be known to those

who have the privilege of pulling the wires of Canterbury cricket ; but with only Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. G. Steel, R. A. H. Mitchell, and Whitfeld, in any way up to first-class form, it was simply ridiculous to persist in designating a twelve, composed of Messrs. W. G. Grace, J. S. Russel, A. G. Steel, G. B. Studd, R. A. H. Mitchell, H. Whitfeld, A. C. Lucas, C. E. Cottrell, E. Hume, C. C. Clarke, C. W. Evans, and W. F. Powell-Moore, the two last altogether unknown to fame, as the Gentlemen of England. Messrs. A. G. Steel (93), W. G. Grace (54), and Whitfeld (38) contributed 185 towards England's first score of 241 ; and, but for the effective bowling of Mr. Cunliffe, who took five of the last wickets at a cost of only 10 runs, this number would probably have been materially increased. The only feature of Kent's first innings of 181 was a thoroughly well-played score of 82 by Mr. R. S. Jones, the Cantab, whose batting was the one sensation of the week on the Kentish side. Though the County Amateurs were just 60 runs behind on the first innings, there seemed to be very small chance of finishing the match ; and indeed at the end of the second day it would have been voted long odds against the completion of the game. Eventually the Kentish twelve were left with 219 runs to win, and two hours left for play ; and as the wicket played very queerly after the rains of the morning, the Gentlemen of England were able to pull off the match, with half an hour to spare, and with a very respectable majority of 131 runs in hand. The absence of Lord Harris was in every way a serious blow to the prospects of the Canterbury week of 1879 ; but, in spite of the at times disagreeable weather and a noticeable falling off in the receipts of the first day, the Bank Holiday, the number of visitors was, if anything, above the average, and financially, according to all accounts, the gathering was an unqualified success. It perhaps hardly comes within our province to criticise the charitable efforts of the 'Old Stagers,' as the amateurs who have made themselves famous on the boards of the Canterbury theatre delight to be designated ; but this year the forms of many old favourites were missing from behind the footlights, and it would have been perhaps more calculated to enhance the reputations of those who took an active part in the entertainments furnished for this year had their aims been a little less pretentious.

Reference has already been made to the two fixtures that came into collision with the first match of the Canterbury week, to wit, those between Surrey and Sussex at the Oval, and between Yorkshire and Derbyshire. The term of 'silly Sussex' has passed far beyond the limits of the county, and perhaps it has never been more justly applied than to the behaviour of the Sussex captain in refusing the innings when his success in the toss had given him the choice. It may safely be argued that it is right for a side to go in ninety-nine times out of a hundred on winning the toss, and the decision of the Sussex leader on this occasion was altogether inexplicable, as there was nothing in the condition of the wicket to justify his rejection of the evident advantages the side that has first innings must, as a rule,

possess. Sussex did well at the outset to get rid of Mr. John Shuter, a batsman who has always scored largely from their bowling, for 3 runs; but Messrs. Read (53), L. A. Shuter (36), and Jupp (34) set the rest of their side a good example; and perhaps the most deserving score in the Surrey innings of 263 was that of Mr. L. A. Shuter. Sussex ought hardly to have been intimidated even by so large a total, considering the quality of the Surrey bowling; but the eleven collapsed in a most extraordinary style in the first innings. Henry Phillips, the wicket-keeper, made as many as 41 out of a total of 75 from the bat, and the last five wickets only increased the total to the extent of 7 runs, a collapse attributable to the unexpectedly effective bowling of Potter, whose by no means formidable delivery showed the extraordinary analysis of twenty-four overs for 14 runs and five wickets. The Sussex batsmen appeared to be quite at home with the fast bowling of Blamires, as instanced by the fact that in the two innings his one wicket showed the heavy charge of 65 runs, but they were utterly abroad with the slower paces of Southerton and Potter, and even the lobs of Mr. Read were beyond their powers, to judge from a glance at the published analyses. Surrey compelled their opponents to follow in a minority of 182 runs, and though Howard (36) and Mr. Whitfield (31) tried hard to make the result look a little more respectable for Sussex, the issue was never in doubt, and Surrey won easily enough with an innings and 25 runs to spare. It is not a little peculiar how generally Southerton has come off with effect against the county of his birth, and on this occasion he bowled with wonderful precision, his figures showing one hundred and eleven overs, sixty-two of which were maidens, for 91 runs and eleven wickets. In July, it may be remembered, Derbyshire, after a series of disasters, succeeded in defeating the Yorkshire eleven on their own ground. The majority which gave Derbyshire the victory on that occasion only amounted to 27 runs, and there were, no doubt, many good judges only too ready to argue that the result was only another instance of the glorious uncertainty of the game. There would have been very few indeed to believe in the possibility of Derbyshire beating Yorkshire twice this season, gauging the two counties by their public form, but none the less the Derbyshire eleven did succeed in securing this double victory. The difference at Derby was small enough to reduce in some small degree the value of the triumph, but on the occasion of the second meeting at Derby, on the three first days of the Canterbury week, the home eleven had a marked advantage at the finish, winning by no less than an innings and two runs. Yorkshire felt the loss of Allen Hill's bowling severely, more especially as that bowler had proved himself in recent matches to be in truly brilliant form; but it was in the batting that they failed, as at Sheffield, and with the exception that Hay was relieved for a period of five overs during the first innings of Yorkshire, that bowler and William Mycroft trundled throughout the match for Derbyshire without a change. It must be regarded as rather hard luck for Mycroft, con-

sidering the wonderful success that has attended his bowling this year, to have had to give place to Morley in so many of the important fixtures of the season. It is an undoubted truism that 'two moons cannot shine in one sphere alike,' but at the same time Mycroft's case, as the lesser light, deserves sympathy, and it may not be altogether out of place to hazard the opinion that his talents would have been far more profitably applied to aid the regeneration of professional cricket in the south than to be lost in the superabundance of northern bowling. Derbyshire, thanks to a useful score of 33 by Mr. A. Shuker at the outset, managed to obtain the respectable total of 146, but barring Pinder, who occupied the novel position of highest scorer with 31 and 16, no one on the Yorkshire side was able to do anything with the bowling of Mycroft and Hay, who equally divided the ten Yorkshire wickets, the latter having slightly the better analysis of the two. The heavy rains in the north during the early part of the Canterbury week had played havoc with the wickets, and Yorkshire derived some little consolation for its defeat by Derbyshire by a handsome victory at Huddersfield over the formidable batting team which this year has been at the disposal of the Middlesex Committee. The ground was in the very worst possible condition, and the scale might have been turned in favour of either side by the smallest accident. But as things happened, there was more sting in the Yorkshire bowling than in that of Middlesex, and Bates and Peate, the former of whom is now perhaps the most dangerous professional slow bowler, with a wicket to help him, was almost unplayable. If we mistake not, this was Mr. C. J. Studd's *début* for the Middlesex, and he proved that his bowling was of a higher order than the form he showed for Eton against Harrow at Lord's would imply, especially in the second innings of Yorkshire, wherein he took four wickets at an expense of 16 runs. The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton (48) and Mr. A. J. Webbe (22) contributed 70 out of a first total of 96 by Middlesex; and at the second attempt the Metropolitan eleven were even less successful, as Mr. C. I. Thornton's 17 was the only double figure, and the aggregate did not exceed 45. The highest score in Yorkshire's first innings of 90 was 18, and it was by no means a certainty that they got the 52 runs ultimately wanted to win, though, thanks to a useful contribution of 22 by Ulyett, they did manage to pull through with five wickets to spare. It is very rare that two bowlers come off so remarkably in the same match as Bates and Peate on this occasion, and hence their figures are the more deserving of record, Peate delivering twenty-seven overs for 13 runs and six wickets in first innings of Yorkshire, and Bates forty-nine balls for 11 runs and six wickets in the second. The enormous difference to a batting eleven under varying conditions of ground was proved by Middlesex in its engagements at Nottingham and Clifton, against Nottinghamshire and Gloucestershire respectively. At the former place, at the outset Middlesex had very little to congratulate itself upon, as, mainly through the exertions

of Scotton (84 not out) and Barnes (54), who contributed 138 towards a total of 248, the Southerners were 122 runs to bad on the completion of an innings. With such bowlers as Shaw, Morley, Barnes, and Flowers opposed to them, and on a wicket not improved by the rain, the Southerners had a by no means easy task to make the runs required to make the innings, and their performance in scoring 318 for the loss of only six wickets was one of the greatest batting achievements of the season. Of late the cricket enthusiasts of Nottingham have not had an opportunity of witnessing for themselves the marvellous hitting powers of Mr. C. I. Thornton, but on this occasion they were gratified by seeing him in his best vein, and while he was in he took the liberty of scoring 72 out of 89 runs, in his own peculiarly effective style, to the exuberant delight of the crowd, which as a rule dearly loves a big hitter. It was not a surprise to find the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton in three figures at Nottingham, as he had previously performed a similar feat in the same match, but taken throughout, the good folks who frequent the Trent Bridge ground had the opportunity of witnessing some of the finest all-round batting that has been shown by a county eleven this year; and as at the finish they were 196 runs on, with four wickets still to fall, Middlesex had, if anything, a little the best of the draw. Their exploit against Notts on this occasion was praiseworthy enough, but it was insignificant by comparison with their exhibition in the return match with Gloucestershire at the end of the same week at Clifton. The ground belonging to Clifton College is notoriously easy for run-getting, but it has rarely, if ever, given rise to such long scoring as that which marked the last county match played by Middlesex this season. Rain, it may be remembered, stopped the first fixture at an early stage, and though the weather admitted of almost three full days' cricket, the question of superiority was still left undecided at the close of the second meeting. It was evident that neither county would leave a stone unturned to secure its full strength, and Middlesex had certainly the strongest eleven that its committee have placed in the field this season. With such a formidable array of batting on both sides, the toss was a matter of some importance, and at the outset it was confidently expected that the eleven fortunate enough to go in first would not be dismissed for a total of less than 300 runs. Gloucestershire, who had to take the field, were lucky at the outset in getting rid of so dangerous a batsman as the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton for 20; but here their successes ceased, and, after the fall of the first wicket, the bowling of the home team was severely punished. The Gloucestershire fielding was not altogether faultless, and more than one of the Middlesex eleven was able to boast more than one life through some of the scores, notably those of Messrs. A. J. Webbe (122) and W. J. Ford (74), the latter of whom has just been drafted into the county team, gave very small ground for disparagement. The hitting of Mr. Ford, an old Cantab, who has the advantage of being several inches over six feet in height, and who is stated to use a

ponderous weapon of two pounds ten ounces in weight, was, without any desire to detract from the undoubted merits of Mr. A. J. Webbe's excellent display, the feature of the innings, and the innings itself may claim to be the batting sensation of the year, reaching the grand total of 476, the largest sum made in a county match for some time past. It looked at the outset as if Gloucestershire were not at all unlikely to come up well within reach of their opponents, as Messrs. W. G. Grace (85) and Gilbert (99) together made 160 runs for the first wicket; but very little was done by the tail of the team, and at the end of the second day Gloucestershire had scored 314 for the loss of nine wickets. A night of heavy rain made matters look still more gloomy for the home county, and no doubt in the minds of the Middlesex eleven there were bright hopes of a finish that would enable them to claim the honour of being the first county eleven to defeat Gloucestershire on its own ground. A follow on with a heavy sum of 156 to make up, and on a wicket that at times played very queerly, was not a cheerful task for Mr. W. G. Grace and his followers, and at luncheon time on the third day a victory for Middlesex looked to be well on the card. It is, of course, a mere conjecture, but had Mr. Townsend, who was allowed three lives in the attainment of his score of 71, been caught the first chance he gave, the defeat of Gloucestershire might have been accomplished; but after all it is so utterly impossible to determine the phases of a game at cricket, that it would be fairer perhaps to adhere to the bare facts. When Mr. Cranston joined Mr. W. G. Grace, Gloucestershire were 40 runs on with three wickets still to fall, and had the latter only been dismissed, Middlesex would even then have had a look in. As it was, Mr. Grace played as he only can play when the wicket is not of the best, and Messrs. Cranston and he had added 70 runs, without either having to leave, when the match was finally drawn. The defective fielding of more than one member of the Middlesex eleven on the third day considerably interfered with their chances of success, but it will only give additional zest to the next meeting to remember the extraordinary character of the first match between the counties at Clifton. The game itself was left undecided in a far from uninteresting condition, as Gloucestershire were 111 runs on, with Mr. W. G. Grace well in, and three wickets to go down; and even this number, on a ground playing treacherously, might have taken some trouble to get. In all 1063 runs were scored during the three days for the loss of twenty-seven wickets, and a slight effort of the brain will show that this gives an average of only a fraction less than 40 runs for each batsman. Yorkshire took full vengeance on Lancashire at Sheffield for the severe defeat it suffered in the previous match at Manchester, and the result added another to the list of eccentricities that have marked the doings of the Yorkshire this eleventh season. Mr. A. G. Steel was not present with the Lancashire eleven this time; and, as the Yorkshiremen have never proved themselves equal to the task of mastering his bowling, it is only fair to

assume that his absence materially influenced the result. Most of the Yorkshire batsmen scored well, though Bates's 118 was the highest contribution in the total of 353, and the Lancashire bowling was almost as harmless as its batting, in which Mr. Hornby, Mr. Royle, and Barlow alone cut even a respectable figure. Most of the important victories gained by the Yorkshiremen this year have been won on their own ground at Sheffield, and in this case their win was of the easiest kind; Lancashire, who scored 87 and 186, being beaten by an innings and 80 runs. With Mr. A. G. Steel to assist them, Lancashire made a better fight of it with Nottinghamshire at Manchester at the end of the same week, and had rain not prevented the completion of the match, in all likelihood an interesting finish would have been witnessed; as when the game was drawn Notts were 150 runs with two wickets to fall in the second innings. Surrey had little difficulty in defeating an inferior eleven of Kent in the return match at the Oval; but their victory, though it was got with an innings and a run to spare, was shorn of much of its value by the absence of Lord Harris, Messrs. Frank and Alfred Penn, and R. S. Jones. Unfortunately the Cheltenham week, instituted last year with a view to develop cricket in the West, was very materially spoiled by the weather, which also caused the matches between Surrey and Sussex at Brighton, and Kent *v.* Lancashire at Manchester, to be drawn. No effort had been spared to make the cricket attractive, as Yorkshire and Notts were the counties chosen to oppose Gloucestershire, and it is equally certain that every entertainment had been provided which could possibly give amusement to the visitors in a town not of the most entertaining character. In the opening match between Gloucestershire and Yorkshire the rain prevented more than about an hour's play on the second day, and the home county having, as things went, the best of the wicket at the close on paper had all the advantage. Yorkshire had to follow on in a minority of 134 runs, and when play ceased at the close of the third day, 63 runs had been made for the loss of one wicket, so that Gloucestershire would have apparently had little difficulty in revenging their defeat at Sheffield, had time only permitted the game to be played out. The end of the week was less favourable for the fortunes of Gloucester, and, indeed, the match between Gloucestershire and Notts was productive of the only disaster that has ever befallen the western eleven on their own ground in a county match since the institution of the Gloucestershire Club. It is a proud boast, but none the less one that Mr. W. G. Grace can make without fear of contradiction, that Gloucestershire was never beaten at home until last year it had to succumb to the Australians, and that until Notts managed to win at Cheltenham last Saturday, it had never been compelled to give in to any of the counties to whom the eleven have been opposed during the last eight years. In the heavy state of the ground it was quite a question of luck which way the balance turned, and the wicket was so much in favour of the bowlers that at the end of three innings the

highest score made had been Mr. W. G. Grace's 33 in the second innings of Gloucestershire. The chances of the Nottingham eleven when they commenced the third day, wanting 176 runs to win, with one good batsman out, and on a wicket somewhat worn, were not regarded as particularly bright, but Arthur Shrewsbury (87) and Barnes (53) completely upset all calculations by scoring 144 runs while they were together, and as Oscroft and Flowers were each allowed a life when there was just an off chance for their opponents, the Nottingham team were able to secure a comparatively easy victory, with six wickets to spare. The season has not yet closed as these notes are written, but despite its hollow defeat by Yorkshire at Sheffield, Notts may fairly claim to be regarded as the champion county of the year.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

AFTER an interval, devoted in some cases to visiting various parts of the coast, and the acquisition of valuable prize-money, many of the cracks found themselves in the classic waters of the Solent, where the time-honoured programme, shorn may be to some extent of its fair proportions, has been pretty well carried out. The Royal Southampton Club, with questionable judgment, fixed their dates so as to clash with the Squadron, and the result showed—as in a former instance when the Royal Albert did something similar—that the *prestige* of the Cowes institution must be fatal to any regatta conflicting with it. The principal feature of the Southampton events, which extended over several days, was a Forty-ton Match between those old antagonists, Bloodhound, Coryphée, and Britannia, Mr. G. Rushton's Glance making up the quartette. As on numerous occasions this year, the Marquis of Ailsa's Hound showed herself the faster, and, despite the greater power of Mr. Richardson's vessel, led all through, a fresh westerly breeze contributing rather to the monotony of the day's sailing, as there were none of the changes which so often occur in paltry winds. Britannia and Glance had a good match to themselves astern, Mr. Rushton's old ship hunting the Britannia rarely for a long way, until she came to grief and gave up. Close home, Britannia, who was not going in her best style, ran aground, but the leaders had by that time got past the flag. A prize for Schooners over 30 tons was offered, but attracted only a solitary entry, though Mr. Lampson's Miranda may be reckoned a host in herself, and sailed over for the prize. Among the 10-tonners, Mr. D. Hill's Quiraing, which has been measured and re-measured, corresponded about, squabbled over and protested against, times without number on the moot point of her being just over, or just under, the tonnage, won the second of the small matches from Florence, Lily, and other clippers of the size, and was duly objected to. After much discussion, the matter has been subsequently settled by the Yacht Racing Association in favour of the protestants, so that Quiraing is disqualified for sundry events in which she took honours. Her structure has since been slightly modified, and now she is just eligible for '10 tons and under.'

The headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron showed a marked falling-off in the number of vessels afloat, the universal commercial depression of which so much is said or sung being apparently the obstacle to many vessels

getting fitted out, and compared with former years the show round the station was sadly meagre. There were not perhaps many absentees amongst the racing cracks, whose achievements have rendered their names household words to the yachting fraternity, but the numerical strength, or weakness, of the rank and file has been very perceptible; and, remembering the utility of the yachting navy, not only as a means of livelihood to thousands, but as a nursery of first-rate sailors, the falling-off is regrettable alike from a national and private standpoint. The attendance of visitors ashore was in proportion to that of yacht-owners; and altogether the Cowes week of 1879 must be recorded as a somewhat tame anniversary. The Queen's Cup indeed secured a splendid entry of five big schooners, *Enchantress* (Col. Owen Williams), *Aline* (Lord Hastings), *Cetonia* (Earl of Gosford), *Shark* (Duke of Rutland), *Hildegarde* (H.R.H. the Prince of Wales), and *Egeria* (Mr. Mulholland, M.P.); cutters: *Formosa* (Mr. F. Sloane Stanley), *Lulworth* (Mr. Adrian Hope), and *Bloodhound*; yawls: *Raven* (Col. Sterling), and *Nixie* (Mr. Baring). There was every prospect of a fine match, as they had a nice southerly breeze; but casualties commenced early with *Enchantress* sending her jib-boom through *Shark's* mainsail, during the five minutes' interval between the first gun and the starting signal. *Shark* was rendered *hors de combat*, and the big Yankee got some five minutes the worst of the start, in which *Hildegarde*, *Egeria*, *Lulworth*, and *Formosa* were the most conspicuous. The last soon led her fleet, and for two-thirds of the match looked all over a winner, though *Enchantress* was making up for lost time in marvellous style, and, notwithstanding another casualty, had worked her way to the front. In the meantime *Nixie's* jib-halyards failing, had delayed the yawl, and the other cutter, *Lulworth*, was out of it from her mainmast snapping. Near home *Egeria* gained, owing mainly to clever piloting, and finally got in just within her time of *Enchantress*, thus winning her sixth Queen's Cup, a trophy for which she has also run second a similar number of times. This year, however, Mr. Mulholland was exceptionally lucky, as, with a decent start, *Enchantress* must have been heralded as victrix. The next day produced no sport at all, the misfortune of a blank for the Yawl match occurring, owing to the refusal of Mr. Gordon's *locum tenens* to let the *Hypatia* go, though she was on the spot and ready, having been entered with *Latona* (Mr. A. B. Rowley) and *Raven*. Three to start is a *sine quâ non* at Cowes, so the match fell through, which was the more annoying to Mr. Rowley, as on a former occasion *Hypatia* won by time. The Town Cup for Cutters also had but three entries, though the meeting of such a trio as *Arrow*, *Formosa*, and *Bloodhound* was enough to satisfy any one, and the race between the two first, in a nice westerly breeze, proved a grand sight. Eventually the Cowes crack was left astern, the old *Arrow* getting home far enough ahead of *Formosa* to win by over two minutes besides the allowance, after a splendid match right through. According to the conditions *Bloodhound* took the second prize. The Schooner Match was another field day for *Egeria*, which did even better with *Enchantress* than in the Town Cup. *Miranda* also went well, as occasionally did *Hildegarde*. These, with *Aline*, *Cetonia*, and *Shark*, made up a fine entry, and at the finish, *Cetonia*, *Enchantress*, and *Egeria* were the leaders, the last-named winning by time with a little to spare. This, with the exception of a race for non-winners, which attracted together a miscellaneous fleet, brought the squadron's proceedings to a conclusion. 'Tis not in mortals to command success,' as one of Shakespeare's characters (name forgotten) remarked to his friend Sem-

promius, but, to adapt the rest of the quotation to the executive of the Royal Yacht Squadron, they certainly did everything to deserve it, the details of the regatta being admirably arranged.

Ryde, like its sister town, suffered from the prevalent tightness of the chest, and the doings of the Royal Victoria Club were but a poor reflex of former yachting weeks in more flourishing times. The Cutter Match, as at Cowes, had but three competitors, and the event resolved itself into another fine sail between Arrow and Formosa, Mr. R. S. Lane's *Arethusa* being quite out of it in such company. All day long the pair were well together, but the result was eventually the same as in the previous affair, Arrow winning with about a minute and a quarter to spare. They had a strong south-east wind, which both craft made the most of, Formosa especially standing up grandly under a load of canvas. For the Ryde Cup, as usual a mixed entry, *Enchantress* represented the two-masters, Arrow and Formosa cutters, and Latona, Florinda, Surf, and Hypatia yawls. Unfortunately a light southerly wind proved very fluky, shifting from east to west, and dying away in most provoking fashion, Latona perhaps showing to the best advantage under these unfavourable circumstances. Thunder, lightning, and rain were the order of the day, and the match finished by Formosa getting home within her time of Latona. Florinda, contrary to custom, fared but poorly, firstly getting aground for twenty minutes, and then narrowly escaping collision with *Hildegard*, which was engaged in a private match with *Aline*. The Prince's vessel, however, was cleverly handled at the critical moment, and no accident happened. A prize given by Mr. Jessop for 'forties' turned out another benefit for *Bloodhound*, *Coryphée* being second, and *Britannia* last, after making a capital start. The Schooner Race fell through utterly, and the Yawl Match won by Latona, against Florinda, Surf, and Hypatia, proved very tedious from lack of wind. The Marquis of Exeter's prize for All Rigs secured quite a large field, the Commodore's liberality being recognised by racers and non-racers alike, the latter of whom had one-and-a-half time allowed. In addition to sundry cracks were four professed cruisers, *Boadicea* (Mr. C. S. Thellusson, the recently elected Vice), *Lyra* (Sir W. Brown, Bart.), *Spindrift* (Mr. H. Trower), and *Psyche* (Mr. T. C. Garth). Starting with a light S.E. wind, they were every now and then almost becalmed, and Mr. Trower's non-racer behaved remarkably well among the speedy division, the order at the finish being Florinda, Latona, Arrow, *Egeria*, *Spindrift*, *Fiona*, *Miranda*, and *Psyche*; *Spindrift* taking the big pot value 100*l.*, and *Psyche* and Florinda the others. The schooner money was devoted to a non-winner's race, which fell to Mr. M. Byles's *Vivandière*, and a Twenty-ton match taken by *Sayonara* concluded the R.V.Y.C. programme.

The Royal Albert Club, like its big brethren of the Isle of Wight, suffered from lack of entries, and some of the prizes offered failed to produce a match. 100*l.* and 50*l.* for Cutters brought out the veteran Arrow and the three crack 'forties,' none however having the slightest chance in a good S.W. breeze with Mr. Chamberlayne's clipper, which won with ten minutes to spare. The event was chiefly noticeable for *Britannia*'s turning the tables on *Bloodhound*, an unusual occurrence this season. *Coryphée* did not appear to advantage, but as experiments were being made in her trim, this was scarcely surprising. The Yawl Match was less fortunate in its weather, something akin to calm being followed by heavy rain, which, however, luckily brought a breeze with it. Latona and Florinda took the prizes, the little Surf giving up. 'The last event was for 'twenties,' in which *Sayonara* scored again.

Mr. Dodd's pet bantling, the annual sailing-barge match, came off under very favourable conditions of wind and weather, though the policy of fixing it so late in the season seems very doubtful. Owing doubtless to the badness of the times we seem to have been harping on, the steamers accompanying the affair were fewer than usual, which, considering the high prices now charged by the monopolising Steamboat Company, is perhaps rather something to be pleased at. A real summerly day with enough E.S.E. wind sent away the well-handled tubs at a rare bat, and in Gravesend Reach, where the best down involved perpetual tacks, the closely packed fleet with their brown sails, not to mention others whiter of rather rakish and somewhat yacht-racing cut, were a pretty sight. The chief prize, a silver cup given by the members of Lloyd's Rooms, went to Mr. S. Burford, owner of the Conqueror, and the best 'stumpy' proved to be Mr. G. Featherby's Millie. The occupants of the official and other public steamers, though packed pretty closely, appeared to enjoy themselves to perfection, and the monthly Exeise returns are likely to be considerably swollen by the consumption apparently inseparable from the outing.

It says but little for the sportsmanlike feelings of Elliott's north-country supporters, that, forgetting his numerous successes, which seem utterly effaced by Hanlan's victory, they should have declined to support him in a match with Boyd, whom he would have a good chance of beating; so Higgins, the southern ex-champion, is matched to row Boyd, who, though a promising sculler at one time, has been on the shelf for a long while. The affair is fixed for the end of this month on the London water, and ought to produce a good race. Meanwhile, the victorious Hanlan goes home laden with honours, is interviewed lengthily *à l'Américaine*, has a farm given him, and generally is received rather as a victorious general, the saviour of his country, than a rower who, contending for so many golden sovereigns, has achieved success. Down south, the reception given to athletes has usually been confined to their immediate set, with a sprinkling of the general sporting world, but, Tyneway, Elliott, when going home a winner, has been welcomed with a very good imitation of the high-falutin transatlantic fashion, so it is doubly disgusting to find him now left out so completely in the cold, and 'put not your trust in princes' may well be applied to his case, though for royalty should be substituted 'publicans,' *à propos* of whom, Hanlan, in some of his numerous orations, ascribes his successes principally to total abstinence, a flight of fancy most intolerable to the liquor interest. However, drinkist or no, he is clearly a remarkable oarsman; and Courtney, the other American star, must be indeed a wonder if he can do much against our recent visitor. By latest advices, the matter was in progress, and its final settlement can scarcely take long, if both are as eager as they profess to be. Courtney is the bigger and stronger, and his friends consider his skill at least equal to Hanlan's; granting these premisses, their anxiety for a race can scarcely be wondered at.

Amateur regattas have been as plentiful as ever this summer. At Kingston, where Messenger's Island, formerly known as Raven's Ait, was adopted as headquarters, the Kingston Rowing Club provided capital sport for their visitors, who, in spite of occasional showers, had a pleasant afternoon, and if a little rain did come, ample shelter was afforded by large marquees. Nowadays, when launches of every degree of size, speed, and puffiness are to be found all over the up-river waters, the spectacle of umpires affecting to decide the merits of a race from the stern of a watermen's eight many lengths astern appeared somewhat of an anachronism; fortu-

nately, at Surbiton, no fouls occurred beyond the ken of the referees, and the return to the old-fashioned plan was doubtless made a good deal with a view to the comfort of members who, on these occasions, go down to the river in boats, and whose enjoyment is seriously interrupted by the continual surf raised by steamers passing at high speed. The greatest happiness of the greatest number has been stated on high authority to be a proper object of ambition, and, on this principle, the action of the executive is worthy of all praise. The principal race was Senior Fours, in which the Londoners beat Thames, and Bath Avon disposed of Moulsey after a foul, of no effect on the result, but in which Bath was rather to blame. The umpire, however, declined to entertain it, and in the final the Avon men, by some clever steering, beat the Londoners, a much more powerful lot. Eyre and Hastie made short work of their rivals in the Pairs, though Colledge and Adams were very good, considering their want of practice together. Payne had no one to beat for the Sculls, but the Juniors attracted a lot of aspirants, of whom Leader was winner; next to him, if not superior, in pace at least, came Colledge, but his bad course spoilt him. Junior-Senior Eights went to the Thames men, who were good enough to beat Kingston all the way, in spite of the locals having the advantage of Walton's steering, which on his own water is worth a lot, and it certainly won the Juniors for his club. The insertion of scratches, midway in the programme, was an atrocious innovation, most annoying to those who came to see men do their best, and not a series of scrambles by the untrained and untaught, especially as the alteration dragged the regatta on to an unduly late hour. Moulsey Regatta somehow nearly always resolves itself into a local benefit, and the local club, though moribund, if not defunct, for about three hundred and sixty days of the year, manages to get together good teams on this occasion only. The recent meeting was certainly no exception. Under ordinary circumstances either the London, Thames, or Kingston crews would have been reckoned better than the home lot, who were absolutely scratch, but managed to beat all these, directly or indirectly, and at any rate win. They also took Senior Fours from London, who were clearly the faster, but lost on a foul by careless watermanship. The locals likewise gained the Pairs and Sculls, Payne winning in each. Junior-Senior Eights went to the Thames Club, whose second crew was a remarkably good one. The *réunion* afforded opportunity for many an agreeable picnic, and the charming grounds of Garrick Villa were very kindly thrown open to visitors. The meeting at Reading was fairly successful, though no good crews entered for the Fours, which were left to the talent of the neighbourhood. Thames landed the Challenge Eights from Kingston and Reading, and practically won the Junior Fours, though the prizes went in another direction. In this race Cooper's Hill, Thames, and Ilex started together, and the two last fouling, the Engineers gained a lead of four or five lengths. Thames, setting to work, nearly caught them, finishing a bare half-length astern. The umpire, on appeal, disqualified Ilex, and ordered Cooper's Hill and Thames to row again; but the Egham men declined, and, instead of alleging any just reason for refusal, made an *ad misericordiam* sort of appeal to the Thames, who were somewhat irrelevantly reminded that their club had won lots of things, while Cooper's Hill had gained no aquatic trophies. Putney thereupon replied that they decisively claimed their rights and the race, on account of the Engineers' refusal, but Cooper's Hill might have the pots if they wanted them. With this equitable division of honours the matter was amicably adjusted, to the satisfaction, presumably, of all concerned.]] Colledge and

Adams won the pairs, so the prizes were pretty equally divided. Barnes and Mortlake Regatta, the oldest of the tidal amateur meetings, showed a great falling off from its former greatness, the attendance being very meagre. Some of the rowing, however, was excellent, and a final heat of Junior Fours, though not of this character, produced a wonderfully close finish between Thames and Anglian, who with a little tuition must have won, as their strength was great, and they lacked only knowledge. The event of the day, Senior Fours, was quite a reversal of the Kingston and Metropolitan form, as Bath Avon were outpaced by both Thames and London, and did not steer well. The former, favoured by the station, won all the way, and Bath fouled London, so that the race, already a good thing for Thames, became a moral for them. London afterwards rowed down Bath, but could not catch the leaders. Evanson, of the L. R. C. won Senior Sculls, and the same club's coxswain, Dr. Sheard, took the Juniors, beating quite a large field. The Committee exercised a wise discretion in abolishing the time-honoured foolery of scratch races, a reform for which they are entitled to all praise. At Windsor the tremendous current of the swollen river was a severe test of watermanship, and locals, knowing the course, had great advantages. In spite of a meagre card, unpunctuality was the rule, and occasional rain made the affair somewhat dispiriting. Salmond, of the K. R. C., won the sculls, and Dyson, of Windsor, a powerful young fellow, the Juniors. Thames had no difficulty in taking the Challenge Cup from Eton Excelsior, and the Junior Race afforded an amusing episode, as a Kingston Town Club could or would not realise that winning an open-boat race on the Lea did not make their opponents, the Elvington crew, ineligible for this event, and they protested forcibly. The Lea men, rowing in an open boat, showed capital form, and beat the locals, who were very badly steered, easily. Quite an array of scratch races were produced, but as these were set last on the card, they annoyed nobody and doubtless pleased some one.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—By Flood and Field.

WHAT a triumphant entry was that which Goodwood and the parts adjacent sojourners made into the Queen of Watering Places on the last day of that meeting. It is generally a dejected band, survivors of a Friday forlorn hope, that seeks the shelter of Bedford and Norfolk, Ship and Jerusalem, at this time. When did we last win at Goodwood? The exercise of memory would require too great a strain for us to answer. But now there had been, for most of us, a spoiling of the Egyptians, and the comparative few who had lost—and, by the way, there were some very clever people among that division—had to listen with half-envious ears to accounts of how Brown had backed every winner but two on the first two days, how Jones had gone for a raker on Peter and Isonomy, and Robinson had won twenty races out of twenty-four. Rather grating to one or two old stagers who had put not their trust either in Peter or Bay Archer, to hear of some infants—children who had hardly mastered the rudiments of racing—winners of six or seven thousand pounds, while they, the veterans, had toiled all day and passed

laborious nights, and taken nothing. Golden youth—or, for the matter of that, youth not golden at all—had by asking no questions, but simply plunging on favourites, won small fortunes, and there was gnashing of teeth among the ranks of the seniors, and sarcastic allusions to boys' luck. But all this is past and gone—and some of the 'boys' Goodwood winnings have gone too. Life, as the intelligent bargee remarked, 'is not all beer and skittles,' even at Brighton, largely as those amusements, in conjunction with others of a tender nature, are there patronised. We think it our duty to shoot pigeons and back the gun. We are bound to that five o'clock tea which,

'In the daintiest of china Mrs. Allen does outpour,'

in company with Lady Anne and the Honourable Jemima; we are bound to dine as sumptuously as we can, and we finish the night at Atkino's. Most especially bound are we to climb that terrible hill to that terrible course, which as a rule is fatal to backers, and where this time the Goodwood winnings dispersed

'Like thin clouds before a Biscay gale.'

So Brighton was not altogether joyous, and as the weather was simply abominable, we did not have that good time to which we had looked forward. Backing the gun appears to us, we frankly own, the most unsatisfactory way of losing money we know. Blazing away at pigeons is questionable sport, and laying 6 to 4 more questionable still. Of course we all went to Preston to see Sir John and Mr. Alexander shoot their match, and a most monotonous and wearisome sight it was, but as we are in a minority probably in this opinion, we had better drop the subject. Much more agreeable was it in the afternoon to assist at polo, and listen to the band of the 16th Lancers; talk to any pretty women who would condescend to talk to us about the Newman Hall case and the latest scandal, and not return to Brighton until some of the excursionists had been got rid of.

Sir John Lubbock meant well, no doubt, but—however, the last Bank Holiday has passed away, and we will say no more. When such peace and quietness as Brighton knows at race time had settled down upon the King's Road; when the last 'Arry' had howled his last yell, and Booth's and Mutton's had ceased from troubling, then did we hold our private symposia in the smoking-rooms we most affect, and racing talk, theatrical talk, and women talk lured us on to the small hours. We intended to do great things that week. Flushed with Goodwood success, we would follow that up into the very camp of the enemy, and 'Britons strike home' was the watchword of the night. Bookmakers, too, had, in slang phrase, 'got the needle,' and were not inclined to give or take quarter. It would be a fierce battle, the fight on the Downs; and so it proved, and backers found an Isandula instead of an Ulundi. The betting was rather wild now and then, and was not always according to the book. Both here and at Lewes there was some very heavy wagering, and that on comparatively trifling events, quite a revival of the plunging days, indeed—though perhaps we are wrong in using that term to what has never in reality died. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that speculation was almost reckless, and we need scarcely add that the plungers came from a division not the most affluent. However, the bookmakers stood them, and if there were any subsequent 'difficulties,' why that is entirely their own affair. One *ingenuus puer* we heard of who, with the income of a small

rectory, won about 7000*l.*; and as for the 'popular baronets,' they all had good times. 'Twas in many cases the old story retold,

'His father allows him three hundred a year,
And he'll lay you a thousand to ten.'

The bookmakers grumbled over the settling, which was adjourned in some instances until after Wheel of Fortune has won the Leger. At all events, the departures for the North were numerous, and no doubt in the hurry of preparation such a trifling matter as a racing account escaped the memories of many.

Brighton was certainly a very good meeting—about the best we have ever known there, indeed, of late years. Before Lewes sprang into existence, under the fostering hand and able management of the late Mr. J. F. Verrall, Brighton was a much more business affair than what it became after Lewes had taken the wind out of its sails. The late Mr. Dorling, who then was at the head of affairs, was a C. C. of the old school, who allowed the meeting to very much take care of itself, knowing that plenty of people would be sure to come to Brighton, and as surely come to the races, be the sport provided what it may. Brighton Races was then the excuse for a week on the King's Road and Pier; much imbibing, a great deal of Mutton's, a little hazard, and other amusements too numerous to mention. All of these, our young friends tell us, go on now, only they are not the prominent features they were. Mr. Mason Dorling, on whom devolved the duties of C. C. at his father's decease, soon put fresh life into the meeting. Himself a very able handicapper, he had the good fortune to have a very liberal committee behind him, who fully entered into his views in regard to making Brighton a meeting of importance, and were quite ready to furnish the sinews of war. This has been done to the extent of nearly 4000*l.* added money to the meeting just past, and Brighton is no longer a pleasure fixture, but essentially a business one, and of a high class too.

It would be a thrice-told tale now to go into the racing in detail, and we will only glance at its salient features. Douranee showed herself again a mare if not of quite the first class something so very like it that the difference is hardly perceptible. Giving 10 lb. to Early Morn in the Corporation Stakes she beat him by a head after a fine race, in which Lord Anglesey's colt had all the advantage of Tom Cannon's jockeyship. As we saw Early Morn three days afterwards win the Astley Stakes at Lewes in something like a canter, this makes Douranee very good, and as we have heard a good deal about the Duke of Westminster's ill racing fortune lately, we think, what with Douranee, Evasion, and Bend Or, that that string may cease to be harped upon. It is time now for the primrose and yellow hoops to come to the front, and we hope they may. *They*, too, have been disappointed lately in more ways than one, so we trust the luck will turn. Advance, after a long rest, which some one said had done him good, came to the front in the Brighton Stakes in a rather unexpected manner. After Villager's win in the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, the Stakes were backed to this very moderate performer. Some talk there was about Sign Manual, but in the small hours at the Ship, and the much smaller hours around 'Atkino's' board of green cloth, not a word was said about Advance. The Captain, all honour to him for it, kept his own counsel, and not a tipster had an inkling of the matter, in fact, for all the outer world knew Advance was not in it. Half an hour before the race, however, it began to be whispered that the son

of Speculum ought to be backed by those who wished to be on the winner. So it came to pass that while Villager was nominally favourite, Advance was the one in reality. A few fortunate people there were who got 5 to 1 about the good thing, but the majority had to put up with a couple of points less, and be glad to take that. He won as easily as might be, and behind him were Belphebe, Kineton, Gilderoy, and the great Maximilian, whom it was said R. P. fancied, but we rather doubt it. Then, on the Thursday, Advance followed up his Stakes victory by beating Kaleidoscope, Storm, Abbaye, and a horse called Favo in the Steward's cup, thereby making the said Favo, who was second, a great favourite for a stake at Lewes, which he won, and thereby did for himself in the eyes of the handicappers. The Brighton Cup was, of course, won by Isonomy. Some fear there had been that the race would fall through, as 'four horses, the property of different owners,' were not there to contend for the prize. However, the difficulty was solved by Mr. Gretton selling Monk to Porter for a couple of hundred just before the race, an entirely *bonâ fide* transaction we need scarcely say, but the only betting on the event was necessarily confined to placing them, a game at which some punters amused and also benefited themselves, for of course the redoubtable Paul's Cray was second, and Drumhead was third. It was a sight to see how Isonomy left Mr. Jennings' horse standing still as they commenced the ascent of the hill—a great horse, indeed, and one upon the possession of whom Mr. Gretton may be much congratulated. Still we should have liked to see Kincsem enter the lists with him over a cup course—but that is an idle wish. There was some grief on the last day over the defeat of Master Kildare by Japonica in the Rous Stakes, a most unexpected event, for Mr. Jennings' mare won in a canter. She took some of the gilt off the Goodwood gingerbread, did Miss Japonica.

The meeting was, on the whole, about the best ever held at Brighton, and certainly the race committee and Mr. Dorling may be heartily congratulated on the success that has crowned their efforts. We stayed for Lewes, of course. The weather was trying the first day, all that was charming the second. Saturday, too, was charming in other respects, for backers got back a little of the gold sown broadcast on Brighton Downs. The long-awaited Rylstone won the Lewes Handicap for the third time of asking, as it was patent she would if they only asked her, and then Dunmow, on the first day, was 'real jam' for the Astley Stakes, to say nothing about Haggis for the Juvenile Stakes. The De Warrenne Handicap was rather a blow to us all, for every one was on Cradle and Herald, and if the latter had got well off and not been shut in, we think he must have won. He made up some lost ground at the distance, and was close up with the winner at the finish, heads only dividing the placed horses. A fine race and the outsider won, a genuine outsider, and not at 6 to 1 as we regret to see Carnethy was returned in some sporting papers. Sir John Astley had a good time on the whole, and Lord Dupplin won a fair stake on the second day. The attendance was immense, but the old complaint cropped up of lack of facilities for seeing the race. Lewes is a difficult place in this respect, no doubt. Of course if you mount to the top of the stand you see very well, but every one has not the time or the courage to do that. Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook are, however, most anxious to do everything they can for their patrons, and some little mistakes will, we feel sure, be remedied by next meeting.

And now the route Northward Ho! is given for many of us, and gladly accepted by most. The grouse is, of course, the first consideration, and if we can get a little racing thrown in, why so much the more are we the

(supposed) gainers. Some of us manage to shoot our Yorkshire moors (not this year so prolific as we could wish), and at the same time make a rapid descent on one of the prettiest courses north of the Trent, one under the shadow of the Cleveland Hills, in a locality redolent of racing memories—Redcar, to wit. Some of our readers may perhaps pause at the name. Where is Redcar? A vision or a memory of a straggling and dirty town, its redeeming features broad stretches of sand, over which roll the blue waters of the German Ocean, may occur to a few of them. There is nothing in the appearance of Redcar to warrant the belief that it is a sporting neighbourhood. Scarcely free from the smoke and blackness of the Stockton and Middleborough furnaces, Redcar yet aims at being something which it is not, and that something a watering-place. It is true there is a very good hotel at Coatham, which is the fashionable suburb—the Belgravia-cum-Brompton of Redcar—and that hotel about race time—which means the period between the Sussex fortnight and York—is full of notabilities, from men of racing state to men of racing pen. All enjoy themselves very much, we believe, and pass the rosy hours, and drink the rosy wine, which at Redcar means whisky, till all is blue, in company with, now and then, a flitting Amaryllis, who becomes unhappily a source of discord in the male society, from causes which must be patent to our readers without our explaining them. All this is very pleasant in its way, no doubt, though why the manifestly superior attractions of Saltburn should be neglected for Redcar we cannot imagine.

It is because Redcar has a racecourse which farseeing prophets tell you will become what Stockton once was, that the little meeting is rising in fame. The ground is nearly perfect; and with such good friends as Mr. James Lowther, the brothers Vyner, Mr. Newcomen, &c., to look up to—men who not only take an interest in its success, but are determined it shall succeed—there is little doubt about the future of Redcar. 'Tis 'a far 'cry,' perhaps, for the Southerners, but it is very nice when you get there; and if Coatham is full, why Saltburn is only five or six miles further, and there the Zetland will open its arms to you, and one of the most beautiful sea-views that the Yorkshire coast can show will spread itself before your eyes. You may enjoy there the most perfect quiet and repose, and these are desiderata to most of us who go to and fro upon the earth in our racing pilgrimage, and pass our time between the roar of a racecourse and the shriek of a locomotive. Perhaps some of us may be just a little weary of the seductions of Brighton and the ex's of Bognor; a trifle tired of the perpetual revelry of the King's Road, the everlasting leer of the lovely Lais, the fascinating figure of the forbidden Phryne. We want repose of body and mind. We want some place where we can enjoy life *en demi-toilette*, and get rid for a time of

'That liquefaction of the clothes'

which that dear though, we fear, improper Parson Herrick spoke of so quaintly and admiringly. There is no 'liquefaction' at Saltburn, and, we were about to add, there are no 'clothes,' but for fear Mrs. Grundy should mistake us, we hasten to explain that Saltburn is pre-eminently the abode of virtue, that nothing enters within the fold of the Zetland that is not stamped with the hall-mark of propriety, and that Lais and Phryne would find no scope for the exercise of their peculiar talents. 'Tis the one spot left in the seaside life of England whither German bands and nigger minstrelsy come not; where there are no bazaars, or wheels of fortune; no open-work stockings, and no Lesbians to too tightly lace their robes of gold. 'Tis peace and quiet all.

Of course the races woo us from these quiet scenes for a while. Are we not Englishmen? So on the pretty turf close to Redcar we see Eirene win the Kirkleatham Biennial in easy fashion, and Mr. Robert Vyner beat his brother's favourite, Fabius, with The Rowan. Grand Flaneur seemed to have lost his speed at Goodwood, but he made a race of it in the Coatham Handicap with Garterless, to whom he was giving 32 lb.; so we shall expect to see him run better at Stockton, a course to which he is partial. There was some excitement attaching to the Second Biennial on the second day, because a Leger outsider—some people said perhaps, Leger winner—was to be introduced in the form of Bobbie Burns. He has not the look of one, certainly, being rather a commoner in appearance, but he won very easily, Snowden never having to ask him to gallop from the moderate field that opposed him. Reconciliation was a bad second, and Coromandel II. was last. Bobbie Burns is one of those horses that we often see lure men to destruction, on account of their winning in a common canter, for the simple reason that they have nothing to beat. This latter point is too often overlooked, and the win is the only thing impressed on the mind. Persons will be found to back Bobbie Burns for the Doncaster event, and as we write he is looked upon as a safe place investment. It is on the cards, certainly, that he may obtain that, and yet there are one or two in the race we should prefer for that honour to Bobbie Burns.

We wish that very disagreeable spot, 'the Mandale Bottoms,' could be transformed by the twist of a wizard's wand into the charming course at Redcar, with its pretty stand, convenient business offices, straight mile, and good going. Stockton is not a nice place, even when the sun shines and the ground is in good order, but this year it was particularly objectionable, for the course was more like a morass than anything else, and the racing was considerably affected by it. The entries had been unusually good, and Mr. Craggs was looking forward to a more than usually brilliant meeting, but the fields proved small and the class poor. There was, however, some interesting racing and close finishes, but the wretched state of the ground kept many horses from putting in an appearance there. Part of the course at the bottom turn is boggy ground, and here there were two or three falls, and even the experienced 'Johnny' was made to have a mud bath. One could not well be hurt, but still it was disagreeable. The attendance was very large, and the Stockton and Middlesboro' many-headed were as usual prominent. Thanks to Lord Zetland's special train the journey between Saltburn and Stockton is now expeditiously performed, and we are able to get away from the course without being mixed up with the crowd of roughs at the Stockton and Middlesboro' stations. Lord Zetland had had illness in his family, and did not entertain at Upleatham, but the Irish Chief Secretary, a staunch supporter of Redcar and Stockton, had a party at Wilton Castle, and so had Mr. Cookson at Neasham, and there was a liberal hospitality displayed by both these gentlemen in the way of luncheon. The sport, as we have said, presented a good many interesting features, as for instance Palmbearer's reappearance in the Northern Leger and the questions arising therefrom, Bobbie Burns' success in the Biennial, &c., &c. Palmbearer's unexpected defeat by Rycerski seems to make our Derby horses rather small potatoes, and takes some of the shine out of Sir Bevvys. The second in the Derby was actually the first beaten in his race, and though it was true the ground was heavy, he ought to have carried his 5 lb. penalty in the run among such a moderate lot. More than ever did it appear manifest that there was only one in the Leger if all kept well with

her to the day, and that she is well as we write the market plainly indicates. Bobbie Burns' defeat of Mycenæ certainly makes him out a horse of a better class than we had thought. That he is a genuine stayer there is no doubt, and as such his claims to a place in the Doncaster race cannot be ignored. At the same time it is hardly possible to say what Mycenæ is. He may be a very moderate horse, and Mr. Surtees was a fortunate man when he sold him to Mr. Vynner. In that case Bobbie Burns' easy win must be somewhat discounted. If the Town Moor is heavy going on the Leger day Bobbie Burns will render a good account of himself, no doubt, and here it may be remarked as somewhat of a contradiction that the heavy ground which served, or was supposed to have served, Palmbearer at Epsom stood him in little stead at Stockton. His stable was much disconcerted at his defeat, for the horse was fit and well, and his winning looked upon as the certainty of the meeting. Heavy ground, we know, does upset form and calculation, and Stockton was heavy enough in all conscience, so that Palmbearer may yet recover some of his lost laurels. At present, however, the Leger is simply a question of health.

Roehampton did Mr. Perkins, however, a good turn in the Tradesmen's Handicap, though it was stated that he did not much fancy his horse. Be that as it may, however, Roehampton came to be a better favourite than Jagellon before the start, the latter running very badly, and being about the first beaten, while the top weight won we think very cleverly if not easily. There was a curious incident in the Lambton Plate, which if Mr. Bowes was of a superstitious turn of mind might induce him to think that Stockton was a place destined to bring him ill-luck. Last year the objection to Skotska, on the ground that she was entered by a person who was in the forfeit list, was a fruitful source of comment and conversation, and almost assumed the proportions of a scandal. However, the objection was overruled, and the disgrace, for such it would have been felt, of the black and gold colours being disqualified, was spared Yorkshiresmen. Now in the Lambton Plate, which was won after a splendid race by Mr. Bowes's Pride of the Highlands beating the favourite Teviotdale, Fordham on returning to scale was objected to by John Osborne on the ground of his not having carried the proper weight. It appeared he had weighed out 8 st. 4 lb. instead of 8 st. 7 lb., and of course the mistake was fatal. Who was responsible for the error did not quite appear, as there was a great inclination to shift the blame from one pair of shoulders to another. Fordham supposed he was scaling the proper weight, the Judge supposed so too, and neither John Peart nor Jim Perrin appeared to have detected the error, which certainly one or both of them should have done. So Pride of the Highlands was disqualified, and the race awarded to Teviotdale. The disqualified one is a very good-looking colt, much resembling save in colour his sire Prince Charlie. He also, we are sorry to say, resembles him in an undesirable way, for he makes the same noise. Still he has a good turn of speed, and will no doubt turn out a useful horse over his own course.

The two-year-olds we are constrained to believe are a very indifferent lot in the North. Nothing better than Eirene, who won at Redcar, could be found to take the Hardwicke Stakes, and though Mr. Batt thought he had something that could gallop in Arne, a daughter of Favonius, she was beaten easily at something like a stone by Belfry, who is a long way removed from a first-class horse. Mr. Toulmin, by the way, again came north this year, bringing some of Mr. Charles Bush's and Captain Patrick's horses, and had a fairly good time, though Fair Isabel failed to do what was expected of him

in the Elton Juvenile Stakes. However, Bishop Burton, Tuscorara, Belfry, and Little Duck were much more satisfactory, and paid ex's handsomely. We do not believe that the north-country trainers exactly remembered Mr. Toulmin in their prayers, or that Fred Archer had benedictions showered on him as his number went up. They are very clannish in the North, and don't love to see the Southerner come up and spoil them. 'May 'the best horse win' means *their* horse, we fear, not that of the stranger and sojourner. In more than one race this feeling was unmistakably shown by some north-country jockeys, who most unfairly tried to jostle and cross Archer in every possible way. They did not succeed, we are happy to say, because Archer is not a man to be daunted by these attempts, and when he returned to the weighing he very naturally gave the offenders 'a bit of his 'mind' as the phrase goes. Indeed, the atmosphere of the Stockton weighing-room—and a very foul atmosphere it is—was stormy at intervals, and compliments were interchanged between the belligerents of a very forcible nature. The celebrated jockey, in company with Mr. William Newhouse, patronised the Zetland at Saltburn, and were much pleased, though the latter considered the place a trifle slow, and sought his chamber at night in disgust at an early hour. Archer was charmed, but had one fault to find with the place, and that was that the air gave him an alarming appetite, which caused him to put on weight in an undesirable way. On the whole we think he was well satisfied with his northern trip, and expressed a desire to carry the red jacket and black and gold belt to the fore in these parts next year.

And that reminds us that next year is the first year of the big Two-Year Old Stake at Redcar, and we strongly advise our racing readers to come north and see it. We can promise them that they will be charmed with the place and course, and that they will see some good racing, and perhaps some good horses; while in the Zetland Hotel at Saltburn they will find comfort, the most splendid air imaginable, and a peaceful quiet after the din of the racecourse—a quiet not disturbed by German bands or nigger minstrel, and where with a few pleasant companions they can pass the time till York calls them away. It was our good fortune on this occasion to find all these desirable things, and with company, fit though few, to wile away the time between Stockton and York on 'those yellow sands.' Many a pleasant ramble, in happy idleness, did a *partie carré* enjoy, a visit to that curious out-of-the-world fishing village, Staithes, being not the least pleasing feature of the few days. A village built on a rugged indentation of the coast between the two promontories of Colburn Nab and Penny Nab, the houses rising one above the other in most picturesque confusion, pitched down here and there as chance or fancy dictated, the main street a narrow lane only accessible to fish-carts, while the summit of Colburn Nab is white with the drying, not of clothes, but of codfish, which is here taken in great quantities—such was Staithes, as viewed by the *partie carré* above mentioned on a glorious and glowing day in last month, the ocean molten silver, the plover piping on the cliff, the sea-gulls holding a special parliament on the sands below. It was a novel and picturesque scene:

'Flushed the rise with her purple favour,
Glowed the cleft with her golden ring';

and if it had not been for an ancient and fish-like smell that pervaded the place, it would have been perfect. We were *sympathica*, as the Italians say. We could discourse on the noble animal and his doings, for a fair lady and a distinguished seer were down upon his every move, and knew all form, from the Derby horse to the selling plater. The seer knew other things too, and

could instruct a charming young idea (our fourth) in the lore of wild flowers and the knowledge of birds' eggs, while the Driver was a contented listener to all and everything. 'Twas a very charming day of pleasure unalloyed, and over the dinner-table we recalled the scene, with others, in which Isonomy, Bend Or, Pinafore, Wheel of Fortune, and Pink Dominos got strangely mingled. But we must quit the Yorkshire coast, and turn our faces southward, halting by the way on Knavesmire; and as we began, so we will conclude,

'Come unto these yellow sands.'

We must dwell but briefly on York and its sport. The first day was remarkable for the rumours current as to Wheel of Fortune, who was said to have shown incipient symptoms of break down, and though she won the Yorkshire Oaks, for which Maccaronea was an absentee, without being asked to gallop and somewhat recovered her prestige, yet as we write the opposition to her still continues. We believe the trainer detected an enlargement below the fetlock in one of her fore-legs about two days before York, and at once expressed to Lord Falmouth his fears to what it might grow, and his doubts if she would be able to stand the final preparation for the Leger. Still, she is such a grand mare, and, as we have said, she won the Yorkshire Oaks in such grand style, Archer scarcely being able to hold her, that we yet hope she may pull through. It seems to us that Wheel of Fortune does not require to be fully wound up to beat the moderate lot of horses she will have to meet on the Town Moor. Her win on the first day was received with great cheering, and Yorkshire feeling was immediately with her. The tykes had not forgotten her win in the Prince of Wales Stakes the last meeting. A brother of Prince Charlie, Glen Ronald, made his *début* in the Convivial Stakes, but he is a commoner compared to his distinguished relation, and as he is said to inherit the family complaint, we think his career will be brief. He won, however, pretty easily, it must be owned.

The Great Ebor day on Knavesmire was nearly as bad as when Il Gladiatore won two years back, when we waded through liquid mud up to our ankles. The rain fell heavily all the morning, the horses ran through water, but yet the saying that good horses can win in anything was verified, for Bend Or and Isonomy won their respective races in a canter, the latter especially covering himself with glory, and proving himself a really great horse. Bend Or and brother to Ersilia were the only two backed in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and to them was the issue left; but there never was any doubt about it, as Mr. Beddington's colt could never make the son of Doncaster gallop. There was a great disposition to back Mr. Cartwright's horse with the unpronounceable name for the Ebor, and Knight Templar, also the third last year, came in for some support. In fact, old racing men got rather alarmed at the state of the ground, and doubted if Isonomy could carry his weight through it. It was wonderful, however, to see how directly Cannon called on him he left Knight Templar alone in the mud, and literally cantered in, a great horse indeed.

For the rest the meeting was spoiled by the shocking weather. What would have been a delightful three days was marred by almost constant rain. We are obliged to close our 'Van' before the result of the Great Yorkshire is known, and whether Wheel of Fortune runs for it appears uncertain. The Leger market is calm after the excitement of the previous day, and it seems to be the general impression that Lord Falmouth's great mare must not, in betting parlance, be taken liberties with.

The Coaching season will be over by the time these pages are in print, and it may perhaps interest our readers if we give a brief *résumé* of the business done. It has been about the very worst season since the revival in 1866, but still, despite the adverse weather, some coaches have held their own. The number of these is few, doubtless, but we do not believe for a moment that the coaching ardour will be cooled by next year on that account. It has been a bad year for everything and everybody, and our pastimes suffered as well as our business.

On the 5th of July the Sevenoaks finished a short season of two months—their horses selling fairly well at Tattersall's a fortnight afterwards.

On the 18th the Windsor—about one of the most successful ventures of the season—took off, and their horses were sold at Aldridge's on the 27th. On the 30th the Guildford ran its last journey. Excellently horsed and appointed as it was, Mr. Shoolbred was very unfortunate in having many of his horses placed *hors de combat* early in the season. They are a capital lot, and will be sold at Tattersall's on the 8th of September.

The Defiance horses (120 in number) will be disposed of at Albert Gate on the 15th. We were sorry not to have seen more of this coach than we did in a journey from London to Cambridge, a few weeks since. We were much pleased with what we did see, and got quite a flavour of old times in the pace we went. We wished also to have had a day with the Guildford, for Mr. Shoolbred can put them along when he likes, and we confess to a preference for a fast team. We are told by some modern lights that 'a galloping team' is not 'coaching.' What, then, were our Hibernias, L'Hirondelles, Rapids, Mazeppas, Wonders, and Quicksilver mails of old days? These coaches—not to speak of the many fast ones on the Brighton road—were not to be surpassed at the period when coaching was at its *acmé*. Splendidly horsed and admirably driven, they were the wonder of foreigners and the pride of our horsey countrymen. Jack Adams, Jim Winteringham, Cracknell, Martindale, Glover, and other noted whips of thirty and forty years ago would be surprised at what we will call the twiddledy-diddledy style of coaching a good deal in vogue. Galloping teams are not really required now, we are aware, because there is no opposition, but to say that, because you exceed ten or eleven miles an hour, it is not 'coaching,' is rather absurd.

On the 1st of this month the Virginia Water coach horses will come to the hammer at Tattersall's. The Box Hill will run on, it was suggested, 'all 'the year round,' but this will not be the case, we fancy. A sort of compromise will be agreed to, and the coach will run on to November, then be taken off and put on again early in spring. It is not intended to sell any of the horses, for they are such a good lot.

We have only heard of two accidents during the season. The Virginia Water broke a pole, and in the middle of last month Mr. Sheather's Dorking coach had the misfortune to break its front axle on the down journey to Burford Bridge. The coach was got into Dorking, but the passengers had to return to town by rail. Moral: always have two coaches.

When shall we see or hear the last of the 'Pink Dominos' and the dramas of that popular school? In spite of the Lord Chamberlain—indeed, with his high approval—larky husbands and frisky wives, doubtful ladies' maids and improper old men, continue to figure on the theatrical canvas with more or less success. 'Betsy' at the Criterion is the latest development. Not that 'Betsy' is a fast 'Betsy' according to Mr. Burnand's ideas. The original Bébé is kept in the background, and only a designing and spiteful young woman appears in her place. Mr. Burnand deserves the greatest credit for

what he has 'adapted.' He only hints at vice. He shows us what might be done, but he does not do it. The relations between the designing 'Betsy' and Mr. Adolphus Birkett are discreetly kept in the background, and the married men only hint at how improperly they should like to behave if they only dared. Mr. Burnand skilfully lets us see what the original Bébé was or is, but still does not give us a situation or a word that can in the slightest degree offend the most fastidious. With all that he has retained a good deal of the fun, and wives are thrust into one room and husbands pushed into another in the most laughable manner. Here and there the plot is a little bewildering; but the briskness of the action and dialogue does not permit you to think much about that. It is capably acted, and it would be difficult to select any artist for special approval where all are good; but we think Mr. Maltby, a gentleman new to us, in the character of a scampish tutor, gave a very forcible and original rendering of the part. He played it with a quiet humour, and did not in the least exaggerate. Mr. Hill was, of course, very good, and Miss Lottie Venn was sufficiently piquant and saucy as 'Betsy.' It is very well put on the stage, and its popularity is secured.

The annual sale of the Belhus hunters will take place on the 20th instant, when between thirty and forty horses of all descriptions, except bad ones, will be offered by Mr. Tattersall to attract the taste of the most fastidious purchasers. They have been selected by Sir Thomas Lennard with his accustomed care, especial regard being had as to soundness and shape. They have been 'schooled' and taught good manners at Belhus, and will show off their exploits before the audience. It is more than probable that General Sir Evelyn Wood, K.C.B., V.C., brother-in-law to Sir Thomas Lennard, and who has just returned from Zululand with his honours upon him, will be present on the occasion.

Some years since we recommended a hunting belt because it was a good one; the maker died years ago, and we have not been suited since; but we think such of our readers who require this help and comfort will find what they want at Bailey's, 16 Oxford Street, W.

Messrs. Tattersall's first general sale of horses at Rugby will be held on Tuesday, September 16th, and, although some shortsighted individuals who can never realise any new idea until it has become a positive fact, at first ominously shook their heads, yet within one week of the day of sale being advertised, all the stalls were bespoken by gentlemen not only resident in the neighbourhood, but in Cheshire, North Wales, and even Ireland, so that it is quite impossible to foresee, when once the business has fairly begun, from whence horses may come. There is no reason at all why as many purchasers should not go to Rugby when everybody is out of town, as to Albert Gate during the London season, and we feel sure that to masters of hounds and other hunting gentlemen living in the north and in the midland counties having studs to sell, these monthly sales at Rugby will be an advantage and great saving of expense.

The Orleans Club, Twickenham, will close for the winter season on Monday, September 1st, and reopen as usual in the following May.

V.-C. Malins, on coming into his Court one morning, four minutes before ten, complained to the usher of the absence of the members of the bar, and desired the leader, Mr. Higgins, Q.C., to be immediately sent for. On Mr. Higgins entering the Court the V.-C. complained that he did not consider it respectful to the Court that it should be kept waiting. Mr. Higgins replied that ten o'clock was the time the Court opened, and it had not struck the hour yet. 'Oh yes, it has,' answered the V.-C., and put his hand

to where his watch-chain should be to take out his watch and dangle it triumphantly before Mr. Higgins; but the watch was not there. 'Dear me,' said the V.-C., 'I have left my watch under my pillow,' and as the Lincoln's Inn clock commenced striking ten, the V.-C. had to apologise to the bar for his mistake, and the business of the day proceeded. On arriving home the V.-C. asked for his watch, which 'he had left that morning under his pillow,' and was informed that about eleven that morning a most respectably dressed gentleman had arrived with a message from his Lordship to give him his watch, which he had left under his pillow! The V.-C. will, it is imagined, for the future, refrain from taking the Court into his confidence so far as his domestic matters are concerned.

The portrait of that excellent M. F. H., Mr. Anstruther Thomson, appeared a short time since in the 'Sporting Gazette,' and was duly placed in the window of the office. It was about the time of the Peace trial, and two small boys were heard to say on looking at it, 'Why, here's old Peace in his 'black cap.'

The following verses were picked up the other day near a well-known establishment in the Strand:

'The head of the Army and head of the Fleet
Went out on a visit to Cyprus and Crete;
The natives received them with deafening hurrahs,
And one they called Neptune, and one they called Mars;
So they builded an altar to Stanley forthwith,
And set up a bookstall to W. H. Smith.'

The leading doctors of London seem to be sending all their jaded patients to Margate, and, in truth, not without reason, for the air is health-restoring indeed; a friend of ours came to the Cliftonville Hotel all to pieces three weeks ago, and is now quite well.

Occupants of shooting-boxes in Scotland, followers of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds dwelling at Dulverton, or sojourners by the sad sea waves who want a book for a rainy day, will find 'Hark Away! or Sketches of Hunting, Coaching, Fishing, etc.,' by Mr. F. F. Whitehurst, published by Tinsley Brothers, Catherine Street, Strand, both chatty and interesting. Coaching men will find graphic descriptions of the meets of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs; while hunting men will find records of sport from Brighton with the Southdown and the Brighton harriers, and also in Essex, Surrey, and other counties.





Wm. H. Hall, sculp.

Joseph Brown, del.

Egeston Ellesmere

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.

THE Egertons were people of note and standing in Shropshire and the County Palatine before the time of that distinguished lawyer, Thomas Egerton, whom James I. made Lord Chancellor and raised to the peerage in 1603 as Baron of Ellesmere in the county of Salop. How that title became merged into Bridgewater, and how the fourth earl of that ilk, a courtier of repute and Master of the Horse to the consort of Queen Anne, was created the first Duke, may be seen in the pages of Burke and Debrett. It was Francis the third Duke of Bridgewater who may be called in a certain sense the founder of the family, for to his genius and enterprise are its riches and position due. Who has not heard of that wise and far-seeing nobleman who, limiting his personal expenditure to 400*l.* per annum, devoted the remainder of his large fortune to the founding of that inland navigation which, before the age of iron, was the 'silent highway' of traffic? He was the father of canals, and the wealth he amassed was enormous. The dukedom expired with him, and after two generations the earldom ceased, but in 1846 Lord Francis Egerton, the second son of the first Duke of Sutherland, and grand-nephew to the last Duke of Bridgewater, was created Earl of Ellesmere, and the old title, with the Viscounty of Brackly, was revived.

The subject of our present sketch is the third earl. Born in 1847, he succeeded his father in 1862. He was educated at Eton and graduated at Cambridge as a member of Trinity in 1867. In the following year he married a daughter of the second Marquess of Normanby, and for the last ten years or so has led a county gentleman's life, hunting in Northamptonshire with the Duke of Grafton, and also with the Bicester hounds. He races a little, but Hampton has as yet been his most noted racehorse, and he has a small breeding-stud at Worsley, where Hampton is the lord of the harem. Lord Ellesmere is great at agricultural shows, and is known

far and wide as the successful exhibitor of 'shire-bred' horses and pigs. He has also taken prizes for shorthorn cattle.

His lordship, who is a Conservative in politics, is fond of country life and its pursuits, and we fancy the hunting field is more to his taste than the Rowley Mile.

THE JESTS OF JOHN WARDE, ESQ.

MR. JOHN WARDE, the Father of Foxhunting, was as celebrated in his day as a wit as he was famous as a sportsman, and we have endeavoured to collect such of his sayings as exist in the memory of a few individuals, or have been preserved in the writings of the late Mr. Apperley (Nimrod) and the late Rev. Austen Leigh.

Mr. Warde kept hounds for fifty-seven seasons, having hunted the Bicester, the Warwickshire, the Pytchley, the New Forest, and the Craven, which last-named country, with its large woods, uncertain scent, and short-running foxes, he used jokingly to say, that 'he was condemned to hunt for his sins.' However, he would add, that it was 'a very good six o'clock country,' his dinner hour. It is likely that Mr. Warde's fine powerful hounds were too big for that country, and cut themselves to pieces with the flints; but when a critic found fault with the size of their heads, he brought the old Squire down upon him with the answer, 'Those big heads of theirs are such a weight, that when they have got their noses well down to the ground, it is not very easy for them to lift them up again.' In the field Mr. Warde was a strict disciplinarian, but it was done chiefly by wit and ridicule. The story has often been told of the gentleman who objected to being found fault with, saying: 'Sir, I did not come out here to be d—d;' and the answer: 'Then go home and be d—d,' has been attributed to more than one master of hounds; but Mr. Warde was the veritable author of the retort.

Mr. Warde never gave much money for horses, either for himself or his men; and although the huntsman generally rode a useful sort of horse, the whips were badly mounted. One day in Chaddleworth Wood the first whip's horse fell down dead: when Will Hedden appeared, wading through the underwood, with the saddle and bridle on his arm, and announced the event, Mr. Warde coolly observed: 'Well, I have no right to be surprised; to my knowledge he was twenty-three years old.' Of horses for his own riding, he only gave thirty-five guineas for Blue Ruin, which he bought from a gin distiller at Maidstone, with the character of being violent in harness; and for Coxcomb, the best hunter that he ever owned, he gave about the same price. One sale day at Hyde Park Corner Mr. Richard Tattersall called out from his rostrum: 'Sir Harry, here is a horse that would carry your brother.' 'Yes; carry him to the devil,' was Sir Harry Warde's answer; the horse having the

reputation of being an extremely hard puller. However, he was tempted by the low price, and bought the horse for the Squire ; and when, subsequently, the latter discovered the prize that he had got hold of, no money upon earth would have tempted him to part with Coxcomb. Mr. Warde's recipe for stopping a pulling horse won't bear print.

Whilst Mr. Warde hunted Northamptonshire the old club at Pytchley existed, the scene of much conviviality and good fellowship, to which Mr. Warde greatly contributed. Of these meetings he was wont to say, that they were 'All very well, except the 'reckoning.'

Many of Mr. Warde's pointed lively sayings have become proverbs. With those which we have taken from the writings of Nimrod our readers will doubtless be familiar :

'Breed your hounds with bone and nose : without the one they will tire ; without the other become slack.'

'Never buy a horse from a rich man who hunts.'

'Never believe a word any man says about a horse he wishes to sell, not even a Bishop.'

'The age of a horse is his legs.'

'Half the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth.'

'It is elbow-grease that makes the horse shine.'

'Never keep a drinking man, nor a very pretty maid-servant.'

'When pigeons cost a shilling a piece, rooks are worth eight-pence.'

His love of a jest certainly prevailed over his usual courtesy and gallantry to the ladies when he said : 'All flesh is grass ; but old women are hay.'

Driving in his phaeton, one afternoon in Piccadilly, a four-year-old mare just up from grass, the consequences to his splash-board may be imagined, but must not be described. Mr. Warde, meeting a friend, explained to him that it was 'owing to her extreme diffidence upon suddenly finding herself in the midst of the fashionable world.'

Mr. Warde shone in the art of telling a story, but, even if we were able to give his exact words, it would be impossible to convey his facetious manner. With what unction did he relate being taken for a butcher. He had been handling some beasts and bid a certain sum for them. 'You are in business, aren't you?' said the seller. 'Not at present,' replied Mr. Warde, pulling a very long face, 'I have been unfortunate.' 'Worse luck!' said the man, 'for you are a d—d good judge.' His description of the chase of the urchin, who had been robbing his orchard, and who escaped from the fat old gentleman by taking the advice of his companions, who shouted to him, 'Turn up hill, Jack,' or his day's shooting with a friend who had posted boys in the trees to mark the birds, when he heard 'the voice of an angel from Heaven exclaim, "Down in the seed "clover,"' could not fail to excite the special merriment of his hearers.

At the social gatherings of the B.D.C., or at Mr. Tattersall's Derby dinner, he would be sure to come out with his amusing conversation and funny stories, and keep the table in a roar. In quite another style was his stirring description of the race that he drove from London to Oxford, a trial of the Henley and High Wycombe roads, and, as he crossed Magdalen Bridge, his hearing the horn of the opposition coach coming down Headington hill. It is little to be wondered at that such a cheerful companion was much sought after, and Mr. Warde frequently pleaded that a retirement to his country seat, Squerries, near Westerham, in Kent, was absolutely necessary, as he put it, 'to dry his nets'; but which was, in reality, to carry out his duties as a country gentleman, so happily expressed in his dictum: 'The best manure is the landlord's foot.' Although in easy circumstances, it was Mr. Warde's fancy to cry poor; and it was as good as a play to hear him, year after year, beg in the most piteous terms of his banker 'for 500*l.* to go to Barnet 'Fair,' knowing himself perfectly well all the time that he had a considerable balance in that gentleman's hands.

During his last illness Mr. Warde had upwards of thirty couples of blue-mottled beagles brought to his bedside, from which to select a few couples as a present to some young relatives who had started a pack. These turned out wonderfully good low-scenting hounds; one, in particular, which he described as 'The best hound in Kent, 'and so he ought to be from the price asked for him.'

We have done our best, but very imperfectly, to preserve some touches of humour, which, like fruits when not gathered, would soon have dropped to the ground and perished; and though they want the juicy flavour of their early bloom, they yet may serve to tickle the palate, if not satisfy the appetite, of our readers.

THE PAST SALMON SEASON: THE DISEASE.

WHEN the following remarks see the light in the October number of 'Baily,' the salmon season will be pretty well over, as after the 10th, when rod-fishing ceases on the river Tay, only the Tweed will remain open, if I except the Don and the Dee. I am speaking of the Scottish rivers at present, which close with the present month. The season has been a bad one throughout, memorable only for its scanty supply of fish and for the outbreak of a mysterious disease, which, speedily assuming an epidemic form in some of our salmon streams, has caused such alarm as to necessitate a Royal Commission of inquiry. Before, however, saying anything regarding the disease, I shall take leave to air some of my opinions about the economy of our salmon fisheries, and to say a few words as to salmon angling, speaking as one who has devoted considerable attention to the matter.

It has often occurred to me that there is not, in reality, any neces-

sity for the hard-and-fast line which anglers, as well as commercial fishers, are compelled to observe under the name of 'close time.' But, although a heretic as regards all hard-and-fast lines in fishing matters, I am at one with those who would severely punish such poachers as make a *trade* of capturing 'gravid' fish. A salmon is not, at any period of its existence, more valuable than when it is about to fulfil the grandest instinct of its life, namely to increase and multiply its kind. If that fine fish be, during the season when it may be lawfully sold, three times more valuable per pound weight than a Southdown sheep; at the spawning season it may be set down as being—speaking figuratively so far as its food uses are concerned—priceless. A salmon weighing, say thirty pounds, about to deposit thirty thousand eggs on her spawning bed, even if only thirty of such eggs in the end mature into table fish, should be esteemed a bargain at three guineas the pound weight! Yet that is the kind of property on which some people set no store, and which the poacher in particular ruthlessly destroys. No doubt the poacher is a factor in the economy of a salmon stream; he is one of the forces that keep the river from becoming over populous, because even the largest salmon river cannot do more than afford breeding space and food to a given number of fish. In my opinion, if there were more anglers on a stream during the close time there would be fewer poachers, and the public might in that case obtain a supply of salmon all the year round at something less than a prohibitive price.

That we should obtain salmon 'all the year round' from our English, Irish, and Scottish rivers is one of the heretical opinions which I hold. I know, from personal observation and inquiry, that there are clean salmon in all our Scottish salmon streams during the very dead of winter. Some three years ago, when Mr. Frank Buckland and others were searching for gravid fish, from which to obtain ova for exportation, they came upon clean salmon of both sexes; and there seems to be no doubt of the fact, that fine, healthy but, it may be, 'barren' salmon are 'running' at all times of the year. My own opinion is that, as a rule, salmon, when once matured, spawn every year. I am aware, however, that some persons entertain the opinion that they do not. Be that as it may, it is perfectly certain that from June to January there are both gravid and clean fish in the waters, as also from January to June. Leaving the commercial fishers to take care of themselves—which hitherto they have proved well able to do, seeing that they (namely, the landlords) have been able to get as many laws passed as they please for the benefit of their 'properties' in Scotland; the salmon, be it noted, is a territorial and proprietary fish—I am prepared to show, as regards anglers, that they ought to receive greater consideration. The commercial fishers, as I call them, bag seven-eighths of all the fish of a river. In saying this, I am using a figure of speech, just by way of obtaining a basis for a calculation. The commercial fisheries, as a rule, are all situated pretty near the sea, whilst the angling grounds are far inland, whether situated on the principal stream, or on some tributary water. In all

salmon rivers the fishing is competitive ; the water usually belongs to several lairds, all of whom, generally speaking, let their stretches of fishing ground to men who make it their business to capture the fish. In the struggle which ensues during the open season, Brown does not care a groat whether Jones obtains any fish or not, whilst Jones entertains the same apathy as regards the fortunes of Robinson. Brown's 'shot' being nearest the mouth of the river he has first and best chance ; only those salmon which escape his net get up to Jones's ground, and those which Jones cannot capture Robinson may be able to secure, and so on. Fishing, of course, ceases at night, and no work is allowed to be done on the salmon fisheries on the Sabbath day, so that the fish have in these times of idleness a chance of reaching the head waters, or of entering some tributary stream, and so letting anglers obtain an occasional day's fishing. When the commercial fishing season closes, the rivers are kept open for the benefit of anglers for a few additional weeks, and that is all the concession which is allowed to the men who may be held to provide the most valuable portion of a salmon stream, namely, the breeding grounds. In what position would the proprietors of the commercial fisheries be if there were no breeding grounds for their salmon ? The question is easily enough answered—they would have no fish.

It is a hard case on the face of it, that whilst one man may be deriving his two thousand a year from a few hundred yards of water near the mouth of a salmon river, another man, who affords five or six miles of breeding ground to the fish, only obtains the privilege of a few weeks' angling on his own property. The case may be stated, I think, in the following way : the fish breed in the shallows and tributary streams, and use the river only as a passage way to the sea in which they feed ; who, then, has the best right to them, the men who capture them *en route*, or the men who afford them breeding space and protection from enemies ? Brown, having the misfortune to be proprietor of a stretch of upper water, breeds fish, out of which Jones and Robinson make each their two thousand a year ; but then Jones and Robinson, lucky dogs ! have their waters at a spot near the sea, and capture the fish as they begin to ascend the river. I have no wish to do more than 'suggest' an argument on this topic, as I must not give the poacher an opening. Brown's case may be a hard one, but in no case has the poacher a right to interfere ; whoever may have the best right to the salmon, or whatever share of the captured fish should fall to particular parties, I cannot allow any poacher to have a *locus standi* in the matter. And never, till each salmon river is converted into a co-operative concern and is worked as a joint-stock company, will it become possible so to adjust the proprietary rights that each may be satisfied with his share.

There is one point of salmon fishing economy about which I have long been satisfied ; it is this, namely, that the salmon being a fish which is always taken alive, besides being usually of large size, can be seen and handled with great ease, and such being the case, can at once be restored to its native element in the event of its being unfit

for food. On this fact I rest my argument for an extension of the angling time. There are, however, persons in the interest of the proprietors of the commercial fisheries, who maintain that anglers are 'no better than they should be,' and that an angler, no matter who he may be, having once caught a fish, no matter in what condition that fish may be, will stick to it. I deny that. There are, of course, anglers and anglers; and as there are black sheep in every flock, so there are no doubt one or two fellows who, being no true disciples of 'old Izaak,' would even bag a badly mended kelt. Such men are, however, few and far between, and I maintain that, as a body, anglers are the best police that a river can possibly have; they cost nothing, and do their best to promote sport by only taking clean fish. I am quite convinced that some day, fishery economists will awake to the fact that, in all cases in which fish are caught alive, the small ones, and all those which are unfit for human food because of their being in a gravid condition, should at once be restored to the water. In the case of salmon this would be easy of accomplishment, as these fish are rarely caught under the weight of five pounds; indeed, on the average, our salmon (and grilse) now weigh over seventeen pounds per fish, as against the fourteen pounds of twenty years ago. Fish, like the herring, taken in vast quantities, in drift or seine nets, are dead before they are hauled out of the water, and therefore must be brought home and sold for what they will bring, whether they are good for food or not. By-the-by, it is curious, or rather most anomalous, that it should be in the nature of a crime to capture a gravid salmon, and be at the same time a highly meritorious act to take a herring that is just on the point of spawning! Yet so it is. Only *full* herrings can obtain the official brand mark which gives them currency in foreign markets. In the cod fishery, the fish are captured alive, while it is the endeavour of all interested to bring as many living fish home as possible, but many of the cod taken, are, I regret to say, not fit for food, all their fat and flesh-forming properties having gone to the formation of their milts and roes. Why should there not be a law passed to prevent gravid cod-fish from being sold, as also to restrict the sale to large fish only? Where I am now writing, thousands of small haddocks, each about four ounces in weight, are being actively disposed of; it is a positive scandal that such young fish should be sold.

The foregoing ideas may be taken for what they are worth; I feel sure they will be found to be quite practical, especially as regards the salmon. Let the responsibility of capture rest with the angler, and let him fish all the year round if he pleases; if caught with a foul fish let him be punished and be sent to Coventry by all brethren of the craft. I have taken myself, and have seen taken, and that within the legal fishing periods, both in Tay and Tweed, fishes that would scarcely bear the light of day, and which had, per force, to be returned to the water, being such as no one would look at during the season when clean fish could be obtained. The salmon, I maintain, exist in races, some of which are always in fine condition,

and good for food at particular seasons, independent of all laws as to close time; why then should we (anglers) not be allowed to kill them? The whole philosophy of our salmon laws (as well as the laws which govern the capture of other kinds of fish) should be concentrated on the multiplication of the animals within proper limits, so as to insure as many for food uses as is possible, as well as to keep up a sufficient breeding stock. At the present time some of our salmon streams are undoubtedly rather over than under populated—taking the river Tay as an example. I guess from the fact that, for a period of half a century, half a million of well-grown smolts having every year been let into the river, there must be now in that stream as many salmon as there can possibly be food for. It should never be forgotten that a stream will only breed and feed a given number of fish, just as a field will only feed and breed a given number of sheep.

Before saying what I think about the salmon disease, I may just state that the present salmon season, throughout Scotland, has been a most unproductive one, both to anglers and commercial fishers. No official statistics are collected, but there are various ways of ascertaining whether or not the season has been a prosperous one as regards the take of fish; among other facts, we know the number of boxes of salmon which are sent from Scotland to Billingsgate, and this year only 13,524 boxes, of 150 lbs. each, were sent to that far-famed piscatorial bourse, as against 23,000 boxes in each of the two previous years. As it fared with the commercial fishers, so it fared with the anglers. They have, so far as I can learn, only captured about two-fifths of their usual supply. On the river Tay, with which I am best acquainted, some anglers fared badly indeed; three nibbles and two bites to one fish may be held as pretty well describing the situation throughout the season.

A striking feature of the two last salmon seasons in Scotland consisted in the taking of a large number of big fish. On the Tay alone some veritable monsters of the deep were captured, one fish having been secured which pulled down the scales at 65 lbs., whilst there were half-a-dozen taken which ranged from fifty to sixty pounds weight, not to speak of many considerable fish below that weight, many having been captured of 40 lbs. and upwards. In 1876 a salmon, which weighed seventy pounds, was taken out of the Tay, and since then one or two large ones have been brought ashore. It may be stated, as being in some degree a corroboration of my argument, that so far as the Tay is concerned, only three of the great fish of the season reached the upper waters, the others being all bagged on what I may call the commercial fisheries. What lesson in the economy of a salmon river may be deduced from the fact of such a large number of big fish being taken? The fact of a river yielding such large salmon should teach us that there is room enough for the fish to grow and an ample supply of food; consequently that the river is not overcrowded. But no person can tell how long these fish have been in attaining to such a heavy weight; it has

never yet been determined, with any degree of accuracy, how long it takes a salmon to put on a pound of flesh; hence there is a variety of opinions on the subject, some people maintaining that a sixty-pound fish will be at least twelve years of age. That may be so, but my opinion is that the fish are so eagerly hunted that it is almost an impossibility for any given salmon to escape the snares which are set for him for so long a period, and that therefore the fish are not so old as has been intimated.

One thing, in my opinion, is quite certain; it is that none of our rivers are so populous with fish as to lead to disease from 'over-crowding.' That is a theory which I cannot for a moment entertain, yet it is a theory which has been industriously set forth as a reason for the recent outbreak of the salmon disease in some of the southern salmon streams of Scotland. The 'disease' is a somewhat curious one, and no real remedy has been devised for it; it comes mysteriously, works its mission, and then ceases. At the date on which I am writing the disease has vanished, yet a few weeks ago and it was rampant, the cause of great mortality in our rivers, and of much annoyance and sorrow to anglers. I have no wish to enter into the technicalities of the 'salmon plague' here, the more especially as a commission of inquiry is now travelling to diagnose, investigate, and report. I shall await the issue of that document. I shall read the evidence taken, and, having formed an opinion of my own, I may then return to the subject. In the meantime let me say that the disease is no new calamity. My father knew it well, and it has been known in connection with the Tweed and its tributaries for at least sixty years. The malady, as the readers of 'Baily' may have heard, takes the shape of a fungoid growth, chiefly on the head (nose) of the fish, and on any other part of the animal not well protected with scales. This growth causes great irritation to the animal; in fact it often results in its dashing itself so determinedly against a stone as to speedily result in the death of the salmon. No person seems able to say whether the woolly growth is the cause or the effect of the disease; my humble opinion is that the fungus is an effect, and not a cause, of the malady. Be that as it may, a thousand fish have before now been found dead in a stream, all of them bearing evidence of the fungoid growth. Had not a commission been appointed to travel the salmon districts, and find out, if possible, what is wrong, I dare say some persons would have persisted in asserting that the disease arose from the rivers being overstocked; but I feel confident enough to assert that neither the Eden nor the Tweed are at present burdened with too great a supply of fish. Nor can the disease arise from 'pollution,' for the best of all reasons, namely, that it existed long before 'pollution' became a grievance. Moreover, the fungoid growth attacks salmon eggs, although they may be in process of hatching in the very purest of water. Another great fact is that the same disease has appeared in Californian waters, where there is not, and never has been, any symptom of 'pollution.' It is sincerely to be hoped that the com-

mission now travelling will not only find out the cause of the disease, but be able as well to suggest a remedy for it. It has not yet been observed on the river Tay, but it may soon spread to that famed salmon stream, as well as to others which are well stocked with valuable fish, and I do not require to say that in 'poaching,' 'pollution,' and 'bad seasons,' salmon proprietors have enough to contend with without an attack of the disease.

I hope my heresies on the salmon question will not shock the readers of 'Baily.' My wishes are all in favour of what is right. My desire is that all who own a portion of a salmon river should be able to turn it to the best account, and that they should be annoyed by neither poachers nor pollution. I also desire that anglers should have additional facilities for the prosecution of their sport, and that the men upon whose waters the fish find a procreant cradle should have more consideration and a greater reward than they at present obtain. There is no finer sport than angling, no gamier fish than the salmon, and that in the future two salmon may be found in some rivers where only one has been found in times past is my sincere prayer.

ELLANGOWAN.

NOTE.—By the way, if the proprietors of any of the Scottish salmon streams should resolve to form themselves into a society for the co-operative working of their fisheries, they should visit Holland and see the method which is adopted of working a fishery on the river Maas, a few miles above Rotterdam. The fishery in question is a joint stock one, and is carried on with great advantage. A terrace of considerable length has been constructed on the edge of the river, from which to work the fishery, and the nets, which are about 2000 feet in length and 33 in depth, are manipulated by a small steamboat, or by horses. They are kept always on the drag, about thirty hauls being made in each twenty-four hours. The fish, as obtained, are carried to store boats and kept alive till required. This system of working is found to pay. I have myself visited the fishery, and think it well worth imitating.

E.

CUB-HUNTING IN MEATH.

MAN is a cooking animal, say the logicians; man is a hunting animal, say we, looking around us and surveying the signs and portents which herald the return of the kingly sport with the revolving months in the cycle of the seasons! The latter are all dislocated, and seem out of joint, somewhat like the times. Corn there may be in Egypt, or, what is more material to us, in 'Frisco' and Chicago, but there is very little to be seen in merry England, and of that little still less is homed and garnered; gunners will, perforce, give the birds a jubilee till they are able to take the best of care of themselves, and can mock all but snap shots and green cartridges.

Foxes, too, will gain unwonted law this year, seeing that no M.F.H. since Samson has organised cub-hunting on such a grandiose scale as the crinigerous Nazarite, or raided the Philistine mealies in so reckless a fashion. In Ireland the corn is all standing or partially lodged by the recent rain-storms, and in a year like the present, when every right-minded person will be solicitous to minimise the damage to the crops which he may cause, hunting in the open just now seems tabooed by reason, common sense, and good feeling, for the grass-lands are still roamed over by large herds of tardily fattening cattle, whose succulence and plumpness find, as our graziers know to their cost, too many rivals from America, Spain, and the Continent. What, then, are the signs and tokens to which we have just now made allusion? The best 'spoor' was offered by the recent Dublin show, when some four or five hundred hunters in *esse* and *posse* claimed the admiration and riveted the attention of hundreds of casual amateurs ever on the *qui vive* for a bargain in eligible horseflesh, as well as of professional experts, who are not to be easily deceived by the false show which linseed, condiments, and what Mrs. Malaprop calls 'Antinomial' preparations impart to the obese steed pampered into unwholesome exaggeration. Now the pessimists and the prophets of evil had said all sorts of horrible things about the great show. 'How can there be any buyers,' said one quidnunc, 'when every one knows that the majority of the best studs sent up to Tat's last season returned home unsold?' 'Who wants hunters in such a year?' quoth another male Cassandra; 'the farmers can't hunt, and the landlords will content themselves with the home animals, and will not visit the dealers' yards with a view to purchase on either side of the channel.' 'Horses are a drug,' precognosced a third oracle; 'they sicken owners, and purge them too drastically for a year of poverty and depression such as the present.' The sequel showed how fallacious were such auguries of gloom and despondency. Good horses sold freely at Kildare Street, though a worse area for the buyer cannot well be imagined. Mr. Sewell's sales were well attended, and horsedealing flourished exceedingly for the entire week. Nor were prices alarmingly low; light-weight hunters cannot be considered cheap at sums varying from 150 to 280 guineas, nor can four-year-old colts be termed absolutely given away at 380 guineas. It strikes me forcibly that if such men as Mr. Darby, Mr. Landsly, Mr. George Reeves, Captain Beatty, Mr. Barnes, Monsieur George, and a few more buyers of their calibre were canvassed as to the depreciation in the market value of the Irish hunter, they would reply that their cheque-books hardly acknowledged any whatever. And all this alacrity to buy, even under adverse conditions, argues well for the prospects of the coming season. Let me add another to my list of indicia. The Masters of Hounds in Ireland form a committee or Vehmgericht, which has already done Irish hunting good service. This year the members had a pleasant dinner together after their labours of the show ring were over, and neither were Lord Waterford, the President, nor Mr. Burton Persse, his *vis-à-vis*, de-

spondent in their views as to the hunting horoscope. On the contrary, Lord Waterford could point to Cork as a reunited county where fox-hunting would probably receive a fresh impetus, and say with justice that the outlook for the chase in Ireland was most favourable. Few hunting grounds have felt the wave of depression which has swept over the land more keenly than Meath the royal, Meath the pastoral. Yet the leal men of Meath have rallied round their Master and scorned the idea of curtailing the days of their weekly programme; thus, as the French proverb puts it, meeting the frown of fortune with a smiling countenance. Nor have Masters of Hounds been less busy in their own department than in other years. Sire hounds have come and gone over the water and over the land. Noble alliances of bluest and truest blood have been made. Stables have been filled afresh by the Masters at the date on which I write, and though, 1st September, no scalps have been, I fancy, secured for the lodges, the preparations for cub-hunting rehearsals have been pushed forward as vigorously as ever, by none more sedulously than by Mr. Trotter, the Elect of Meath, who has the amplest domain known in the Emerald Isle, and not the least attractive. In the days of faction fights, when every Irishman's hand was against his neighbour's skull, a pugnacious Pat was heard to observe that he was 'blue-moulding for want iv a bating.' Mr. Trotter can hardly compare himself to that Celtic glutton, for, *en vrai hippodamos*, he is always in the saddle and very often in the air; but to ride with music and to ride without are two very different pleasures, and since the famous drag at Courtown last May I doubt if many Meath men have heard the inspiriting chimes of any pack, and the sight of so many fine hunters must have been fuel to the fire burning within. A morning raid was accordingly projected for the 1st of September, and the trysting-place named was Scariff Bridge, a lonely spot, miles away from any town or village, where the business of the morning could be conducted as quietly and as free from the interference of crowds of onlookers or pursuers as the heart of an earnest M.F.H. could desire. I should say the hour fixed was the salutary and Spartan one of 6 A.M., involving for most men a start at 5, if not earlier. Now to reach Scariff Bridge from metropolitan haunts and clubs by this primitive and exemplary hour is simply impossible, and if any ardent soul is anxious to try his fortune at Scariff Bridge later on in the year, let me recommend him to fix on Trim or Athboy as a night stop for himself and his hunter, or, better still, to run down by the night mail to Enfield, where he will be sure of a clean and fairly comfortable inn (Barrington's), with the certainty of good means of posting to the meet in the morning.

A full-orbed moon was sailing high in a blue empyrean, and the satellite stars were shining brightly and vividly as if the rain period were over for the time at least, as we journeyed down by the Midland line on the last day of August. Great columns of mist and vapour were ascending from the surcharged pastures, and a suspicion of frost made the night air light and nippy. The morning corresponded to

the promise of the night previous, and if the Irish gunner were sanctioned by law to commence his campaign against the birds on the 1st,* he could not have desired a more alluring day for opening fire. As the sun climbed the heavens the grass-lands were revealed a valley of diamonds, the corbies cawed approval, and the wood-pigeons cooed acquiescence in more subdued cadences. The trees were in full foliage as in June; the bouquet of new-made hay was borne on the morning breeze, while the aftermath reached high up into those 'field cocks' in which the Irish husbandman, for occult reasons, thinks it necessary to place his early hay as it were in quarantine, ere he ricks the produce of his meadows later on in the year.

'Not only rural sights but rural sounds
Reanimate the frame and give a tone
To languid nature,'

said Cowper, or some bard of coteremporary inspiration, in lines much as I have quoted or misquoted; and truly the poet's dictum came home to one in this early hunting pilgrimage of nine or ten miles' progress, which touched no village and scarcely a hamlet. Here on the right hand is a small wheaten field, into which I well recollect half a score of us jumped last year to avoid a biggish double which the Empress of Austria selected, not noticing of course that it was wheat sown till too late. I vow the crop is so good we must have stimulated it like a superphosphate, and this anecdote I tell not to induce others to follow our most evil example, but to encourage the small tiller who thinks he is 'ruinated' if the prints of twenty or thirty horses be left in his arable. Here to the left of the swelling grass-lands of Rathcore is the line of the last, the very last, drag of the season which Lord Killeen gave a select party of friends, the farmers being propitious; and here—a dreary bit of moorland and peat moss being passed—is our trysting-place, Scariff Bridge, with the full-volumed Boyne water underneath, and on the far side, fringing its northern bank for a mile or two, if not more, is 'Much wood,' the scene we hoped, fondly, of our morning operations. It is past six, but the only sounds audible are the creaking of timber wains and the voices of carters and hauliers; note of hound there is none in the air, and yet the wood is known to be a stronghold of the fox family. A timid reconnaissance into the outskirts of the wood brought me into communication with one of the rangers, and from him we learnt that Tuesday had been substituted for Monday as a meet for cub-hunting. *Quod defertur, non aufertur*,[†] is one of the more consoling maxims of the Latin Grammar, and we applied it to our wounded spirits, though not without a regret that some of our friends who were in the secret of the master's change of arrangements had not been endowed with the true Gladstonian impulse to issue post-cards on the subject. Tuesday came

* I see the 'Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News' supposes the dates in England and Ireland to be similar; *vide* issue of 13th September.

in its course, not radiant and sunshiny like its predecessor, but accompanied by a thunderin' dunnerin' wind from the west, which dried the corn and hay most marvellously. To issue forth again from Enfield 'while the drowsy world lay sleeping,' and so trot on to Scariff's bridge betimes, was once more our task and programme. This time there was no *fiasco*, the hounds were in full chorus by a few minutes past six o'clock, hunting foxes before them in any number. An old gentleman, who evidently knew something of the Meath pack, and appreciated them accordingly, struck off fair and straight for Kilmur, Captain Montgomery's residence, some three miles distant, and the hounds were stopped from pursuing him, and their united energy was turned on a cub, who yielded after some thirty minutes to numbers and condition.

First fox blood drawn before 7 A.M. reads well for a beginning, and if looks be any criterion the Meath pack are well up to their arduous mission; it was a mixed pack here this morning, and young hounds abounded, but all seemed to run true, and indeed there was little provocation to riot even if the will had been present. Let it not be supposed that this meet was *en déshabille*, far from it; the green leaves in the woodlands set off the red coats of the hunt-servants charmingly to the eye, and the show of establishment hunters was, as usual, admirable; a brown mare that carried Goodall—own sister, I believe, to Beatrice—striking me as a covetable mount for any thrusting or easy-going thirteen-stone man. Mr. Trotter himself rode a very neat bay thoroughbred hunter. The remoteness of the place and the comparative secrecy of the arrangements being considered, there was a very fair field out to welcome and congratulate the master, among them Lord Langford, the Messrs. Purdon (3), Mr. and Mrs. Alley, Mrs. Potterton, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Carew, Mr. Comerford, &c., &c.

Mr. Carew's gorse, which gave so good a gallop about this time last year, was not tried for fear of running into tillage, so we set out for a bog covert on the verge of West Meath, some four or five miles distant, making tracks across the country and gaining in transit an opportunity of observing the high training and discipline acquired by Mr. J. Purdon's four-year-olds, who fenced like two seasoned hunters. Did time permit, I could enlarge on the pleasant *coup d'œil* afforded by the appearance of the immense tract of land owned here by Lord Darnley, the Marquis de Carabbas of these parts, how many of the farmsteads we passed looked like ideal hunting-boxes, or rather one's idea of a neat small hunting-box *à deux*, but here we are at Rath-Keenan wood! It has not been stopped overnight, so we push on to Clogher-brack, a fir wood of some 100 acres on the edge of a peat bog. Here the foxes were seemingly as thick as fleas in an Indian chief's serape; one was killed in less than a quarter of an hour, another took the hounds right across the bog towards Bracklyn Castle, and of his fate I cannot speak.

The West Meath hounds began cub-hunting last week at Knockdrin Park, Crooked wood and Knock Ton, and those who delight

in 'music on the waters' and picturesque scenery must have had a rare treat with Will Matthews, who has already killed his share of cubs.

The following Saturday was fixed for a six-o'clock foray on the numerous foxes known to people the wide belts of timber which girdle in Summerhill, Lord Langford's park, where the Empress of Austria fixed her hunting quarters last season. Among the blind the one-eyed man we are told reigns by acclamation; in the pastoral smoothness of Meath Summerhill becomes a mountain and commands widespreading views of the finest hunting tracts traversed by the Meath, Kildare, and Ward Union packs. Though but three days had elapsed between the meets, the progress of autumnal 'pencilings by the way' were to be seen in woodland and hedge-row, some of the leaves having begun to colour like meerschaums, while the haws looked more coralline, and the elder-berries more jet-like. A fine morning brought a fairly large influx of men and horses—among the most notable being Mr. Fowler, Lord Langford, Captains Macneil and Davis, the Messrs. Murphy, Mr. E. Purdon, Mr. Trotter, and one or two sporting yeomen who think a morning ride with hounds no bad prophylactic for the accumulation of misfortunes which are said to menace the agricultural interests in this year of grace and—rain. A trilateral (if I may coin the expression) of parks is formed of Summerhill, Agher, and Rahinstown, which occupy from 1500 to 2000 acres with pasture, bog, and wood; all held foxes galore, and the twenty-nine and a half couple of big hounds whom Goodall presided over found plenty of scope for their faculties of nose and speed; but Rahinstown introduced them to the best runner, who scorned home haunts and went off towards Rath-core. Oat patches crop up every now and then here, and fortunately the hounds were not able to press him, or mischief might have been done. The Meath hunting prospects are very bright so far as can be judged as yet, and houses are at a premium.

'DE SENECTUTE.'

IF we are allowed to see the ancient writers in the next world, I hope to have the pleasure of punching the heads of Livy and Tacitus, my two favourite aversions, of thanking Publius Virgilius Maro, Esq., for writing pretty rural sketches in the Eclogues, the shipwreck of Æneas, quite as good as 'Robinson Crusoe,' the visit of Æneas to Lady Dido—on which occasion Pater Æneas did not prove his piety—and the description of the sports in the Æneid, especially the mill between Dares and Entellus, quite equal to 'Bell's Life.' At the same time I should make my lowest obeisance to Marcus Tullius Cicero for his writing his two works 'De Amicitia' and 'De Senectute,' which used to be, and I hope still are, the first strong food in Latin prose which schoolboys learn. I suppose the

scheme of introducing two old fogeys, Lælius and Scævola, walking and talking in their garden gave a reality to the first work. At any rate, under a good master who thoroughly appreciated the authors, Cicero and Virgil always went with a stamp and a go, and I never grudged the time and trouble of learning a good deal of both by heart. And one word about that master. He was an old Harrovian, now Bishop of St. Andrew's, and a splendid athlete, and could beat any boy in the school at running, jumping, swimming, rackets, and rowing, and played with the straightest bat I ever saw. I never shall forget his horror when a boy in the hunting scene in *Æn.* IV. (when, by-the-by, Mr. Æneas changed his quarry and found himself with Lady Dido in the summer-house), in which the boy Ascanius is described on his pony cracking his whip, construed '*insonnitque flagello*' 'played on his pipe,' taking a shot at *flagello* as 'flageolet.' I forget what was the eventuality, but I hope that boy was flogged for not using his dictionary, and for the awful murder of Mr. Virgil his poem.

It is about a green old age that I am talking now, and the question is, Who are the men who attain it as a rule? I believe the athlete and the active man of business have the best chance, provided that they lead a sober life. We all know that, as a rule, the old shepherds on the downs are like the donkeys, and never die. This question of old age was discussed in some of the papers when Mr. Budd, the cricketer and sportsman, died a few years since, aged ninety, also when Lord Lyndhurst died at a very great age; and in some of your back numbers, Mr. Baily, you will find in a footnote the average age of the old 'B eleven,' of which Mr. Budd was one, to have been over eighty years each. We all remember the jaunty way in which Lord Palmerston jogged down to the Derby, and the light quick step with which the late Lord Campbell and the late Lord Chelmsford used to walk down to the court of a morning; and, by-the-by, the present Lord Chief Justice of England is not the slowest man on his feet. And we remember how Archbishop Sumner, when an octogenarian, as upright as a dart, stepped out on his way to the House of Lords; that grand old man who, in his old age, wrote seven volumes on the Epistles, and at his death sent a presentation copy to every incumbent in his diocese; working on the quiet to the last. Parson Russell, we know, is a living example of an iron constitution, and so is Wenman, the old Kent wicket-keeper; and although feeble in limbs, at ninety, the late Lord Lyndhurst made a celebrated speech in the House of Lords, every word of which was as clear as a bell.

I tell you what I believe, Mr. Baily, and it is this. We go upon wheels more than we ought, and we travel too much and too quick; it is all railway and hansom now, and we are always running a race against time, and we have our heads in the manger too much, and it is too much refreshment bar wherever we are. Except on Sundays, perhaps, when there is nothing to do, we hardly ever do what was the custom when we were boys, when we used to take an

eight or ten mile walk to the races or a cricket match, or a good stretch to a meet of the hounds and a run with them afterwards. An athlete who leads a life of indolence after he has laid aside his weapons, whether cricket-bat, the cestus, the oar, or what not, and indulges in dissipation, is a sure victim for the undertaker, in proof whereof I can quote Pierce Egan's lecture on self-defence, delivered in 1845, which contains the history and career of all the great prize-fighters from the earliest period till the date of the lecture ; and it is melancholy to see how many died of drink ; and unfortunately in our own experience how many of our best athletes have done the same on their retirement ; whereas, on the other hand, fortunately, we see how tough some are.

I came across two specimens of the old school lately, such as one seldom sees, one of whom broke the King's peace as often as most men, and the other had helped to preserve the peace of Europe early in this century ; the first named will be aged seventy-nine on Christmas-day next, and the second is eighty-eight, and both of them are as hale and hearty as any two men in England. I met the first some two or three years ago at a benefit in Cambridge Hall, Newman Street, at which it was announced the best men in London would appear, and that the non-commissioned officers in the Household Brigade would contend with single-sticks and broadsword and the gloves. It was a high-priced benefit, and the bill was an arrant sell, and the only thing which I gained was sitting next to a bright, lively, elderly man who evidently had been a frequenter of the ring and a performer also, as, on speaking of Crib's final benefit a short time before his death, which occurred somewhat over thirty years ago, he said to me, ' I put on the gloves with Tom Spring that night.' ' Then who are you ? ' I asked. ' Jem Ward,' he replied. Accident threw me in his way the other day, and I spent a couple of hours with him, and it seemed hardly possible that I was talking to a man who received the champion belt from Spring in 1831 at the Fives' Court, and who had been in the ring as early as 1816, and had fought White-headed Bob, Tom Cannon, and men who seem to me to have lived before the Christian era. He fought over twenty battles, and has led a regular active life from youth upwards, and there he is now, one of nature's gentlemen, just as poor Tom Spring was, in manner, fit to sit at any one's table, full of information, with innumerable anecdotes of days and people and things long passed, and as he is going to put his recollections on paper shortly, he will tell his own story much better than I could. He is now an inmate of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum at Peckham, a most admirable home, where he has his comfortable quarters and goes on with his painting, which has been the hobby of his life. He leads an active life in his seventy-ninth year, holding a place of trust at suburban race meetings. It is needless to say that he is abstemious in living, and his great delight is a good cigar of an evening. Fancy, if this article is lying on the smoking-room table in some nobleman's or gentleman's country house, what a happy thought it would be if the host

was to say to the butler, 'Send that box of cigars to Mr. James Ward, and tell the keeper to send him a brace of pheasants and a hare to-morrow,' how pleased the old man would be at being remembered. He looks much more like a retired country gentleman than what people of strong imaginations paint as a prize-fighter of the past, but then he belongs to the old school, when prize-fighters were supported by the greatest and noblest in the land, and their followers acquired the manners of their associates.

Turning to legitimate warfare, let us look for a moment at another sample of old English stuff in the shape of an old soldier, *ætat.* 88, a hale, hearty, bright-eyed, cheerful old man, from whom now I should be very sorry to receive a cut from the soft end of an oak stick, let alone a sword. Let us imagine that it is a fine Sunday afternoon, and that we are sitting in a comfortable little house in a Surrey upland at Carshalton, near Sutton, and that round the walls of the room hang pictures, and on the tables are books about Napoleon, the Duke, and Waterloo, &c., and that there is a cavalry sword hanging up against the wall of one room, faced by an old Russian musket opposite. Let us carry our imagination a little further, and that we have refused the offer of sherry or grog, and that a handy maid has produced some beer after our walk. On the table lies a very excellent plan of Waterloo (which I took him over), copied from an official plan which I am fortunate enough to possess, prepared in 1815 by order of the Duke of York, which the writer of this has travelled over again and again and compared with other French and English plans against the Duke's despatches, 'Gleig's Waterloo,' and most known books on the subject, besides having twice surveyed the ground itself; and imagine that, for *once* in his life, that the writer is listening and not talking.

Room if you please for Mr. James Simmonds, formerly of the 7th Hussars. 'In answer to your question why I became a soldier, it was thus: My father was a farmer and market gardener, well to do, on Mitcham Common, holding what is now Watney's farm. I was drawn for the Militia in 1812, and was always being wanted to go to Tooting Common and Clapham Common, and was bothered to death by a serjeant who kept me with old Brown Bess at "present arms," "recover arms," till my own arms were fit to drop off, and I said to myself, "I'll do the regular thing sooner than this," and went off and enlisted in the 7th Hussars at Mitcham, under a neighbour, Richard Alfrey, who was in that Regiment in 1813. I was with the *depôt* first at Guildford and then at Arundel, and afterwards the Regiment had come home and we lay at Brighton under Lord Uxbridge as colonel. We had been wanted once or twice in London for bread riots, and lay at the King's Mews, where Trafalgar Square now is. The news came in 1815 that Napoleon had escaped, and we were ordered to the Low Countries, and marched to Dover and embarked for Ostend, we carrying our saddle and kit on board ship, and waiting at Ostend for our horses, which were shipped separate. When

' we got our horses we marched first fifteen miles from Ostend, and
' then went into cantonments, and subsequently marched across to
' the scene of the three great battles, on the 15th of June being in
' the neighbourhood of Quatre Bras and Jemmapes. On that day
' we were ordered to sharpen our swords and prepare for active
' service, and to draw double rations on the morning of the 16th;
' but at 3 o'clock A.M. the trumpet sounded, and officers and
' sergeants were rushing about calling the men to turn out at once,
' so we went without our rations; and from that moment until
' after the battle of Waterloo on the 18th we had no rations, and
' were never off duty. The horses had a glorious time of it, as they
' ate as much standing corn as they pleased everywhere; but as for
' us, beyond a chance piece of bread and biscuit which we some-
' times came across, and some bad spirits which we bought from
' sutlers, who hung about, we went without. But then you know
' we were too busy to think, we were doing picket and patrol duty
' all during the battle of Quatre Bras, and all night, and next day
' we had to clear the road, which was blocked with carts and
' waggons and guns, on the 17th, for the army to retire on Waterloo,
' and our regiment protected the rear for the passage of the army at
' Jemmapes. There was a ford there, and the way was very narrow,
' and we were attacked by French cavalry and were ordered to
' charge them. They were Lancers, but only one troop of ours
' could get at them at a time, and we could not move them; and I
' can see and hear Lord Uxbridge now, and could swear to what he
' said, "Get back, 7th, for God's sake!—threes about;" and we
' were reformed, though we lost our major (Hodge) and adjutant
' (Mears), and as we were clear, we let the 1st Life Guards through,
' and saw them go at the French cavalry; and they regularly
' crashed into them with sheer weight, and having once broken
' them they cut them to pieces, or took them prisoners. Most of
' the French soldiers were drunk, as they had sacked the liquor
' stores at Jemmapes. Well, to go on to the Battle of Waterloo.
' We were on the Mont St. Jean side of Hougomont on the
' morning, but we had been mostly on patrol duty and picket at
' night, as there were so few light cavalry, and the Belgians did not
' do what was expected of them, and we had to snatch a bit of
' sleep and get a bit of bread or biscuit and a drop of spirits as we
' could. The first shot, which reached us on the 18th, was a round
' shot, and I can see her now; my next man was a tailor, and a
' good soldier too, and he laughed and said, "What do you think of
' "that, Jim?" but the next round shot took Sergeant Haslop's
' horse and thigh, and I asked him "What do you think of that,
' "then?" As you know, we did our bit that day, protecting the
' guns and supporting the first line, and when we made the last
' charge my horse was shot under me, and I caught a French horse
' and charged with the 18th Hussars, having lost my regiment, and
' we rested for that night near Belle Alliance, on the position the
' French held in the morning; and we got our first real meal early

' on the 19th. We afterwards moved on to Cambray and saw the reduction of the town, and then our fighting was over, and we marched on to Paris.'

The rest of the old gentleman's narrative contained the incidents of the occupation of Paris, the grand review by the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Simmonds's subsequent service when the regiment came home. At St. Omer he was soldier servant to three different officers, from time to time, and his anecdotes are very amusing. It is no use mentioning names or particulars, as the families of the officers might not like it, but they may depend upon it that their forefathers did *not* lead anchorite lives when peace came, and I expect they were pretty much what the old soldier described them, 'the most dare-devil lot in the world, splendid officers under whom no man would be afraid, but by *no means* "a regular family."' He stuck to the regiment till it came home, the last which landed, and on being offered his discharge after seven years' service accepted it, the fighting being over; and, like Cincinnatus, returned to the farm and did the early Covent Garden business for his father. On the sale of some of the horses he bought one, which had a bullet in the thigh, called 'Button Stick Joe'—so called because his rider lost his kit and everything except his sword, his horse, and his button-stick—and having made his purchase, he rode the horse home to his father's house on Mitcham Common, and made not a little sensation in his hussar jacket and cap, which are now under a glass case at the museum at Waterloo, which he visited two years since, on the Waterloo day, and had a special dinner of his friends at the inn where the museum is; and which he would visit again, had he not been crippled for life owing to an accident on the South-Western Railway in getting out of a carriage on his way home from Aldershot, two years since, for which he had the pleasure of paying over 100*l.* in costs in an action which he lost, against the company. That action is a little sore point, though, soldier like, he says, 'If I could have got those d—d lawyers of mine in the wigs out of the way, and told the judge my own story, I should have won.'

Don't make any mistake, Mr. Baily, the old gentleman is no braggart, and very truthful, with a real soldier's heart in him, in his green old age; and he says, 'If I wasn't a cripple I should like to go again *now*, though it would be my turn to go as officer I think.' He is no *laudator temporis acti*, but I believe what he says, which is that England was saved by the sheer pluck of every individual who fought those battles, and the campaign, short as it was, was decided, as regards the hand-to-hand work, by English physique and English horses.

One question I asked him, which was about army flogging. He is dead against it, and says, 'If a soldier *deserves* to be flogged, kick him out and let him starve, and no one will pity him; if he has the making of a good soldier, it will ruin him; if he is a bad one, it will make him a thorough blackguard.'

When an admirable article appeared in your Magazine on Owen Swift, one of the London press was good enough to say it was vulgar; a little bird at the Asylum whispered to me that the writer was very kind to the dying pugilist in his latter days. I have no doubt but that the Priest and the Levite said the good Samaritan's twopence was a vainglorious donation. *Chacun à son goût.* The writer of the article forgot that all the London papers made a pretty penny out of Sayers and Heenan within the last twenty years, and would do so again to-morrow if they had the chance. One section of the press has been engaged in arguing the exploits of the hangman, Mr. Marwood, to the edification of the morbid-minded public; others report full details of criminal trials which ought to be heard *in camera* and to be buried in oblivion—all rank poison. My humble creed is that men who have lived, like Jem Ward, in a rough and ready world, and have followed a calling which abounded with rascality and swindling, and have come out with clean hands, are an honour to their country and an example for us all; for let us remember how carefully we were brought up and how crooked has been our course in many cases. I remember—reverting to school days—a boy who is now a dignitary of the Church, reading out in Prefect's library, amidst much applause, Deaf Burke's speech on returning from America, in which (exhibiting an American bowie knife) he informed his audience that he would sooner be hung in this world, and—omitting the Deaf un's words, which were un-Shakespearean—would go to everlasting perdition in the next, than see such a weapon in the hands of an Englishman. The Deaf un was not much of a preacher, and fell into the Slough of Despond in his latter days, but I say that those words have a wholesome moral; and I only wish I was a magistrate, or a judge, and had the power of inflicting punishment on every knifing ruffian.

On the first occasion of my being in a criminal court I heard old Baron Gurney, at Maidstone, give a jury a tremendous wiggling for insisting on a verdict of manslaughter, when he summed up for murder, in a case where a sweep had quarrelled with a man and had gone away for some time and had got a knife and *sharpened* it, and came back and stabbed his enemy; and some years afterwards I read an account of a trial at which Baron Alderson, the kindest and best of men, gave a man a heavy sentence for using a knife, to the best of my recollection in these very words: 'If men will quarrel and fight, nature has provided them with the proper weapons; and, prisoner, you have no excuse.'

Looking back to an old school-roll, I picked out the names of a few fellows older than myself, who really were good at boxing when I was a little boy. Every one of them was kind to me and never bullied; two are very well-known clergymen, one of whom is immortalised by his fighting and beating the town bully named Jupe, in 1836, who was a man of five-and-twenty, in five rounds, at Twyford cross-roads. I held his clothes and saw it. The fight is recorded in Adams's 'Wykehamica.' For a wonder the boys were

in the right, as the roughs, of whom Jupe was one, had cruelly beaten some little college boys. To do the roughs justice, they kept a fair ring, and their man fought fair, and was knocked clean out of time. Another bowled in *Gentlemen v. Players* when a boy at school; another is a very distinguished retired cavalry officer, a fifth is a well-known church architect, who pulled in the Cambridge boat; and the sixth was a fine steeple-chase rider and rare good officer, who fell by the colours of the 23rd at the Alma in 1854. The best man I ever knew in London died last year: he was one of young Reed's best pupils (ranking with Billy Duff and Mr. Thomas Knox Holmes, and men of that stamp), as was each of his four sons. His theory was that all boys should swim like otters, and be ignorant of fear, and from the time they were little boys his sons learnt the noble art thoroughly. The eldest was in the army, and died after the West African campaign; the second passed an admirable staff examination, and is now on active service; the third has a high civil appointment in India, and the fourth is in an irregular cavalry regiment now. One son received a medal from the Royal Humane Society for swimming out in a heavy sea and saving life at Ramsgate, and the father's body, on its way to Highgate cemetery, was carried across a canal bridge, off which he jumped, in 1849, at twelve o'clock in a terrifically stormy night in November, and saved a woman who was drowning in the basin.

The late warden of Winchester, who gave the name to the 'Barter' hit, was an astonishing athlete, and at Oxford was champion of the University. When a tutor at New College he constantly walked from Oxford to London and *vice versa*; and on one occasion, when a passenger on the coach was using very blasphemous language and declined to desist, he seized him and held him over the side of the coach, and threatened to drop him in the road unless he promised to behave better. Let it be remembered also that he attended Freeman the American giant's death-bed all through his last illness.

So there is something in muscle after all. We are getting too soft now, with our Pullman's cars, hot luncheons, and shooting-stools by the covert side, and want to rough it more. I suppose people will say I am mad, but if I had my way I would abolish cricket pads, *not* gloves, and make men take care of their legs, and play as their forefathers did, and guard their wickets with their bats instead of a wad of india-rubber and wool.

NOTE.—Can any reader kindly supply the words of an old Harrow song, 'Queen Dido sat at her palace gate a darning of her stocking, oh!'

Mitcham, Oct. 1879.

F. G.

A DEAD SELL.

It has been our lot to give some strange anecdotes concerning the buying and selling of horses, that have come within our own special notice during the last few years, in the pages of 'Baily.' In the present article we propose to add another, and, as we think, a still stranger one to the list. We may say here, as with the others, that the actors in the transactions are well known to us, and, for aught we have heard, now alive. For this reason it is obvious that they should figure under assumed names. The scene is laid in a clean, quiet little town, Ransmoor, situated in a county in the North of England, which we will simply specify by saying that it has broad moors, large open wolds, some good big woodlands, and is celebrated for country gentlemen of the genuine old English type, wealthy yeomen, lots of fox-hunting, and good horses—shall we add, shrewd dealers in horses also? Ransmoor, at the time the incident happened which we are about to relate, had not come within the influence of direct railway communication (in fact, Ransmoor Road Station was ten miles distant, twelve by the posting table, on the Great Slow and Easy Transport Line); it was the centre of a large agricultural district, perhaps more thickly inhabited by landlords and resident gentry than any area of similar dimensions in the not by any means small county of which it formed a part. It held a market of some note, and was represented in Parliament by the most noted sportsman of the day in England, who hunted a large extent of country round it at his own expense.

No doubt this, and the number of gentlemen who made it their headquarters during the winter for the sake of hunting with him, induced many horse-dealers, copers, &c., &c., to congregate therein. At any rate, there they were, and, to all appearance, doing a good trade, though it had not then taken the place in the horse-dealing world which it has since assumed. Amongst them was the firm of Cain and Crutcher, shrewd, able men in their line, not, in those days at any rate, overburdened with coin or conscience, good judges of horses, better judges still of customers, neither able to write his own name, but, nevertheless, quite competent to hold their own in any company when a deal was on hand. Tradition said both drew their blood from those natural dealers, the gipsies, and their appearance certainly did not deny the accusation. Tom Cain, a little, thin, cadaverous man, as sallow as a Spaniard, hawk-nosed, black-eyed, and with a tongue that would charm milestones, was then the head of the firm. A good little fellow, we believe, *when* he could afford to be. Many a deal we have had with him, and never regretted one. It is true, if you intrusted him with a horse to sell, it became a matter of taking another in its place, for Tom was never known to part with money—at least, in his own country. Perhaps he reserved it all for his journeys abroad to buy, in order to the

better please his customers on his return. No one who knew him ever gave him a horse to sell, so that his slight failings in that respect mattered little. If you bought one, and he did not suit, you might keep changing until you got one that did ; and really he was not extravagant as to the difference to be paid on returning a horse that did not suit, and taking another. Such was our experience of Tom Cain, and we have dealt with bigger men, who were much worse fellows. His partner, Job Crutcher, was just his antithesis in almost every particular, overbearing in manner, surly in speech to his inferiors, sycophantic to others ; a big, tall man, with a villanous expression on his countenance, which to this day makes us wonder that ever any one was found to trust him with the clothes which he wore when he first began to run, and had a chance to make away with it. Nevertheless, he cannot on the whole say that the world has used him very badly, and perhaps he has done quite as well as he had any right to expect. Having given a sketch of the principal characters in the play, let us now get on with the story as fast as we can.

Ransmoor market was the great day of the week in that country, and it seemed a local habit and custom that every one should go there, whether he had any business or not. For instance, you might have wondered to see a fox-hunting parson and country gentleman, who probably never bought a boll of oats in open market in his life, but trusted to his dealer to send him the best of everything in the shape of hay and corn, week after week, as regular in his attendance as he would be at his Sunday morning's duty in church. (The curate always took the afternoon, and dined with his rector afterwards.) Then there was Sir John, whose principal care in life seemed to be to preserve foxes for other people to hunt, for he was a little past it himself. Not one market day in the year was his carriage missing from the clean little High Street of Ransmoor, and as regularly did he pass his fifty minutes or an hour within the Market House on wet days, or in the open space outside it in fine warm ones. He was a great man with the farmers, always shook hands with the middle-aged and respectable amongst them, and had a genial smile and kind word for the younger, though those affecting any kind of slang, keeping racehorses in disguise of hunters, or in any way entering into questionable practices, saw far more of his back than his smile ; as they knew he had no interest in noticing them beyond real good feeling and kindness of heart (for neither he nor his were likely to solicit a vote) they respected him accordingly, and treated him with a deference equal to his condescension. Then there was Sir Thomas, the knight fresh from Town, and hoping to become a knight of the shire in good time, of course he was there, equally lavish if not quite so discriminating in his notices, besides a host of others, rising lawyers with small hereditary estates in the country, wealthy if small freeholders, who came to market quite as much to pass away time as transact business, though no doubt they did a little of both, and sundry others, which in those days when every firm

that sold five hundredweight of artificial manure a week had not 'our Mr. Jones' to attend all the markets, and the gentleman who can afford to run all over the country to sell bad wine was unknown, helped to make what was then thought a full market, but would be a very thin one now. One man was never there, 'the Squire,' the Master of the Hounds; he hunted six days a week, and so arranged his meets that not one was ever held near an important town on a market day. Of course, this general marketing propensity made it a capital day on which to show horses, and the firm of Cain and Crutcher by no means neglected the opportunity, but always had a fair-sized string in the market place, with a few top-sawyers reserved in a regular show stable, properly sanded, straw plaits, new paint, new clothing, &c., for the nobles to see privately, when one or the other would sidle up to Sir John or Sir Thomas, or the parson, with a touch of the hat, and say, 'If you had five minutes to spare, sir, I think I could show you something that you would be sure to buy; such a clever one, picked him up a bargain of a widow of a gentleman as was killed in that accident at —. Couldn't bear to see his favourite hoss about, and he gone, poor man, so sold it a bargain, and I can sell him again, well worth the money.' Then followed an account of the excellences of the horse, as hack, hunter, or coach horse, as the case may be, often followed by a 'Well, well, Cain, perhaps I will look in before I leave. I don't want a horse, but I dare say I may look without buying,' which was often the prelude to a deal.

We should say that the firm of Cain and Crutcher had horses to suit all customers—hacks, carriage horses, and hunters for the gentry; cart colts and rough Irishmen likely to make hunters for the farmers; and useful wear and tear vanners and trappers for the tradesmen. Crutcher was never much of a hunter buyer, but, as he afterwards proved, a wonderful judge of steppers and harness action, and in the course of a swap had got hold of what he imagined to be a bargain—a magnificent bay mare, without white, that could do eight or twelve miles an hour in equally good form, and that form such as is seldom seen out of London, and not often there. The fact is she had been the round of the London stables, but was found such an incorrigible kicker the moment she had any condition on her, or was free from the influence of drugs, that she had been sold at St. Martin's Lane for what she would fetch, taken south by a horse-dealing farmer, who, finding what he had got, sent her to grass, and after a month or two running loose, included her in a deal amongst some cart colts to Crutcher, who was caught by her action, and imagined the farmer did not know the treasure he had got. Crutcher, on getting her home, soon found his mistake. She was essentially a harness mare in every sense of the word, save that she altogether objected to have any harness about her: show her a collar, and she would savage you; a pad and crupper, and she would kick a tower down, unless, as we have said, drugged into quietude. A weary time he had with her. Crutcher was not the man to be beaten by a horse, and he has

been known to seize a vicious kicker by the tail and belabour him up the back with a long ash sapling until he gained a victory, by sheer thought and physical power (it is well known no horse can kick to hurt if his tail is firmly confined), but the mare was too many for him. Conquer her one day, she was as bad as ever the next; if worked for her violent temper she became so thin that she was unsaleable; and if idle she was dangerous to approach. Cain was for getting rid of her at any sacrifice rather than be troubled with her, but Crutcher, who was undoubtedly the man of strongest will, would not hear of it. So he shut her in a dark box, kept her on green meat, grains, bran, linseed, and such kind of food, until she became fat and lethargic, then he gradually added small doses of laudanum or some other soporific to her daily mash, until she appeared to have become really quiet and would bear to be harnessed without violence. Increasing the dose daily he got her to work a little in double harness without showing vice, and now thought himself safe, as, although her extravagant action went, in a great measure, under this sobering treatment, her good looks were sure to insure a ready sale to a stranger. Cain begged of him not to risk their trade; but he would sell her. 'He never had been beaten by a horse,' he said, 'and he did not mean to be by her. Some one should buy her.' At length his day came. An elderly gentleman who lived some distance away, and, in consequence, was not often at Ransmoor, though he was a regular customer of Cain's, drove into the town one market day with the intention of seeing if he could get a match for one of his pair, the other having become groggy in his feet, and in consequence passed on by the amiable old man to work as long as he could without much pain on the little land he held, free from the jar of road work, and then end his days at the kennels. He never sold or swapped an old favourite, but always bought his horses out and out, and if they suited him used them until done up, in fact more were killed from good keep and want of exercise in his stables than by hard work. A simple-minded old gentleman in worldly matters, trustful as a child, but a great archæologist and patron of art, he was of all men the most open to be 'stuck'—to use a technical term—by an unscrupulous dealer. He did not buy many horses, and in consequence was unknown except by name to Crutcher, who as a rule bought, and left Cain to sell; but it so chanced he drove into Ransmoor to try and effect a deal, unfortunately on a day when Cain had gone with a string to a distant fair.

Crutcher reckoned up his man at once; he knew he was not likely to want many more horses during his life, and determined, since the game was in his own hands, that he should have the bay mare, and, what was more, pay a good price for her. Hat in hand, he came to the carriage door, and apologised for the absence of his partner, which, however, he hoped would not matter, as he knew exactly the style of animal the old gentleman wanted.

This was all very well, but the old gentleman scarcely saw matters in that light. He had dealt with Cain so many years, and if he could

not deal with him now, why, he would go home again and wait until he could. A week, or even a month did not matter; his old horse was not so bad but that he could work on still; and, in truth, disliking Mr. Crutcher's face, he declined to have anything to do with him. 'Very sorry, sir, my partner is not at home, but he will be back by to-morrow night at the latest; would you walk through the stables, and if anything takes your fancy allow him to bring it over and show you the next day.'

'Well, well, I don't know, it's not often I come, and he should have been at home, I wrote him a month ago I should want a horse soon,' said the old gentleman, who was apt, like many well-meaning good-tempered men, to be testy at trifles. 'I don't think I will. I don't think I will. No, no, William, drive on to Sir John's; I'll call as I go home and have lunch. Very tiresome, very.'

'I think we could please you, sir, if you would just walk through the yard,' said Crutcher, bestowing a side wink on the coachman, and displaying a hand with a gold coin in it behind the master's back.

'Sir John and my lady aren't at home, sir, I know, they started to — the day before yesterday, and the place is shut up, and my gal, as is under-housemaid, came home on board wages till they return next month. These horses must have an hour's rest and a bait, and you may as well look through the stables. Old Dandy Dick's off forefoot gets hotter and hotter every day.'

'Very well, William; very well. Of course we cannot drive home without a rest for the horses. Go to the Angel, and bait them, and get yourself something to eat, and I will wait on Mr. Crutcher. Be ready in an hour—one hour mind—and if I am late, say I wish a glass of sherry and a biscuit ready when I arrive, mind, a glass of sherry and a biscuit. Now, Mr. Crutcher, will you kindly show me round?'

Mr. Crutcher did show him round, and showed him every horse in his stable but the said bay mare, noting that both in his carriage were of that colour, and having a latent idea in his head that Cain had told him he had never sold him anything but a bay. While all this was going on, confidential men, who understood signals perhaps better than words, had given the bay mare a little extra sedative, so that she should play her part all right. Chesnuts, browns, greys, bays with white legs and white faces were exhibited, but not the one colour on which the old gentleman prided himself, a whole-coloured dappled bay. He was not a man to waste his own or other people's time, and give trouble systematically, so that he resisted all entreaties to see the horses out, and was about to take his leave, saying affably, 'Thank you very much, Mr. Crutcher; we shall, I hope, know each other better now we have met, and I am sorry to have given you this trouble and occupied your time to no purpose. Pray excuse me, if my old friend Cain had been here, he would have known at once just what I wanted, which of course you could not do.'

'Very sorry, sir,' replied Crutcher, 'he's away. I see you drive bays? Now I don't know if I dare do it, because he's my head partner, and he told me that he had offered, if not sold her; but I could just show a mare you have not yet seen, and to an old customer like you, why he *may* let her go, perhaps.'

'Not if she's promised, Crutcher; I could not think of it. No! by no means will I supersede another man in that way.'

'Well, sir, she ain't exactly promised, but Tom had a commission from Lord —, you have heard of him, to buy him a wheeler for his team, and he has given a lot of money for this mare; but Lord — has never seen her, and another will do him just as well. Between ourselves he's bad pay; we hold his bills for a good bit now, and can't afford to get in much deeper; but poor Tom is very easy in those matters. I shall get into trouble with him, but I would rather you had the mare and we the money than let her go there. Will you see her, sir?'

The old gentleman cogitated, he put his hands under his coat tails and trotted his drab breeches and gaiters several times up and down the yard.

At length he said, 'It can't be wrong; no, I'm sure it can't be wrong. Mr. Crutcher, I will see the mare, provided she is not in "price" to Lord —.'

'That I can swear she is not, sir, as Lord — does not even know Cain has bought her.'

'Your word, Crutcher, is sufficient; you need not swear; I would rather you did not. Let me see her.'

There was no mistake about her good looks, and, like all Englishmen, the owner of the drab breeches and gaiters had a very fair knowledge of what a horse should be, although he was by no means a profound judge. From the system of treatment she had been under she was full of flesh, sleek as a mole, and as handsome as a horse could be. He looked at her for some few minutes, and then said:

'Mr. Crutcher, could you oblige me by sending to the Angel, and requesting my coachman to step up here? William,' said he, on his summons being answered, 'what is your opinion of this mare? I don't like to give unnecessary trouble, shall we see her in harness?'

William had his cue beforehand, and was, moreover, as much taken with the mare as his master was, so he at once assented, and rejoined: 'If you would walk down and have your sherry and biscuit, sir, we could get her put to; at any rate, it is time you had something, sir.'

'I think it is, William; I feel a little worn. I will do as you say. Bring her in harness to the Angel, Mr. Crutcher, and let me see her. William, see that she is quiet in putting too.'

'In half an hour, sir, she shall be there. Now, William, you go in and talk to my missus, over a glass of hot brandy and water, while we get ready. And look here, if this is a deal, I can stand

'more than ever Cain did, because I have a bit on myself this journey. D'y'e hear, she's a little green in the collar, but if you'll just give her a ball over night, of which you shall take home a lot, and be a little shy with the corn (it makes capital pocket money), she'll soon come right.'

'I'm down,' replied Will, with a knowing wink, and a move towards the brandy and water.

In the meantime Crutcher got the mare put to with a steady old brake horse, and when William had refreshed himself they drove to the Angel, where the old gentleman saw her turned and twisted about, round this way and that, apparently as quiet as the proverbial sheep. Then seeing it was her day, Crutcher had her put into the old gentleman's carriage, and William drove her gently about the town, Crutcher, who was on the box by his side, taking good care that he should do nothing to set her back up. All went well, the old gentleman was delighted, and a deal was effected at a price which made Mr. Crutcher a happy man. He took good care, however, that she should not be driven home, but after dosing her more copiously than ever, took her across himself the next day, and gave William, amongst other things, a packet of balls, one of which he said was to be administered every night, as she was a little out of condition.

Mr. Cain was desperately put out when he heard of the deal, and declared that he had lost a good customer for life, which it was most probable he had. Still, a week went on, and no complaint was heard, so that he began to take heart of grace, and hope all would be well. Another week passed with nothing to indicate that there was anything wrong. But in the third appeared in the county paper an account of 'a sad carriage accident to — Esq., of —,' in which it was stated 'that one of the horses he was driving (a new one) suddenly commenced kicking, ran away, knocked the carriage all to pieces, broke the coachman's leg, and severely shook the owner, who was thrown out at the first start.' Mr. Crutcher knew his time was come now, and so did Cain; but they were men of ready resources, and had got out of nearly as bad cases before. They were both afraid of law, but as long as they could keep clear of that felt pretty safe. For a fortnight they heard nothing about the affair, and then Crutcher found that the old gentleman had so far recovered that he was coming into Ransmoor next market day to see him. Then he laid his plans accordingly. Punctual to a minute, at his regular time, in drove the old gentleman, and almost the first person he saw when his horses were put up and he emerged from the inn yard was Tom Cain, dressed in deep mourning, and with a huge streamer of crape flowing from his hat.

'Oh, Mr. Cain, I wished to speak with you a moment, but I fear you are in sorrow, and I had better defer it; or, perhaps I could see your partner, Mr. Crutcher.'

'Poor fellow! you will never see him again, sir,' replied Cain; 'dropped dead sudden three days ago, and we've just buried him;

'stout man you see, sir, had to be buried quickly. Bad job for his 'poor wife.'

'Dear me! dear me!' exclaimed the old gentleman, throwing up his hands, 'how very sad. I came in about a mare that nearly killed me—but perhaps you know?'

'Yes, sir, I do. I am sorry to say Crutcher behaved very badly over that. He knew she was a kicker, sir.'

'Did he? Well, well; I am sorry to hear it, but, poor fellow, he's dead and gone, and I don't know what I can say.'

'Yes, sir, he did; and that is not the worst, for now he is gone I find he has run up a lot of debts in the name of the firm, and I shall have to pay them, which will just about ruin me. Things owing which I thought he had paid for years ago.'

'Sad, sad; worse and worse,' said the kind old man. 'Well, I had come to tell him that I should exact the money paid for the mare, the repairs to my carriage, and compensation to William for his broken leg; but what can I say now he is dead? I don't know, I really don't.'

'I will do all I can, sir, to meet you, if you give me time to turn round a little; but just now I am fairly ruined, and have not twenty pounds in the world (true enough), as everybody has rushed in for their money now he's gone. His wife and children must go to the union or starve.'

'Well, well, Mr. Cain, will you tell Mrs. Crutcher I forgive her husband for taking me in. And—and—yes, ask her to accept this from me just to help her over her trouble' (putting a ten-pound note into Cain's hand), 'poor woman; and now look me out something suitable as soon as you can. It is a sad business, and we must forget it.'

Mr. Crutcher, it need not be said, was during the time of the interview following his usual avocation of buying horses, which his death never for a moment interrupted, although he did not think it prudent to show his face in Ransmoor for some time to come. Yet he ultimately returned there, and having failed once or twice, succeeded in establishing as large a business as any man in England.

JAMAICA JOTTINGS.

AN official personage of sporting proclivities, whose duties, magisterial, gubernational, or fiscal, it matters not which for our present purpose to define, led him to Jamaica, recently wrote to the editor of one of those hebdomadal encyclopædias of hunting, shooting, racing, yachting, cricket, and such other manly and ingenuous arts as form the dear delight and study of British youth and age, for information and guidance as to the resources and capabilities of the scene of his temporary exile (seeing that an editor who from his chair surveys the microcosm of sport from China to Peru, and

receives the latest bulletins of all things pertaining to his realm, must not only be as omniscient as a Delphic Pythoness, but as ready to impart knowledge and give *renseignements* to the inquirer as the Lord of Hawarden, the tree-compelling Gladstone). The answer from the curule chair was not satisfactory; it was worthy of Dodona in its sulkiest mood. An ambiguous voice, which told little and solved no doubt, and which, peradventure, veiled a very imperfect knowledge of a country which was at one time looked upon as a Havilah, a land of gold, when the grains of sugar were as numerous as the sand particles on the Palisades, and where rum and molasses were as plentiful as potatoes and buttermilk used to be in another portion of Her Majesty's dominions within the temperate zone, but which was never considered a field for the enterprise of the gunner. An arena for the development of those pursuits which rejoiced the patriciate of Rome, as it does still that of England, where youth, golden, silvern, and electro-plated,

"Gaudet equis, canibusque, et aprici gramine campi."

Be it our task in these pages to remove the veil of ignorance which has obscured this phase of western life, and to assure the readers of 'Baily' that even in this tropical Patmos the lover of the thoroughbred horse need not despair of meeting some scope for the cultivation of his tastes, and that gunner and angler will not find their occupation wholly gone in the climes irradiated by a tropical sun and moon, though the Southern Cross does nightly watchfire duty instead of the northern lights, the bamboo replaces the willow, and the Pimento and orange groves load the air with a heavy burden of delicious fragrance.

Let me suppose the case of a stranger just injected into Port Royal Harbour by one of the Royal Mail steamers of the inter-colonial class. The fortunate mulatto tout who has secured his baggage and person brings both safely a few hundred yards up a sandy sort of watercourse, which does duty for street, and lands his *trouvaille* at a big square hostelry, known far and wide as the Date Tree Hall, from the presence of a few of those palms in front of its verandah. Like Washington city, it is a building of immense distances, but its thick walls are a good armour against the too encroaching sun rays, and the floors, polished and waxed to the last point of perfection, suggest waltzing or skating, or both. The migrant, in his walks through Kingston, has been struck by seeing strings of well-bred over-trained-looking weeds parading through the public places, ridden by the tiniest of black boys, whose appearance would convert any sceptic to the Darwinian theory of simian evolution, and followed in every case by a truculent-visaged negro, mounted on a cob or pony who looked as if his only chance of wholesome nourishing food lay in the indisposition or want of appetite of one of the aforesaid high pedigreed Rosinantes. One friend has counted fifty animals, in groups of threes and fours, thus

occupied in the afternoon, and a little inquiry among the store-keepers (a shop is an unknown vulgarity in these latitudes) has informed him that Kingston avails itself annually of the comparatively cool month of December for its racing carnival, and that the meeting will come off in a week or so from the present date, that the running horses are all quartered in the town or its immediate vicinity, and that an opportunity of inspecting the racing form of the island is offered to all comers, free gratis, every morning between the hours of 5 and 7 A.M. 'If you're waking call me early,' suggested our friend to the landlady of the Date Tree, who forthwith told off a ministering spirit, 'Seraphina' by name, to call the Buckra at 4.30 A.M., and bring him his coffee *au lait de chèvre* with all due precision.

After a night of fitful unrest, hunting and hunted by two or three triumphant and trumpeting mosquitoes, who have 'smeused' through certain unseen rents in the guardian net, a cup of the purest coffee from the Blue Mountain Ridge, with a shaving of cassava bread (which may be recommended to claret drinkers), brought in by a coffee-coloured Hebe, with gleamingly white teeth and a *trainante* voice, while her Madras handkerchief, of many bright colours, is coquettishly tied on her curly head, of retriever coat substance, is by no means an unpleasant dispensation. An iced tub braces the system, and when our sportsman has plodded half a mile or so up the same sandy gully, he finds himself along with many hundreds, on foot, on wheels, or on horseback, emerging on to a large-oval space, just a mile and a few yards in circumference, which is girt round by a sandy road, and this is the Kingston race track. Already the horses have walked once or twice round this margin, according to the judgment or caprice of their black master of the horse, and knots of curious and speculative gazers are forming round the various lots.

Let us glance at a few of the groups. Horse clothing, save for sweating purposes, being unknown, we can soon become acquainted with the local cracks, and the first thing that surprises the onlooker is the circumstance that every horse is branded on the near quarter with one, two, or three capital letters, something in the style of English foxhounds. The custom is a very useful one in a country where horses roam over large tracts in considerable numbers, and even necessary for the protection of owners. It is also very advantageous for buyers, as it gives them, in many cases, a key to the pedigree of the horse, seeing that there are one or two sire horses kept at all horse farms or 'breeding pens,' and the trade-mark assists with other indicia in tracing the paternity.

The group we are watching in their preparation consists of a compact and inky-black mare, six years old, 'Black Beauty,' who will compete for the Queen's Plate—three mile heats; a maiden five-year-old, who will be only asked to gallop two mile heats; a couple of two-year-olds, whose task is a mile and distance heats, with seven stone up; two racing-looking three-year-olds, whose good

reins and well set on heads are in strong contrast to their mean drooping hindquarters, sure evidence that they are not the immediate offspring of English sires and dams, but got from Creole or native-born stock.

Turning from this party, we fall in with a somewhat raggeder and less orthodoxly equipped lot, who have travelled up from the distant savannahs of St. Elizabeth, in the west, to compete on this arena. There is a fair share of power and substance among them, and without much antiquarian or genealogical research you can discern among them a good deal of cousinship with the families of Emilius, Orville, Blacklock, Zingaree, and such other celebrities. There is a wild mysterious look about the attending posse, and as the trainer, who, when asked his vocation, will tell you that he is Mr. ——'s 'strainer' (which is, perhaps, literally true of not only this artist, but of many other functionaries of the same kind in all climes and countries), busies himself in arranging for his gallops, he looks something like a wild necromancer or a great medicine-man among the Arapahoe Indians. From a jar he carries with him he makes a ball of carminative properties, which he administers very cleverly to each of his *élèves*, and as you glance at their legs you will see that each quadruped has been daubed over or painted with a curious pigment, in which sulphur seems to form a chief ingredient. Our questrist for information will learn by-and-by (not now, for joking or even idle talking on such subjects is considered dangerous), that the 'strainer' has had recourse to these cosmetic arts to ward off the evil influences and spells which an antagonist or rival had woven against his charges, endeavouring by mystic or Obi agency to gain possession of their shadows, in which event he was convinced that he must be the victor over them.

Of the numbers galloping their sandy rounds, some forty or fifty represent the great breeding establishments of the island, whose chief seats are in St. Ann's, St. Elizabeth's, and Manchester parishes or counties; but besides these there are about an equal number owned by individuals ambitious of these turf honours, which raise men, according to the lyricist, to a celestial level—'Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.' Here are a party of black Zouaves, of magnificent proportions, criticising, in the language of Congo, a pair of welter horses belonging to the captain of their company, who will compete for the Corinthian Cup, so called, perhaps, because the Corinthians who will ride for it are men remarkable for their Corinthian brass (bronze) than for the possession of equivalent gold, or even tin. This year one of the conditions of this particular race is that every rider starts with a lighted cigar, and must keep it alight till weighed in to secure the prize, and already the amateurs are practising and preparing their lung apparatus. A curious little bit of comedy is seen in this part of the morning performance. Really good amateurs, scarce everywhere, are specially so in Jamaica, which has never been visited by anything closer in resemblance to a cavalry corps than the famous marines of Port Royal, and

owners of good horses must see their 'Corinthians' ride a gallop or two before they pay their entries or back their mounts. At a mess dinner the previous evening, a young sailor had expatiated on his flat-race performances in the mother country. He looked a young Templeman so far as figure went, and by the time the last glass of claret had been drunk, I'm not sure he had not believed and asserted that he was *in propria persona* the winner of the last Goodwood Cup, at that time the fond ambition of aspiring and horsey colonists. Such a man was a prize here, and he was instantly pounced upon by a large breeder of horses, who assured him of a good gallop on the next morning. The sailor came to the racecourse, but when he saw a great raking mare, all impatience to be off, saddled and surcungled, he looked at the 3-lb. saddle which was to be his perch for five minutes or so, and the longer he looked, more horrid and appalling grew the imaginary prospect! In another minute the *dénouement* of hypocrisy came, and the feelings of that naval hero may be better fancied than photographed. For fully an hour and a half did these morning 'heats' last. Then came the real heat, in which the sun had a walk over, and many hundreds of witnesses, eager and interested in discounting their chances of winning 'a mac' and fippence' or a doubloon at the coming meeting, separated to their homes, their farms, and their merchandise.

Our immigrant to these quaint and exotic racing grounds was much impressed, and somewhat amused and startled, by what he saw. Among the sixty or seventy exercise lads, only three or four sported boots, but rode with the stirrup-irons between their toes. The appearance was not good, but when he saw one of these lads, whose single snaffle rein snapped in the gallop, work on to the neck of his mount—secure the broken strap and ride home along with his string, he was obliged to own that if grace was wholly wanting, there was some power and pluck forthcoming.

The ponies seemed to him the best class of all, except, perhaps, a few very smart mules, daughters of thoroughbred mares, who galloped (when they chose to go straight) nearly as fast as the horses, and seemed capable of staying for any amount of time or distance. He learnt, too, that hurdle races, once fashionable in Kingston, had fallen into disuse, owing to a formal order issued by a *ci-devant* commander of the forces in Jamaica, prohibiting officers from riding in them, as one meeting had been very prolific of accidents and concussions.

Our 'griff' walked back to the Date Tree Hall, and by the time he had done good trencher service at 'second' breakfast (which is a West India form of 'Tiffin,' and proffers an olla of several kinds of fish, turtle steaks, chicken cutlets, spatch-cocks, pigeons, guinea-fowl, with a reserve of Avocado pears (subaltern's butter), and Ripley pines, with claret-cup and Sangaree to quench incipient thirst) he sallied out to go through the stables, under the escort of a friendly turfite. Here he found new cause for wonder. Each running horse had a stalwart strapper told off for his use, besides the riding

lad, who spent two or three hours in hand-rubbing his charge's legs, and their food was Indian corn, imported from America or native grown, with Guinea grass hay, of a consistency like dried sedge. To these staples a few cunning strainers added a mixture of bamboo leaves and those of the bread-nut tree, said to improve coat and condition marvellously. Now the Kingston race meeting is a one-day affair, but in reality these morning rehearsals stretched the reunion into a pleasant term of two or three weeks, and the same thing may be said of each of the six or seven principal events of the sort in the island.

The St. Ann's races, which are held in August, are, however, as a rule, by far the most interesting of any. The beautiful county or parish of St. Ann's is one huge stock farm. Here herds are reared and fattened; here, too, thoroughbred horses are bred in vast numbers, and among them are many great grandsons and great granddaughters of 'Priam,' who have inherited not a little of the power and capacity of their illustrious ancestor.

Like Newmarket, St. Ann's has little of urban show or glory, but here, in the days we speak of, flourished a mercantile firm, who, like the Rothschilds, patronised the turf greatly. I allude to the house of Bravo Brothers. Here, too, flourished the patriarch of the Western Turf, from whom 'John Davis,' by Voltigeur, from Jamaica, took his name. A centenarian almost in the days we write of, John Wilson Davis was as vigorous in mind and memory, and even in physique, as many men of fifty or sixty, and those who followed him on his tall-pacing grey during a day which began at a very unearthly time, as he showed you over his various stock-farms, were glad to seek an early pillow. An oracle he was on all racing topics, Admiral Rous and the Jockey Club rolled into one, and withal one of the simplest and most original of men. His ana and quaint sayings and doings would fill a volume. Let me recall one anecdote. In Jamaica, when you go to a stock-farm, you generally buy animals either half broken or running on the Guinea grass. A pair of magnificent colts had just been selected by a great official, who drew many thousands per annum from the treasury of the island. 'Your horses, Mr. Davis, are superb, but the price is 'enormous.' 'So say some of the taxpayers about your salary, 'Sir I——, but a good man and a good horse are never dear.' 'Ah, well, send them down next week to my address.' 'Nay, 'Sir I——, but I assure you no horse of mine would leave the farm 'till he knew he was paid for. It's a trick they have, and I can't 'cure it.' The cheque came forth at once.

The racecourse of St. Ann's may be compared, *mutatis mutandis*, to glorious Goodwood. There is the foreground of cobalt ocean, whose gentle lapping can be heard from the Grand Stand; on the north side a fringe of cocoanut palms close the landscape. To the southward there is a ridge of hills clothed with groves of the lustrous Pimento (allspice) tree, and from its steep sides brawling streams tear down to the ocean, forming beautiful

lagoons at the points of junction. Trout are not known here, nor salmon, nor grilse, but the mountain mullet, baked in wood ashes, rolled up in a plantain-leaf, and washed down by Perier Jout cooled in the shaded pool, is a banquet for a Cabinet minister or an alderman.

In these jottings from memory we have but introduced Jamaica to the casual reader. In future pages we will hope to tell him more of its horses and hunting grounds, of its game, climate, and capabilities for sport.

THE OLD DOVER ROAD.

THE sudden change from an isolated rural village in the Wiltshire downs, which was nine miles from any town, and which could not even support a carrier, to a new home situate half way between London and Dover, naturally made no slight impression on the mind of a little boy, as I was at the time of my removal, just half a century ago, and with your leave, Mr. Baily, I will set down a few memoranda. In busy times at least a hundred public conveyances, including travelling carriages with post horses, would pass our gate in a day; and Sittingbourne and Rochester, a few miles on either side of my home, being great posting places, with ample hotel accommodation, I saw a great deal of the pre-railway travelling in the olden time. It was a great treat to me to watch the rows of postboys sitting in front of the principal inns, attired in long white smock-frocks, the yellow-white hat peculiar to their class, ready booted and spurred, lazily smoking their pipes until summoned. They sprang into action quickly enough at the cry of 'first and second turn out!' and ran up the inn-yard, and reappeared in their smart red jackets, striped waistcoats, and white neckcloths; and sometimes two, or even three, carriages would arrive together, requiring twelve horses and six postboys, and I have seen the row of smock-frocks reduced to a very small company in a short time, when there was an exodus from London to the continent, or *vice versa*. Then the argus-eyed ostler, whose duty seemed to be to drink with every traveller, and whose notice nothing escaped, would catch sight of a little feather-weight express-boy, on a long-legged, lean old thoroughbred, galloping up, and the cry would be heard, 'Express boy on!' and another little feather-weight boy, attired in red jacket, blue waistcoat bound with gold braid, gold band round his hat, a cockade, and diminutive breeches and boots, with racing spurs, would bring out another long-legged, lean old thoroughbred, and would take the despatch-bag, with the simple instructions, 'Government,' 'Rothschilds,' or 'Press,' as the case might be, and start off at a hand gallop, and be as much bespattered with mud in a few minutes as the little jockey who had just delivered his budget of news, having ridden the eleven-mile stage in forty-five minutes, and who had just dismounted and undone the

saddle-girths, turning his panting steed, who was in a regular lather, with his head to the wind.

But landlords and landladies most rejoiced when the courier, swinging himself off the rumble, would run up the steps of the hotel with much importance, with an order for "two sitting-rooms and eight bedrooms for the Duke of Blank's, or Lord and Lady Dash's party." And wasn't the order repeated loud enough? and didn't all the bells ring? and didn't we all stare?—that's all. And didn't the landlord and landlady come and hand them out, and give them their titles? 'Yes, your Grace,' and 'No, your Grace.' There were no pot-hats and ulsters then; and Her Grace or my Lady Countess wore an enormous big bonnet, with her long curls full of dust, and her noble husband had on an uncomfortable hat, very broad at the top, with shirt-collar up to his eyes, and the collar of his greatcoat—which was made with two buttons in the small of his back—up to his ears, and impossible outside pockets on his hips, which were so tight that nothing could be got in or out of them.

Verily our dress has improved now—in proof whereof we have set the fashion to all Europe—and so has our social comfort as regards airy bedrooms, *vice* swell over-furnished dungeons, lighted at night by a rushlight in a horrible perforated bucket-like apparatus, which made ghost-eyes all over the room; baths, and rough towels and brown windsor, *vice* the small basin and jug, and hard white soap which smelt like tallow and never lathered, and soft towels like napkins; iron spring beds and hair mattresses, *vice* enormous feather-beds and four-posters, shut in with curtains and every kind of device which could produce gout, apoplexy, and indigestion. And then in winter they warmed the bed with coals, and left a fine flavour of Vesuvius for a nightmare.

And you may be sure that the landlady herself showed her noble guests into their rooms; and if the weather was cold, there was a fire ready burning in the bedrooms. And you may be sure the landlord took in the first dish at dinner, and called his Grace's attention to the fact that he had ventured to add to the dinner some Rochester smelts, fresh caught that morning, or—according to season—that the Kentish filberts were from a celebrated orchard; or the Kentish cherries had only just been picked for his Grace's dessert, and that the oysters came from the Milton beds close by. Ah me! native oysters were carried about the villages then three for a penny. Why didn't I eat more? Dr. Johnson, when he was dying, said he had never had as much wall-fruit as he could eat; I expect the present generation will say, when their time comes, they never had enough oysters.

Our stage-coaches, with 'the team all harnessed to start, glittering 'in brass and in leather,' and piled with luggage, made a brave show, but they only promoted a brandy-and-water and glass of beer trade by the way, as coaches seldom stopped anywhere on our road, as the opposition was very great, and the competition in rapid change of horses very keen. I can see the foreigners now, all over

dust in summer, and miserable if it rained. They didn't enjoy their travelling much, as I suppose the bitterness against England had not worn out, and coachmen said it was a miracle to get a shilling out of them, and some of them, when understanding that a tip was expected of them, would bring out a few sous, with 'Ah, je comprends ; c'est pour boire, monsieur !'

And what pleasant music the horn, and the tramp of the horses, and the rattling of the harness made, on a clear frosty night, when we were all snug under the clothes ; and how it cheered watchers by sick beds to hear for a moment the stir of life outside !

There were little amenities in those days which we miss now. If a commercial traveller gave one a lift, or a visitor was coming or going from the house, or the coachman had to leave a basket of fish from London, a glass of sherry or cherry brandy, or a bouquet of flowers, or a basket of strawberries cost nothing, and were thought a great deal of. Never shall I forget the astonishment of one of the coachmen who ran in to have a glance at the garden, and a hasty view from the drawing-room windows and a glass of wine. 'Good heavens !' he exclaimed, 'to think that I have driven past this door for twenty years and never knew of this !' As it is a sample of dozens of views equally beautiful between London and Dover I will try and sketch it. Take for the immediate foreground a beautiful lawn like an emerald cloth, dot it here and there with borders full of American shrubs, and plant some fine mountain ash, silver birch and acacia, and surround it with thick shrubbery on either side, and a high hedge at the end of the garden which makes a line of sight, beyond which are orchards, and a sea of golden corn between the garden and the Medway, which is a mile or so off. In the corn fields throw in figures of harvesters and waggons. On the extreme left don't forget a tract of green marsh land terminating with a picturesque hill ; and on the right centre a broken line of quays and wharves, and lazy barges with red and brown sails going in and out ; intersperse the surface of the Medway with any number of fishing boats with white sails, and beyond the river in the distance paint the hundred of Hoo and a long stretch of mainland, and beyond the mainland against the horizon put in the Thames covered with shipping, and the Essex coast and Southend, and through a vista between some splendid elms at the end of the garden on the extreme right, and also in the horizon, is the Nore, ten miles off, with the men-of-war standing out against the clear atmosphere, and the shipping, and the dockyard sheds with their skylights all ablaze in the evening sun.

Charles Dickens's story, incidentally mentioned in 'Pickwick,' about the two brothers, one of whom drove the up, and the other the down, coach on the Dover road for many years, and who had no communication with each other except the coachman's salute in passing, is quite true. I remember the two brothers well, and no doubt Dickens's story, that when one died the other pined, is correct. And what nice fellows the coachmen were, many of

them quite gentlemen in their manners, though we had no 'swell' coachmen on that road.

The iron horse was ruin to many good men, some of whom came to absolute beggary, and others had to drive a 'bus and *work* their sixteen miles on the stones in London. The guards were all right enough, as they were sent with the mail bags by railway. I met one of them at a railway station some time after the Dover day mail was stopped, and was horrified with his republicanism, as he pleaded guilty to preferring a covered carriage sheltered from weather, and his own home every night, to the bitter drive in the dead of winter, and his return home only three nights a-week.

It must have been terrible work for coachmen and guards in very heavy snow. The old pictures of digging out the coach and sending for farm horses to pull it out are not at all exaggerated; and guards who wished for promotion for extra zeal performed feats which were incredible almost, such as taking the bags and mounting one of the horses, making their way at night across country through the snow.

Another kind of traffic, long since superseded by Act of Parliament, may be found recorded in some of Seymour's old caricatures of dog-carts. Fruit and fish, crockery and light wares, were hawked in small carts drawn by dogs, as they now are in Belgium. Bull-dogs and large spaniels, if I remember right, prevailed, and often you would see a great hulking lubber riding in the cart, and the poor dogs with their tongues out regularly beaten. Belgian dogs are of a peculiar breed, and seem as well calculated for the work as the Esquimaux dogs, the great difference between the English and Belgians being that dog-cart men treated their dogs cruelly sometimes, but in Belgium my experience was quite the reverse. The travelling circulated a great deal of money naturally. The Rose at Sittingbourne had the credit of making up sixty beds, and having twenty pairs of horses on call in the stables; and the George, another good inn opposite of smaller dimensions, did a good trade too, as did the Bull, and Wright's at Rochester. Head chambermaids and head waiters of long service became hotel keepers very often, and numbers of people who made a good mark in the world sprang from the local towns which were the centres of travelling. If the truth was really told, there was a great deal of smuggling, too, behind the scenes, both by land and water, and I know one excellent gentleman now, whose bill I should like to hold for 100,000*l.* for discount in Lombard Street, who commenced life by hawking fruit and fish, and who attributes his success in the world to having earned something every day, and only spending sixpence out of every shilling. 'How did you manage,' asked an old friend, 'when you were in Maidstone gaol for smuggling? you could not earn money then.' 'Yes, I did,' he answered, 'for the barber was ill, and I contracted to shave the prisoners at a halfpenny a head.' Smuggling went on to a great extent, as, independently of the seaboard, there were many villages on the Medway in which illicit trade was carried on. The undertakers, whether innocently or not, once assisted in a large smuggling

transaction. An announcement appeared in the papers that an English lady, the wife of some celebrated foreigner, had died abroad, and the body was to be sent home for burial. The time of its arrival was communicated by the undertaker to the clergyman in each village through which the body was to pass, and a guinea was sent for having the bell tolled, which was duly done. The hearse and six, and two mourning coaches and four, with black velvet trappings and feathers, made a grand show, and the foreigners who accompanied the body as mourners received much attention where they stopped for refreshment. The Custom House officers knew that a large cargo of lace had been landed, and searched all suspected coaches and carriages, and racked their brains to trace the smuggled goods in vain, but they never suspected 'their dear departed sister'; and a very large coffin packed with lace was taken to London and buried, and dug up again. Let us hope that the beautiful service for the dead was not read over it; but smugglers were not over particular.

On another occasion a quantity of lace was known to have been landed, and the scent was lost. A special order had been received at Dover for posthorses to be in waiting for a very expeditious journey, and a rumour was carefully circulated that it was for the smugglers, as the money for the horses was paid in advance. A carriage was to go to a place a little on the other side of Dover and pick up a gentleman, who got in without any luggage but a portmanteau, and the postboys, according to private orders, dashed through Dover to Canterbury as hard as they could go. The officers, who suspected that the passenger was going to pick the cargo up at some of the notorious places for depositing smuggled goods, ordered a carriage in pursuit. They arrived at Canterbury a few minutes after the suspected vehicle, hurried on with four horses, at any price, to catch the runaway, followed just at the heels of the other carriage through Faversham, Sittingbourne, Rochester, and Gravesend, where they found the old return heavy night coach—an extra, which carried the newspapers and the bulky part of the foreign mails once a week to Dover, and took its own time going back, pretty much at its own pace. 'Did you see a chaise and four, at full gallop, pass you?' they asked of the old coachman, a kind of half superannuated whip. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'and I think one horse of their last change was lame, so if anything is wrong you may catch them yet.' Away went the custom-house men, and caught the carriage at Dartford, where it was waiting for fresh horses, whilst the passenger had his supper. They walked straight into the traveller's room, and found a gentlemanly stranger, who asked their business. 'We shall search your carriage in the King's name,' was the reply. 'Search, and be ——,' was the answer. There was nothing in the carriage but a portmanteau, and the only thing for the officers to do was to apologise, and the matter was at an end. And where was the lace? In the *old heavy mail*, the driver of which had been squared, and who doddled along at his

leisure without suspicion, dropping his valuable contraband goods in one of the suburbs of London on the way. The guard of the old Dover day mail told me this.

The most uncomfortable vehicle was the postchaise, generally painted a bright yellow—made to run light and carry two. The bumping of those carriages, the draughty doors and rattling windows, and damp straw at the bottom, haunt me now. The best horses were always kept for private carriages, and two screws and a half-drunken postboy was often the lot of the postchaise traveller.

But those coachmen, and guards, and postboys, and innkeepers, and smugglers, and dog-cart men, and express boys have become things of the past, and the bulk of them probably have gone to the happy hunting grounds long ago, with some of the animals, too, if poor Whyte-Melville's wishes come true, when he sings—

'There are men both good and wise who hold that in a future state,
Dumb animals we have cherished here below,
Shall give us joyous greeting as we pass the golden gate;
Is it folly that I hope it may be so?'

Well! I shouldn't mind meeting my old donkey 'Pug' some day, and an old cat called 'Mother Bunch,' and all my favourite dogs, though I fear that 'Jerry,' whose life was one warfare, would have a turn-up with Cerberus off-hand, and disturb the harmony of the meeting.

And what strange wayfarers we had! One day a carriage broke down and an old gentleman was stranded at the village inn opposite, who refused to come in, and who turned out to be Rowland Hill, the great preacher. Surely he could not have been such a bigot as to be afraid to enter the vicarage! Then we entertained an angel unawares in the shape of a very polished foreign lady, the wheels of whose carriage caught fire, who was very diffident about coming into 'the priest's house,' as she called it in French, and was no less a person than Taglioni, and who made herself most charming, and was enraptured with the garden and the flowers and the scenery. Another day we had a Pole, very shabby and travel-worn, evidently a gentleman, and the old governor had him in to luncheon (which he ate like a famished man), and lent him—for the man would not take the money as a gift—five shillings. How he was chaffed about lending the foreigner the 'five bob,' and especially about his credulity in thinking that he would ever see it again; and didn't he turn the tables on the scoffers when three months afterwards he received a letter from Constantinople, all cut and slashed and perfumed as a disinfectant from plague, with the money returned, and a letter, which was worth its weight in thousand pound notes, saying that the loan enabled him to reach London and saved him from starving.

Then we had a black man in the runaway slave business, if I remember rightly, who was on the tramp and said he was very ill. My mother, who, *à la* parson's wife, physicked the whole parish, fully believed him, and said, 'I am sure he is bilious by the look of

'his eyes,' and she made him a strong dose of rhubarb and jalap, which Mr. Snowball took on trust, thinking it was something good, and put it down at a gulp. If any 'corner' man in an Ethiopian band could make the face that nigger did, and fly to the pump as that man did, it would make his fortune. A great hunch of bread and bacon to cheer him up when he got better consoled him; but we never had another nigger to beg.

Then we had a coach upset, and a member of a poor French family was seriously injured. The Frenchman's purse was very nearly empty, and the luggage was almost of a phantom description; but the people at the inn trusted to Providence and took them all in, and the villagers made the family's misfortune their own during their sojourn. The gratitude of the head of the family was only equalled by his surprise at English sympathy, and his farewell was very characteristic of his nation, 'I thought English were cruel people, but they are angels.' I suppose the poor fellow only knew us formerly as natural enemies to France, and expected to find us all with fixed bayonets and drawn swords. If the good Samaritan had lived in our time he would have found his hands pretty full on the old Dover Road, and it is a pleasure to think that he had many successors.

As a variety we had the rick-burning riots and the Reform riots, and the yeomanry were constantly trotting about with jingling spurs and clattering sabres. And we became notorious, owing to the Bosenden Wood riots in 1837. A madman, by the name of Thoms, who called himself Sir William Courtney, Knight of Malta, and who said he was the Messiah, and invulnerable, raised the county about Canterbury and Faversham, and shot a constable who went to apprehend him for riot; in retaliation wherefore a company of the 44th Regiment was sent after him, and he and eight of his merry men were shot dead, and several wounded, one fine May morning; unfortunately not before the ringleader murdered Lieutenant Bennett, the officer in command, who, in hopes of stopping bloodshed, asked him to surrender. Everybody who saw Thoms said he was a magnificent man, with a fine beard and moustache, and in face much resembling the sacred portraits. This sudden rising showed what could be done by road in those days, as the magistrate who sent for the troops to Canterbury, sixteen miles off (*i.e.* thirty-two miles there and back), received an answer in two hours and a half that a company of soldiers were starting in carriages for Faversham. Kent was a riotous county if the people once rose, and prompt measures were requisite. I had these facts from an old cousin of my own, the magistrate who sent for, and went with the soldiers, and read the Riot Act.

Then we had all the migratory world *en route* to and from London: buy-a-broom girls, and Italian boys, and dancing dogs, and dancing bears, and monkeys, and Punch and Judies, and thimble-rig men (who always got a month as rogues and vagabonds if caught), and strapping big Irishmen with linen from Belfast, and

gypsies and harvesters, whose bivouacs illuminated our lanes of a night, and beasts *in transitu* to the Paris Zoological Gardens; on one occasion an enormous elephant with a young one marching through, and on another occasion some camels and zebras. And we constantly had regiments on the march, and detachments billeted *en route*, and they made a brave show in church on Sundays, though I am afraid the officers, *crede* an old maiden aunt of mine deceased, stared at the girls all through the service. At racing times we saw the racehorses travelling by road, and heard a great deal of strong talk. Then one would meet absurd little men, wrapped up in flannels and greatcoats in the dog-days, and carrying their saddles and bridles, and walking four miles an hour, 'wasting' by the way. Nothing surprised us in that busy thoroughfare—which is now almost a desert.

I often wonder that people with plenty of money don't take a carriage and drive down the Kentish roads.

In spring, when the orchards are in bloom, Kent is exceedingly beautiful, and so it is in the hop-picking season, and there being only one level mile—and that on the top of Chatham Hill—between Shooter's Hill and the outskirts of Dover, the scenery is remarkably striking from the high ground, and the drive very pleasant. The views all over the county from Boughton Hill, and of Canterbury and the valley of the Stour from Harbledown, and of Dover Castle and the French coast from Lyddon Hill, and the Maidstone valley from Boxley or Blue Bell Hill, are as beautiful as anything of the kind in England, mostly within fifty, and all within seventy miles of London. Few people ever go and see Rochester Castle, and the west gate of the cathedral, and the dockyard, and fortifications, and Cobham Hall (Lord Darnley's seat), and the Medway, though they are all worth a visit, with plenty of reminiscences of Gad's Hill and Falstaff and other old memories historical and Pickwickian, and young men with good thighs and sinews, who have no carriages, would find a walk from London to Dover a very pleasant change.

So there, Mr. Baily, is a long yarn, about nothing but happy memories, which so much infatuated me that I made a pilgrimage last week to scenes of my boyhood which I left behind me nearly forty years ago. The lads of the village little thought that the stranger who had some refreshment was peopling the old village inn—the Lion Hotel, once the "Green Lion"—who used to be painted standing on one claw and sparring with the whole world—with ghosts of those who have long since joined the majority, and was chuckling with inward delight to see that the same old clock, of unknown age, was ticking away in its own corner. I was in dreamland, and saw the coach draw up to take me back, as a little boy, to the hardships of a public school, and I was fighting hard to 'die game' on leaving home. If I saw with a sigh that houses and brick-fields and cement works had supplanted orchards and corn-fields here and there, and that the old cricket field was built over, it was a comfort to think that heaven is not built with hands, and

that no builder or contractor can desecrate it with staring cottages with green doors and brass knockers, and a violent red-brick Ebenezer.

Φ. Γ.

TOM STRETCHER BUYS MORE DOGS.

SOME few days after my little friend's unfortunate deal with Mr. Chubb, I saw an advertisement of a lot of pointers—setters, retrievers, and so forth—to be sold at —, and, as they came from some of the crack kennels of the country, determined I would look in and see what kind of animals they were and the prices they made, not that I had any intention of purchasing, even had I been in want of dogs, as I would never buy one, except a puppy, from even the best kennel in England, and with an undeniable pedigree, without I could see him on game, as in my opinion in shooting the old motto that 'handsome is that handsome does' holds good, and I would sooner have a dog of unknown parentage before me that thoroughly knew his work, and would do it, than one with 'all the blood of all the Howards,' who was continually annoying and putting me out by his bad behaviour, for (whether it is creditable to me, or the reverse, I cannot say) it is a fact that, once put out, my shooting goes for the day, and I may almost as well turn homewards and relinquish the sport as go on, if thoroughly annoyed. No doubt many would ask why, under such circumstances, I use dogs at all, when it is so much more sensible to drive the birds into the turnips or other covert, have a line of beaters, who will not do wrong, and save the bother of dogs, as well as the expense; or, better still, have the birds driven to the guns?

No doubt those who would recommend shooting in this style are right and I am wrong; nevertheless I am an old fogey, and cannot take up very easily with new-fashioned ideas, and I would, I candidly admit, sooner not shoot at all as shoot without dogs, or with only a retriever held in a slip. And as to walking along in a line with a dozen other men, why I would rather go into the volunteers and do so many hours' drill. 'You kill far more birds in this style, or by driving,' I am sometimes told, but I answer I don't want to kill more birds; if I did, I could buy a lot of live ones at a poulterer's, tie them in bundles by the leg, hang them up, and kill any amount in a few shots. That's not what I go out shooting for. I dislike a shooting party of more than three, at any rate, and infinitely prefer only one companion, and he must be a sportsman, or I would rather go alone. As to a lot of keepers, I would as soon have a train of footmen about after me. What I like is the *freedom of sport*, to go where I feel inclined at my own pace, to walk over all sorts of ground as it comes, stubble (only unfortunately there is very little stubble now), clover-heads, second growth of cinquefoil, which makes a capital hold when got up a little; turnips, potatoes, and rough patches of heath or

gorse, as they come. I like to stay as long as I like, trying hedges for a wounded bird, should one unfortunately not be killed clean, and not be obliged to follow up the covey, because others are desirous to do so, and leave the wounded to be found by the keeper, or to his fate. My wind is not so good as it was, and if I am in a country with beautiful scenery, and I never yet met with a country without it to those who had eyes to see, I like to stand and look at it as long as seemeth good to me. Finally, when I have killed as many birds as I want for the time being, I like to be able to leave off, and go home to amuse myself in some other way, and not be forced into making a toil of a pleasure for other people's convenience. Very selfish, no doubt, but it's my way, and so I prefer to shoot alone, or with one or two oldfashioned fellows like myself, and over dogs.

I like to see the pleasure of my four-footed friends when I let them out of kennel. I always do it myself; and how they know, as well as I do, what is going forward? How gravely old Don comports himself, and having first thrust his broad muzzle into my hand, or perhaps given it a lick, trots on in front with stately gait, looking back about every ten yards to be sure the road he is taking is the right one; while Bess seems mad with delight, jumps up all over me, and covers both myself and the gun with kisses. Then there is Nell, the retriever, when she goes, and it all depends on the country to be beaten about that, how she chases round and round in rings, her tail curled in a circle, not over her back, but in the form of a teapot handle behind her, until her first burst of joy is over, and then comes to heel and never wants another word, until told to 'seek lost.' Bess will soon join her at heel, but Don, on the strength of his age and dignity, claims the liberty to please himself, and waits anxiously at each gate and gap to see if I am going to turn in and there commence operation, looking at me all the time as much as to ask, 'Is it here, master?' Can tramping either behind or before a lot of beaters, or even meeting them at the edge of a hundred acres of turnips, equal this? I never keep many dogs, because I like them to know me and work for me, instead of a keeper, and where there is a large kennel it is impossible to do this without devoting more time to them than is consistent with other employments, and, to tell truth, the hours that will tire one brace of dogs generally tire me also; if I want a longer day, mine will work equally well single-handed, and I can change them at midday. But it is in seeing them work together I delight, to note the confidence they have, the dependence they put in each other, how readily they back each other's points, and how they drop to hand or shot, for I always insist on this, even since shooting with breech-loaders, when some think it unnecessary. Each at command will draw up to and stand its own bird, the other remaining at the down charge, or retrieve it if necessary, while both will keep at the down charge, and never move a muscle, should Nell be sent on a retrieving mission, though Don has been known to take the work out of the hands of a bungling stranger, I

admit, and having retrieved the bird for him, drop to the down charge again. I like a retriever out if it will keep to heel without trouble, because I object to pointers or setters hunting a hedge for wounded birds, and if you have a lot driven into gorse, I prefer to take up the dogs and let the retriever work it. A boy to carry the game and hold them, if needful, is quite enough beyond these four-footed helpers. Dead slow, no doubt; but I get my walk, I see the beautiful instinct of the dogs, and what faculties education can develop in them, and I get as many birds as I want. I am satisfied; is not that enough?

All this time I am wandering, and forgetting my friend Stretcher, the dogs for sale, and everything but the many happy days I have had shooting in the old style. Well, I beg Mr. Stretcher's pardon. I will record his further doings anon, and if my readers will bear with my wandering eccentricities I must be grateful. To resume my subject, the afternoon on which the sale was advertised to take place was one of the hottest of a very hot summer, and, to my horror, I found the dogs located in an upper chamber, with no great amount of space between the floor and roof, and certainly none too much ventilation. Round this room the dogs were chained on benches, to a considerable number—I should say at least eighty—and as there was a numerous company, the heat was something intense, even while inspecting the dogs, and still worse when the sale commenced. They were certainly a beautiful lot, as far as appearance went—Gordon setters, black-and-tan, and black, white, and tan—with their attendant keeper, himself a picture in his Highland costume, and his dogs so beautiful that one longed to possess them all. Belton greys, equally handsome, and with equally unexceptionable pedigrees; Irish reds, looking like racehorses in frame and pace, pure Lavericks; pointers bred apparently to the highest state of perfection that it is possible to reach, lemon and white, liver and white, liver and white ticked with grey, like Lord Derby's breed; black and white, black, and black-and-tans. Had it been in the open, where one could get a mouthful of fresh air, it would have been a noble show, and I could not help wondering how noblemen and gentlemen could send valuable kennels of dogs to be sold in such a place, and still more how people came there to buy them. There is a great deal, however, in fashion, and I suppose this was *the place*, so dogs and men went through the ordeal, the former with much panting and lolling of tongues, the latter as heroically as ladies bear tight garments, high heels, and the hundred and one other inconveniences that fashion prescribes for them.

Having looked all round and waited some little time, I saw a rather smart man enter and take his place at the desk, when No. 1 in the catalogue was unchained by an attendant and placed on the table before him. After a preliminary oration on the merits of the dogs he was about to offer in general, and this one in particular, the usual farce of asking some one to put him in at about five times his value, which even great, or supposed to be great, auctioneers cannot yet

get over was enacted, until the knight of the hammer, having come by slow degrees from fifty to five pounds, found some one to bid at last. I may remark, *en passant*, what a relief it would be if auctioneers in general would come to the conclusion that their audience, the public, are not all idiots, and that, great orators and wits as most of the trade undoubtedly are, it would be quite as well not to waste their own powers of speech, and the time of the public, by endeavouring to put in lot after lot far beyond its value, but come to the point at once, and that by asking a figure which some one would be likely to bid. I know one great firm is said not to exceed an average of three minutes to a lot, but I think most who attend auctions will agree with me, that a talkative man, as most of the trade are, can generally contrive to cram a great deal of useless talk even into three minutes, which neither helps his sale nor enlightens his audience, who as a rule know far better what they want to buy than he can tell them, even were he wise as Solomon himself. A cheap jack may gammon a lot of rustics out of their money, but I very much doubt even the cleverest auctioneer doing the same with a fairly intelligent audience in the present day. No doubt, however, they will go on like parsons and parrots, following each other's steps, and saying the same thing over and over, day after day, until the end of time—nay, I have seen some so elated with their own eloquence that they never leave the rostrum behind them, but carry the cheek, bluster, and swagger of it wherever they go. I am wandering again. Well, the very effusive gentleman with sandy whiskers, white hat, and eyeglass, who was disposing of the dogs, must answer for it; I must own that admiration of his self-assurance took my attention from the animals he was selling for some little time, until a very handsome liver-and-white pointer, as thoroughbred as Eclipse in appearance—and, I had almost written, as elegant as a woman—took such a dislike to being hoisted on to the table, that he recalled me once more to more ordinary thoughts. What then was my surprise, when he was put in at twenty-five guineas, to see little Tom Stretcher, on the other side of the table, bidding for him and nodding away like a Chinese mandarin. Beautiful as the dog was, there was a shy look about him I did not like, and when he had reached forty guineas I contrived to catch Stretcher's eye, and shook my head at him as a caution. It was no use, however; have him he would, and have him he did, at fifty-five guineas.

Another bitch, equally as handsome as the dog, but with an equally timid look, he bought at fifty, and another dog at forty, so that by the time I had elbowed my way round to speak to him, he had virtually parted with one hundred and forty-five guineas, and become the possessor of three remarkably handsome pointers.

'What are you at?' I asked, as soon as I got to him. 'Do you know anything of these dogs that you are giving such long prices for?'

'Know, my boy; of course I know! Look at the catalogue—
'"Don, two years old, by Duke out of Countess; has been shot
VOL. XXXIV.—NO. 236.

“over. Duchess, do. do.; has been shot over; and Nigel, eighteen months old, broken, and has had a few birds shot over him. The property of Lord —, and bred by him.” No more dog-dealers, old boy! go straight to the fountain-head at once. Here, you see, I have three dogs straight from the breeder’s hands; two shot over by him, and the other broken by his keeper and fit for work.’

‘You assume a great deal, my friend: no doubt you have bought a leash of dogs from the breeder, but I see nothing to warrant you in saying they have been shot over by him, or that either of them is fit for work without a good deal of tuition and reminding of his duties.’

‘But they have been shot over—at least two of them have.’

‘Quite so; but do you know how they behaved when they were shot over?’

‘No,’ said Tom, drawing a long face, ‘but I do know that if I was offered the crown of England, and took it, you would swear it was only made of tinfoil. I never met with such a croaker in all my days as you are. Why, the dogs were bred by Lord —, and must be good.’

‘All right; they are very handsome,’ I said, ‘and may be very good, as they must be high-bred ones, and if they are good for nothing else, will do for the show-benches, and you can follow the prevailing fashion and drive your birds.’

‘By Jove! not a bad idea,’ said he. ‘Of course we must have dogs, but I think it’s rather a bore having to use them. I’ll join two or three clubs at once, and show these dogs; it will save a deal of trouble.’

‘Steady: find out first that they really are no use; and having ascertained that, show them and sell them if you can. But there is as much chance—or almost as much—of their being good as bad; so give them a trial. My fear is that they may prove gun-shy. Pay for them at once: I see a tall, gipsy-looking man I have often employed, who will take them safely to the station for you (rough as he looks, you may trust him); send to John —; tell him to ascertain that fact, and see a little into their general character.’

‘Well, so it shall be,’ he replied; and having arranged with the tall dark man to see them safe in the train, Mr. Stretcher paid for his dogs, telegraphed to his keeper to meet them, and saying, ‘Well, old fellow, mind you look me up again in a day or two to hear the result,’ took his leave, and, as I afterwards found, went to a gunsmith in Holborn to see a new invention in guns, being determined to have the latest novelty out.

In the course of a week he received, and passed on to me, the following epistle:—

‘Honored Sir,

‘The dogs as you sent come all write, and I have a treid um, Don and Duchess is both gun shy, but I thinks as how I can make summat of the pup, shall I shoot um’ yur bedient sarvant

‘J.—.’

To which was added, “Please come and advise me what to do

“about shooting the brutes.” I’ll sack J.— at once for talking of shooting dogs that cost over fifty apiece. I believe he’s a fool, and fired too close to their ears, and that frightened them. Very truly yours, T. S.’

Another day I may tell the wise resolutions at which Mr. Stretcher arrived; for the present my space is full. N.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

By this time the most persevering yacht-owners are pretty well ashore again, and Wivenhoe, Lymington, Brightlingsea, Southampton, with the other favourite resting-places for vessels out of commission are beginning to turn their mud to profitable account. During the past month, however, some of the indefatigable cracks have found a few crumbs to pick, Latona and Bloodhound in especial continuing their winning record. At the Royal Dart meeting, where the weather was sadly adverse, drifting being the rule, Mr. Rowley’s big yawl showed rare quality in a light breeze, which has not been usually reckoned her *forte*; but Bloodhound was less fortunate, Coryphée slipping away at the start and winning all through, in a most unsatisfactory match. At Torquay, after a couple of postponements, the Committee were favoured with a fair breeze, and Latona again showed the way to Florinda and Arrow, whilst Bloodhound this time secured another prize among the forties, Britannia and Coryphée having a pretty tussle to themselves astern. The postponement aforesaid gave showmen and other undesirable camp-followers excuse for an unusually protracted stay, and Torquay was a veritable pandemonium for nearly a week. At Ryde, after witnessing two somewhat nondescript days’ sports, we were nearly being unwitting witnesses of a case of drowning. One Rice in diving for plates collected fifteen, but having accumulated this amount of crockery could not rise to the surface, and but for a competitor getting alarmed at his remaining under water so long, and going to his assistance, the case must have ended fatally. As it was, the successful china-maniac reappeared quite exhausted, and became hysterical for some time. The substitution of human for pig-flesh in the so-called pig-hunt should command the approval of the Anti-Cruelty Society, as the lad who takes the place of the conventional porker, if not exactly comfortable, is at any rate a free agent, and the sell, though not a novelty, seemed to amuse all, from the Lord Chief Justice and the crew of the Zouave, down to the smallest children within range. Meanwhile, higher up, in the Thames, rival barge-owners have been deeply excited anent a match arranged to decide the relative merits of Conqueror and Saucy Kent, a pair of top-sailers, both of which have secured a champion flag. The day fixed was, unfortunately, utterly unsuitable for such a test, as there was scarcely a breath of wind, and in saying that Conqueror won, having been ahead almost from the start, we are giving the affair all the prominence it merits.

The Yacht Racing Association, whose efforts to assimilate tonnage allowances in various clubs deserve all praise and support, have just issued their annual for the current year. The tables of time allowance are really exhaustive, and it is satisfactory to notice an increase in the number of subscribers and supporters of the association, though this is still much below what it should be, taking into account the importance of the principles involved.

Last month, apropos of professional rowing, we had occasion to allude to

Elliott's inability to find supporters against either Higgins or Boyd. This anomaly is now rectified, and indeed Elliott is, on paper at least, very much to the fore, as he challenges the winner of the Boyd v. Higgins match, and, besides, calls upon Hanlan to defend his title to the 'Sportsman' Cup and row Elliott again in England. This last cartel is practically bunkum, being published only after receipt of the news that Hanlan was absolutely matched to row Courtney on the 10th of October, and therefore could scarcely defend his possession of the Tyne Challenge Cup. Under these circumstances Elliott may probably become the holder of the trophy, though but little *kudos* will be attached to its possession. As Hanlan is supposed to have in addition a match on the *tapis* with Trickett in Australia there is but slight chance of his returning here just at present. Judging from transatlantic reports, poor old England is quite out of it in water sports just now. The miraculous Hanlan returns to Canada and finds one Riley capable of rowing a dead heat with him. Hanlan was interfered with possibly, probably—the fact remains; while Wallace Ross of St. John's, New Brunswick, who when over here was reckoned capable of much more than he actually performed, has been decisively beaten by Warren Smith of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who over there is not counted above the one-horse class; and altogether our aquatic representatives don't seem to have a flowery chance in next season's contests. So general is the feeling of national extinction that the match between Higgins and Boyd, a pair of ex-champions, supplemented by the meeting of Thomas and Cannon, attracts little attention in aquatic circles. As both events will be decided before the October 'Baily' sees the light, we need not further allude to these matters, which under ordinary circumstances would have been the object of a good deal of interest.

French amateurs seem desiring of making their championship a close affair, the fixture being a Sunday, the 3rd October, at Neuilly, and La Grande nation will probably not be intruded upon by the barbarian element.

The Thames International Regatta, which utterly snuffed out the humble Thames Regatta, perhaps the most genuine and economically worked affair of the kind ever brought off, has decreed a *relâche* this year, but is to be revived with renewed splendour in 1880. *Credat Jūdæus?*

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—September Saunterings.

HOLIDAY time! The time when it is popularly supposed Pall Mall is a desert and Piccadilly an abomination, when Belgravia is all shutter and window-blind, when clubs are given over to painters and whitewashers, theatres are empty, and not a decent-looking woman is to be seen between the Junior United and Hyde Park Corner. This we repeat is the popular supposition, but is it true? We are going to venture on a bold assertion when we say, decidedly not, but we will maintain it at point of pen. In fact, there has been such stupid bosh written about London out of the season, such very imaginary pictures drawn of intense dreariness of the West End during the partridge month; that human nature, particularly that portion of it really obliged to be in town at this time, has revolted against the imputation, and is quite ready to declare that London in September is not a desert, or an abomination, that clubs are habitable, theatres quite full enough, and women quite pretty enough for the wishes and desires of moderate men. Of course the swells are not here. Lord Tom Noddy and the Hon. Jim are either up the Engadine or Glen Farintosh, and Nausicaa and Nerza are, God knows

where, but we get on very well without them. There is always some one you know at the Baccarat or the Holy Poker, one or two men to join at dinner and lounge into the promenade concerts afterwards; two or three houses whose masters and mistresses have not taken flight to moor, mountain, or seaboard, two or three pretty women still left, an please you, in the deserted village. Out upon the nonsense of town being dull in September. It is only dull to those discontented souls who choose to make it so, people who would be bored at Trouville in the height of the season and look with apathetic eyes on the beauties of Italian lakes and Swiss valleys. There are happy hunting grounds in September in our little village for the man of æsthetic tastes, for the artist and the lover of the picturesque, for Lotharios and ladies gay.

We have said that theatres are full enough, and on the occasion of the first representation of 'Handsome Hernani,' Mr. Byron's latest addition to his burlesque *répertoire* at the Gaiety, you would have thought it was the height of the season instead of the time when London is 'empty.' And about that said burlesque what shall we say? We thought the extreme of inanity had been reached in 'Venus,' and we still think that production is about the top weight in the handicap; but it could not give 'Hernani' very much, not more than 3 lbs. certainly. A most laboured and heavy affair throughout, without a gleam of humour or a particle of fun. The music is not melodious, the dialogue is not witty, the dancing is not lively. There are pretty costumes and pretty faces; Dona Sol is charming enough to be the excuse for any amount of bad conduct on the part of Don Carlos or indeed any one else, while Hernani is the most gallant and shapely of lovers, and there are duennas and ladies in waiting quite lovely enough, and quite silk-stockinged enough to melt the heart of the hardest crutch or the toughest toothpick. But yet is it dull, and the dulness seems to have an effect on the talented artists engaged in its representation. We all know what Mr. Edward Terry and Mr. E. W. Royce can effect with even the slenderest materials, but their spirits and efforts seem to have been damped and clogged by the weight of 'Hernani.' In like manner Miss Farren is crushed, and so, we suppose, is Miss Kate Vaughan. We are not quite sure, though, if that latter lady tried very hard to shake off the incubus of the piece, as she appeared careless and indifferent as to what she did and how she did it. Miss Kate Vaughan is to a certain extent the heroine of a doubtful hour, and it is more than probable that to gaze on the fair runaway is the chief reason why the stalls are nightly filled, and the house generally is crowded by those outsiders for whom the little scandals of the day—especially if well-known names figure therein—have an indescribable attraction. The young lady in question, we think, should remember this, and endeavour to repay the public for the evident interest taken in herself and her adventures. On the two occasions we have had the pleasure of seeing her, this she has not done. She spoke her words without any meaning, sang without effort, and danced, with grace, certainly—Miss Vaughan is unable to do anything that is not graceful—but it was a careless grace that left much to be desired. In the presence of so many devoted admirers—we do not speak of the outsiders, for whom she would no doubt have a great contempt—this was hardly nice of her. She should remember that she is now a lady of eminence in her profession, and that the eyes of the London world are in a certain sense turned on her and her doings. If she would take a hint from an ardent though respectful admirer, we should feel grateful.

There is something very attractive in a well-chosen revival—a sparkling comedy such as 'The Two Roses,' for instance, and when revived as it is at

the Vaudeville, the attraction is increased. This play has been described by a very competent judge as 'Mr. Albery's first and best comedy,' and we should be inclined to indorse that criticism. The construction, if somewhat slight and not very novel, is ingenious; the dialogue is sparkling, and there is the necessary tinge of cynicism which we look for in a modern comedy as a matter of course. The jokes are good, and if some of those put into the mouth of Our Mr. Jenkins savour of vulgarity, they have point, and that is a great matter. The acting at the Vaudeville is good too; but still it would be useless to deny that the two characters which on its first production stood out prominently before the rest, that of Digby Grant and his daughter Lottie, do not now take that hold of the audience they did when Henry Irving and poor Amy Fawcett were the exponents. There is no disparagement to such an admirable and painstaking an artist as Mr. Howe intended when we say this. He has avoided the slightest imitation of Mr. Irving, and has worked out his own conception of the character, which is marked by some delicate touches here and there, and the whole is satisfactory, and would have been more so if we had not seen the great original. There is no doubt that in Digby Grant Mr. Irving created a part in which he will be always remembered, whatever his future successes may be. It was well remarked by a theatrical critic the other day, speaking of this revival, that we should not care to see anybody but Sothorn in 'Dundreary,' or any one but Jefferson in 'Rip Van Winkle.' The deduction is obvious.

Of the rest of the characters we can speak nothing but praise. It is needless to add anything here to what has been said about Mr. Thorne and Mr. James's representation of Caleb Deecie and Our Mr. Jenkins. The manly pathos of the one, the unctuous humour of the other, are both fine pieces of acting. If Miss Illington is overweighted in the childlike Lottie, the revival has gained in Miss Kate Bishop's personation of Ida. Very quiet and very womanly is the elder sister. She shows us her love is warm and earnest, but she has to hide it somewhat in her care for Lottie, and she has also to be on her guard against her father. Very delicately did Miss Bishop do this, and the whole conception was excellent. 'The Two Roses' bids fair for another and prosperous run.

The other theatres have been doing good business, but there is little to say about them, seeing that the old pieces still hold the boards. That wonderful ship 'Pinafore' still sails before the wind, and whatever port she puts into meets with the same hearty reception. Shareholders, directors, and authors squabble and quarrel over her, but that does not abate, perhaps adds to, her popularity. Rival crews each claim the title of original, and two theatres are nightly filled by 'the brothers and the sisters, the cousins and the aunts,' of that ever-popular First Lord. To them will shortly be added, we hear, a third, and 'H.M.S. Pinafore' will sail for the East to astonish and charm the denizens of the Minorities and Shoreditch.

But we must retrace our steps northwards to that pretty town on the banks of the Don, which becomes such a centre of attraction with the commencement of the autumn days. How the thoughts of all racing men turn towards Doncaster almost as soon as the last note of the Goodwood bugler has died away, and they disperse each to his own devices of yachting, shooting, and fishing, until the second week in September finds them in pleasant country-houses, or in such quarters as the town affords, intent on one subject, and but one question always before them—what will win the Leger? The gathering was hardly so numerous or potential as we have been now for some years accustomed to find it. Royalty did not honour Brontingham, and no party this year strolled in its green avenues or through its picturesque gardens.

Doncaster was not full, and its thrifty citizens hung out despairing notifications of 'apartments,' which were not required to any extent. The leaders of fashion were well represented, but the great body of the middle and lower class were not there in their thousands as of yore. Neither was the programme of sport quite up to the old form, and though the disappearance of Wheel of Fortune from the score made the Leger an open race, yet the quality of the field was of a doubtful character, and there was in reality no great favourite. Nothing could have gone much worse in the market than the Derby winner did for weeks before the race. He was said to be, and really was, we believe, as well as horse could be, and his preparation was going on as well as his trainer could desire; but yet there was always a good price to lay against him, and plenty of money to lay. A Derby winner ought to have been at 5 to 2 at this time, especially a horse who had won the race as he had done, and for whom his supporters claimed such a vast improvement.

But when the mare went wrong, though Sir Bevys took her place in the betting, he did not much improve his position, and after Rayon d'Or's trial was hinted abroad, and it was evident that the French stable meant business with him and not with Zut, there was a rush on the French horse, and Sir Bevys for a time was in the shade. Of course the money behind him brought him again, but he never went in the market as a Leger favourite should. The old story of his roaring cropped up again, but his backers declared that he was only 'a high blower,' though since the race the fact of his making a noise has been almost confessed. Nobody seemed to quite believe in Rayon d'Or's wonderful trial, for which perhaps there were reasons, but Ruperra's public one at York gained him support, though not to any very great amount. It has been often said that the racing public, as a rule, do not like a public trial, but prefer the exaggerated accounts of some private one, and we fear this is true. It does not say much for the common sense of the community, but a racing man is an animal prone to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of the hour. As for Robbie Burns, our readers will remember we had never any great fancy for him. He had run like a stayer, doubtless, but then it was among an indifferent class, and we certainly did not expect to see him in the front rank on the Town Moor. He receded in the betting before the race, and at one time looked like being knocked out altogether, and though he slightly recovered himself his starting price was 50 to 1. The cause for all this was, it was said, a twisted hock, but hock or no hock he would not have won the Leger.

We are a little overrunning the hounds, however, and must hark back to the first day, which was ushered in badly with rain and rather sticky going. It was so fine on the Monday and the course was in such perfect order that we fondly hoped so it would continue, but the downpour during the night was heavy and upset all our calculations. The Champagne and the Great Yorkshire Handicap were the events of the first day, though there were one or two events of interest besides these, and more than one disagreeable surprise. It was not at all a good day for backers, who began badly in the time-honoured Fitzwilliam, which looked as if booked to Dunmow by all the rules of previous running. However, Lord Anglesey's horse did not seem to care about rules, and was beaten very easily by Experiment without ever having had a chance with her. Neither did we fare much better in the Glasgow Plate, for though there was a great fancy for McGeorge at first, he went back in the market owing to some rather heavy investments on Prudhomme and Hypatia, who were all the rage at the finish. We better had stuck to our first love, however, for Prudhomme was beaten at the distance, we never saw Hypatia, and

McGeorge won easily by a couple of lengths. Though backers knew that Melton was a good horse in dirt, and the fact ought to have been especially impressed on ourselves, as we had seen him win the Steward's Cup at Stockton in such easy fashion, yet we trusted our money to that deceiver Rob Roy, who is always going to win a race and never does. Melton came out full of running at the distance and won anyhow, Rob Roy finishing in the last three or four. It was somewhat remarkable not to find Lord Falmouth or Count de Lagrange with something smart for the Champagne, and Matthew Dawson and Tom Jennings standing idly in the paddock, and not busy with the toilets of another Lady Golightly or Clementine. The Russley stable, too, was not represented by its crack, Bend Or, but had Evasion instead, who, handsome mare as she is, and as undeniably good when in the humour, is not always reliable in public. The July winner Mask was the favourite, but he hardly looked the horse he did at Newmarket, and indeed he had not been doing well lately, but still they took 7 to 4 freely. They were mostly winners comprising the field, though the second favourite was the dark Beadesert, a son of Sterling and Seagull, for whom Lord Anglesea gave 1600 guineas at the Yardley sale last year. He was fairly good-looking, though nothing very extraordinary, and he appeared backward. Evasion had beaten Douranee the previous Saturday in a trial on the course, yet was Peck afraid to trust her with much, or advise any one else to do so. However, she started at about 100 to 15, and of the others Geraldine and Henry George were the only ones backed. It was a fine race, and an exhibition of fine jockeyship also. Snowden was on Evasion—his first appearance in the yellow jacket for some time—and he seemed hopelessly out of it in the first quarter of a mile. She was almost last, and Mask was making the running at a strong pace, followed by Glen Ronald and Beadesert. At the distance the July winner stopped as if he had been shot, and Beadesert had enough of it soon afterwards, lack of condition telling on both. This left the roaring brother of Prince Charlie with the lead, but Snowden had been creeping up, and as they neared the inclosure he brought Evasion with a rush, and won a very fine race on the post by a neck. Glen Ronald's forward position was a surprise, as his trainer did not fancy him at all, while, as we have above said, Peck was afraid to trust Evasion with much. She was, however, ridden most judiciously, not hustled at first, but reserved for one run. Dresden China, who, bar Wheel of Fortune, was about the top of the tree as a two-year-old, had been spotted to win the Great Yorkshire Handicap from the time the weights appeared, and though there was a strong commission in favour of Parole, her position was not shaken, and 5 to 2 was taken freely at the close. The most curious circumstance was that Mr. Walker, with the mare's undoubted chance before him, sold her before the race for 2000 guineas to Mr. Perkins—about the cheapest bargain we have heard of lately. There were no contingencies, so Mr. Perkins repaid himself the first time of asking, and there is her Cesarewitch chance looking most rosy as we write. The exhibition she made of her field our readers will know. Never was seen such spread-eagling, for she literally came in alone, and though Carillon and Attalus were second and third, Parole, we think, was second best, but really in such a win it is difficult to speak positively. That Dresden China was immediately made first favourite for the Cesarewitch was only what was to be expected, and if all goes well with her up to the fall of the flag, whatever beats her will, we think, win.

The Leger morning dawned fairly, and the town was, as usual, early astir with first arrivals of that great army that invades it on this day. The invasion was not so large as in past years, but large enough for the comfort

of all concerned. We saw little difference in that wonderful and apparently never-ending procession that wends its way up the broad avenue to the course, but the Great Northern Railway traffic returns told another tale. There was a considerable falling off in the freight that line and its tributaries brought this year, which was accounted for by the 'hard times' that have done so much to mar our festivals, be their character what they may. It must be a very tight shoe that kept the Yorkshire mechanic, small tradesmen, or agriculturist from seeing the Leger run, and the falling off in the attendance told a tale more reliable than all other statistics and returns. There was no diminution in the excitement, however, if there was in the crowd, and in the sale paddock and at thievish corners of streets, wherever two or three were gathered together, there was the approaching event discussed with all the animation of yore. Sir Bevys and Rayon d'Or had been rather like the proverbial buckets—first one had the call, and then the other superseded him. On the course the Derby winner was for some time decidedly favourite, and when Rayon d'Or appeared in the paddock the old cry of 'Giraffe' broke out, and he went back to 5 to 1. When, however, it was seen what a splendid preparation he had received, what muscle he carried, and how he had furnished and let down since Goodwood, and when, moreover, neither Jennings or the stable commissioners appeared in the least degree shaken in their confidence by the demonstration against him, the panic subsided, and 3 to 1 was the best offer, he and Sir Bevys being equal favourites when the flag fell. As regards the others, there was a very strong leaning towards Ruperra at the last, and it seemed to dawn upon people that the horse who had won such a good public trial as he had when he beat Wheel of Fortune was worthy of recognition. The other feature was the coming of Lansdown to 7 to 1. He looked a pony by the side of Rayon d'Or, but then some others in the race did the same, such as Visconti, Alchemist, and even Sir Bevys. The field was larger than expected, for Muley Edris was a runner, and so also were such horses as White Poppy, Squeaker, Jessie Agnes, Protectionist, and Marshall Scott. About the handsomest horse in the paddock was Exeter; Robbie Burns looked what he is, a commoner, and Saltéador was as long and narrow as a clothes-horse.

As we have intimated, the great tips at last were Ruperra and Lansdown, and the high trial the latter was said to have won, together with his being Fordham's mount, made him in great demand. In fact, to be on Sir Bevys, Ruperra, and Lansdown was the correct thing, upon which, when accomplished, you might go to sleep without fear of the result. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, owing to the recent loss of his father, was not present, but there was the horse in the paddock, looking as fit as Hayhoe could make him, and that excellent trainer with prospective victory on his helm. The two favourites, and Ruperra and Exeter, excited the most interest and received the greatest share of attention; for, though Lansdown kept his place in the market, no one who saw him but expressed a doubt if such a pony could win the Leger. There was the usual parade, and if the sweet voices of the multitude went for anything, then was the race to go either to Sir Bevys or Ruperra; though as Yorkshiremen, taken as a body, know a horse from a handsaw, there was a good deal of admiration expressed for Rayon d'Or's great raking stride—just the shape and action for the Leger course. Still the amount of prejudice against him was immense, and some of the oldest hands at racing positively derided his chance—the more when it was known what orders Goater had received. Jennings made no secret of them, and was most emphatic in his final directions to Jim as he got into the saddle; he was to come right away from the start, make the whole of the running, and

win if he could, without being headed. Whether he could quite stay the course Jennings professed himself ignorant, but he knew he was 20lbs. better than Zut. The old hands in question were very sarcastic over these orders, and even went so far as to indicate the exact spot—about a mile from the start—where Rayon d'Or's colours would disappear from the front and be seen no more. But the history of the race has shown them their error, and we will not dwell longer on the idle words and speeches that ought to be forgotten as soon as they are refuted. Obedient to his orders, they had scarcely gone a hundred yards when Goater was seen to take Rayon d'Or to the front, rushing past Visconti and Jessie Agnes, who had temporary possession of the lead. Up the hill and past the rifle butts Rayon d'Or was three or four lengths ahead of everything, and though there were changes in the positions of those behind him, he kept steadily on his way. At the Red House, that spot where he was to drop back beaten—he, to the dismay of the sarcastic men, was pulling hard at Goater, and at the half-mile post it began to dawn on them, but too late, that there was only one horse in the Leger. Everything was more or less in difficulties about here. Lansdown had long been out of it—was never in it, in fact—and Alchemist soon made his bow, followed by Muley Edris, Sir Bevys, Palmbearer, &c. Robbie Burns ran to the distance, but it was only Ruperra and Exeter who attempted to tackle the French horse, and directly they did so Goater let him out, and pulling double Rayon d'Or passed the winning post five lengths in advance of Mr. Houldsworth's horse. And so the feat had been accomplished—which had only, it was said, been once performed before—a Leger horse making all his own running and winning in a canter. The other instance was Stockwell, but as there were only six runners in his year perhaps that does not go for much. The tactics with a doubtful stayer, such as this year's hero was, were bold ones, but they were right. Rayon d'Or is a horse that does not like being interfered with doubtless, pulled back at one part of the race and sent going again in another; but, allowed to come striding along, does his best. He was 'messed about' in the Derby, but as that has now been proved to be, what many believed at the time, the falsest of false-run races, we need not go into it again. That a moderate horse won that day at Epsom is more than probable. That the state of the ground and the conditions under which the race was run suited him is more than probable too. The pace was a cracker for a mile; but Sir Bevys, not a good beginner, did not hurry himself, or rather was not allowed to by his accomplished jockey. The gradients did not suit Rayon d'Or, the mud and the pace did not suit the others. One by one they came back to Sir Bevys, and it was said at the time, when they got to the bottom of the hill and were fairly in the straight for home, Fordham began to suspect he would win the Derby. How he won it we all know, and it is worthy of remark that the three horses who were his immediate followers that day, Palmbearer, Visconti, and Victor Chief, have all since then tried to win races and have utterly failed. We mention this because the moderate form of the first half-dozen or so in the Derby failed curiously enough to shake the faith of Sir Bevys's backers. Indeed the worse they ran, the more confident, by a curious logical inversion, did the backers become, and we were assured, on the day before the Leger, by a devoted follower of the stable, and one likely to know its innermost thoughts and feelings, assured, too, with a solemnity of tone and manner that we confess impressed us, that there was one and one only horse in the race, and that was the Derby winner.

But—the king is dead! long live the king! The sagacious utterances, the confident assertions, the blind beliefs, are all gone to that racing limbo which

must be not only paved, but composed of and builded up with them. What a chapter, by-the-way, the great Italian poet—if the Turf had been a mediæval institution—might have added to the 'Inferno.' The doom of having every wild assertion, every dogmatic utterance of the past perpetually before our eyes, and always sounding in our ears, would have been surely a more awful punishment than fiery gulfs or frozen seas. But we will not pursue this painful subject. Sufficient to say that Sir Bevy's friends for the most part forsook him and fled, abused him, found fault with his trainer, and finally added—which was the unkindest cut of all—that they had always said he was a roarer. Poor Sir Bevy! we will hope to meet him again on other fields, where he may more worthily carry the banner of blue and recover some of his lost laurels. He looked too small a horse to win a Leger, and his formation clearly pointed to his preferring the Epsom gradients to the level of the Town Moor. Tom Jennings said after the race that if Rayon d'Or had not made all his own running his number would not have gone up, and it is probable that if Wheel of Fortune had been at her best and ran that day she would not have beaten Count de Lagrange's horse. The win, we may add, did not evoke much enthusiasm, though there was a good deal of cheering when Rayon d'Or returned to the paddock, because Yorkshiremen always cheer a good horse. Otherwise there was a rather eloquent silence.

The third day at Doncaster is never very much, and this year it was less than usual. The Portland and the Alexandra Plates were the pieces of resistance on a poor *menu*, and both showed a falling off from last year. Master Kildare proved himself a real good horse on his own course in the Alexandra, by giving Lord Clive 12 lbs. and a very clever beating. The latter was favourite, though Master Kildare was backed, and for good money too, and Archer won a brilliant race on him, biding his time to the half-distance, when he came on the whip-hand of Lord Clive with a well-timed rush. The dark filly by Brown Bread—Mayoress, a cheap purchase of Lord Wilton, upset a good favourite in Duke of Cumberland for the Rous Plate. Lord Rosebery's colt was rather interfered with at the bend, and was unable to get through, but still the Mayoress filly won very easily, and, as Duke of Cumberland did not come up to expectations the next day in the Prince of Wales Nursery Plate, it may be we have handicapped him too highly. Sir Joseph, who had travelled up from Worcestershire specially for the Portland, was a great favourite, of course, as he was reported very fit, and the handicapper had not too severely dealt with him. There was last year's winner, Telescope, and two or three more, who then failed to catch the judge's eye among the lot on this occasion. There were Rowlston, Centenary, Grand Flaneur, and last, though far from least, Hackthorpe, in full bloom, though, considering his recent running, with plenty of weight. He was second favourite, however, and of the others, Jupiter, Radiancy, Tower and Sword, and Twine the Plaiden, were the most fancied. We believe Rowlston was backed too, and there were rumours that the money was really down on Telescope, but they required confirmation, and indeed the running did not point to their being true. Sir Joseph was soon out of it. He was shut in nearly from the start, and could never get through, while Hackthorpe, though running rather wide, soon got on terms with Rowlston and Tower and Sword, who held the lead at the distance, a good race from that point resulting in Hackthorpe's favour by half a length. There were some heavy losses over Kaleidoscope in the last race of the afternoon, the Wharncliffe Stakes, in which Witchery got quickest on her legs, and came away from start to finish without being headed, Archer bringing Kaleidoscope with a determined rush from the distance, but failing to reach Lord Hartington's

filly, who won in a canter by three parts of a length. The day had not been at all a good one for backers, and this was about the last straw.

Neither did Friday's card look promising, either as affording much sport or as the means of getting back our money. The morning, too, was very wet and disagreeable, and so many noble sportsmen voted it the better thing to turn it up, and be content with the losses they had sustained, instead of adding to them. Things began badly in the match between Returns and Cheviot, when odds were laid on the latter, and he was beaten in a canter. The Park Hill Stakes looked a very difficult nut to crack, and backers were all astray. All that was wanted was a stayer, but where to find one was a rather difficult matter. At last Adventure was made the favourite, though not a particularly warm one, and Lelia, Coromandel II., Peace, and White Poppy were all backed. The result was curious, for the best-reputed stayer, Adventure, was soon done with, and Peace, White Poppy, and Reconciliation had the finish to themselves, Peace winning a good race by a neck, with half a length between the other two. This does not say much for the form behind them, and Reconciliation getting where she did was a great surprise. The Westmoreland Stakes was another turn-up to gladden the hearts of the bookmakers. Woodlark and Nellie Macgregor were the two favourites, and we doubt if anything, with the exception of these two, carried much money. Wandering Willie made the whole of the running, followed by Woodlark, Hazelnut, and Centenary to the half distance, when Woodlark had had enough, and Centenary took his place, and tried to overhaul Wandering Willie, but failed, and was beaten by half a length, Nellie Macgregor never showing conspicuously. There was a good deal of wagering on the Prince of Wales's Nursery, and, despite the Duke of Cumberland's defeat the previous day in the Rous Plate, he was made a very strong favourite. The good-looking Prestonpans, who was receiving 7 lbs. from Lord Rosebery's colt, was, however, very steadily backed, and carried the full confidence of his stable. He had not been doing very well during the summer, but now looked as fit as he could be made. The two favourites had it pretty much to themselves, and Prestonpans had always a little the best of 'the Culloden butcher,' and, as was right and proper, the son of Bonny Prince Charlie beat him very cleverly. There had been an idea that there would be no race for the Cup, and that Isonomy would be allowed to walk over; but Lord Falmouth is not a man to allow a trophy to be taken without a fight for it, so Jannette was announced as a certain starter, and Lord Durham ran Glendale. The Monk was started to assist his stable companion, as at Brighton, and odds of 7 to 1 were laid on Isonomy by those who liked such a costly operation. Of course The Monk was the first beaten, then Glendale cried enough, and we were waiting to see Isonomy shake off Jannette and come in alone, when, to the horror of his backers, Cannon was seen to be riding him. They came together from the distance, a tremendous race, amidst great excitement and much shouting, in which the frantic voices of the ring predominated. The feelings of those who had laid 7 to 1—especially a sporting baronet, who had done it in thousands—may be imagined; but, after a desperate struggle, Cannon got Isonomy's head in front on the flat, and they breathed again. It was a most unlooked-for result, and how Jannette made the fight she did was puzzling, for she was beaten by Rylstone in the Queen's Plate on the Wednesday. The race was run at a bad pace, however, which may account for it. There was an exodus after the Cup, and we shook the expensive Doncaster mud off our feet for another twelvemonth.

The Cesarewitch is upon us, and during the late meeting at Newmarket diligent efforts were made to find out the winner according to and after the

manners and customs of Newmarket made and provided. If we do not 'know something' in the first October week, when will the knowledge dawn upon us? Our most diligent searchings, however, on this occasion have failed to show us anything reliable; while the market, that great guide and philosopher, if not exactly friend, has been a veritable mad market in which bookmakers have disported themselves to their own profit and amusement, no doubt, but to the something like consternation of lookers-on. The shattering of that Dresden China on which, after the result of the Great Yorkshire Handicap, early birds looked so proudly and fondly; the wonderful reports as to what Westbourne really was—Isonomy at 8st. 3lbs. was greedily swallowed—the doubt as to whether, after all, the top weight was not the Simon Pure; the inability to find that Bread which we hoped Bedford Cottage would cast upon the waters before many days; the Discordant note struck in the Great Foal Stakes, and the harassing suspicion that, after all, Parole might prove a stayer—here was a medley, among which we were to find the pea. Then there was the mystery of the great Berkshire stable with its big string, and no sign as yet emanating from 'R. P.'; and that was a riling circumstance, for that Russley should have no favourite for a big handicap is against the nature of things, and something was evidently wrong. Never do we remember clever people so much at sea as they were during the first October. The game of ninepins played by the ring; the changes rung on Adamite and Dresden China; the doubtful position of Westbourne, and the inability to find out what Bedford Cottage and Manton really meant to do, all tended to drive quiet old hands, who pride themselves on working out their Cesarewitch salvation in the week or ten days before the race, into an angry despair. They returned from Newmarket pretty much as they went. Before these sheets are through the press, however, their sorrow may be turned into joy, and they may have found a clue. We will not presume to venture to indicate it. We can hardly believe in Adamite, and yet we are told we must, nor in Parole, though we have been solemnly adjured to cast his previous running to the winds, nor in the pony Lansdown, nor in the great Isonomy. We have been seeking for a Breadfinder, but she cometh not, and maybe will have to retire before an Advance we once little dreamed of. It is a puzzle, and all we can do is to wish our good friends the prophets a good deliverance.

The Devon and Somerset Staghounds have accounted for a good many stags, but, up to the present, there have been no brilliant runs, and sport has not come up to the average of past years. The hounds are now very much improved, and though of course not yet equal to the old pack so unfortunately destroyed last year, they have already taken to hunting well, and when the deer get stronger and in better condition they will no doubt show some good runs. August 22nd seems to have been a red-letter day in the annals of stag-hunting in the West, when the Prince of Wales paid them a visit, and, after a good run, killed a stag. The meet was at Hawkcombe Head, and about 1500 horsemen assembled to greet him, while the people on foot and on wheels must have numbered as many thousands. His Royal Highness—who was the guest of Colonel Luttrell, Master of the West Somerset Foxhounds, at Dunster Castle—drove over in an open carriage, accompanied by Prince Louis of Battenberg, Lord Charles Beresford, the Rev. John Russell, and their host. After driving goodnaturedly round the meet, so that all might see, they mounted their horses, which had been sent on to Culbone stables, and tufters were thrown into Lord Lovelace's covert. With such a large field it would be impossible to give names of all who were there, but, besides the Royal party, amongst the best-known sportsmen were Ear^l

Fortescue, Lord Ebrington, Lord and Lady Bridport, Hon. Miss Leslie, Sir Thomas Dyke-Acland—a staunch preserver—and Captain Acland, Sir Henry Keppell, Colonel Kingscote, Captain and Mrs. Luttrell, Captain Stevenson, Rev. John Jekyl and Miss Jekyl, Parson Gould, Mr. Knight, the Lord of Exmoor. Then came three well-known M.F.H., Colonel Anstruther-Thomson and two daughters, from Fife, Mr. Froude Bellew, Master of the Dulverton, and Mrs. Bellew, from Rhyl, and Mr. Nicholas Snow, Master of the Stars of the West, who had the honour of entertaining the Prince after the sport was over. Messrs. Rawle and Charles Miles, of the Berkhamstead Buckhounds, were there at find and finish; Dr. Kinglake, Dr. Collins, Mr. Chorley, Master of the Quarm Harriers, Messrs. John Joyce, Will Halse, Yandle, Baker, Davy, Barrett, Toms, Glasse, White of Taunton, Paramore, and several other well-known sportsmen. Mr. Sam Warren, the courteous treasurer, acted as Master in the absence of Mr. Fenwick Bisset. A warrantable deer could not be driven out from the deep recesses of the first covert, so a move was made to the Deer Park at Oare, where Mr. Snow has a good show of stags. Several were on foot at once, hounds were laid on a young stag with a good head, which they killed in the valley of the Doone, after a run over the moors of one hour forty-five minutes. The Prince, who rode well throughout, jumped into the water to give the *coup de grâce*, being duly blooded in orthodox manner, and he seemed thoroughly to enjoy his first experience of hunting on Exmoor. Devonshire is a country for sportsmen; we should not recommend those individuals who only care for hard riding over fences, or the lardy-dardy sort who only go out for show, to go down there, as there are no fences to speak of on the moor, and the chief enjoyment is to see hounds hunt, while a day's sport involves real hard work, long distances to ride, and no end of roughing it. To give an instance of this—of course going down, as we did, at the same time as his Royal Highness may have made some difference, and it need not always be so, but every place seemed to be full, and we had great trouble, not only to procure horses but to find quarters. The first was overcome by our promising faithfully to return the animal by two o'clock on Saturday. He was a well-bred black, but colour made no odds then. We did not notice it, so rode gaily off to look out for quarters somewhere handy to the meet. At last we found beds at an inn, where there was also an apology for a stable, but we had to dress the horses ourselves and clean our own things. After a light supper, we retired to rest and were up betimes next morning, to polish up horses and selves to meet the Prince. It was well worth all the trouble when hounds were running, but after they had killed our troubles began. Twenty weary miles we rode over moors and up and down steep lanes from village to village before we could get in or reach a railway station. It rained in torrents and was dark as pitch till, about ten o'clock, we arrived at a village and were taken in. Fourteen hours we had been in the saddle without a morsel to eat, and others, who had been there before us, had cleared the board; so, after doing our horses up as well as we could, we went in to supper. All we could get was some eggs, which the landlord fetched from the hen-house, and the crumb of a loaf of bread. Trust a lot of hunting men to cut off all the crusts when they come in hungry! Next morning we started at seven o'clock to fulfil our promise, and, arriving at the yard, saw a hearse waiting. Poor old black! Though he had carried us gamely over the moor and been much excited at the death of a stag, he had travelled many a weary mile since; and, remembering the tired way he did the last, we had the grim satisfaction of knowing that he would easily accommodate his pace to the melancholy job in hand.

The Tedworth began cub-hunting on the 18th at Collingbourne Woods.

They have a fair entry, and it is hoped that things will be done in a much more business-like way than has been the custom in that country for many years past. Sir Reginald Graham has not an easy task before him, but he is just the man to carry it into effect.

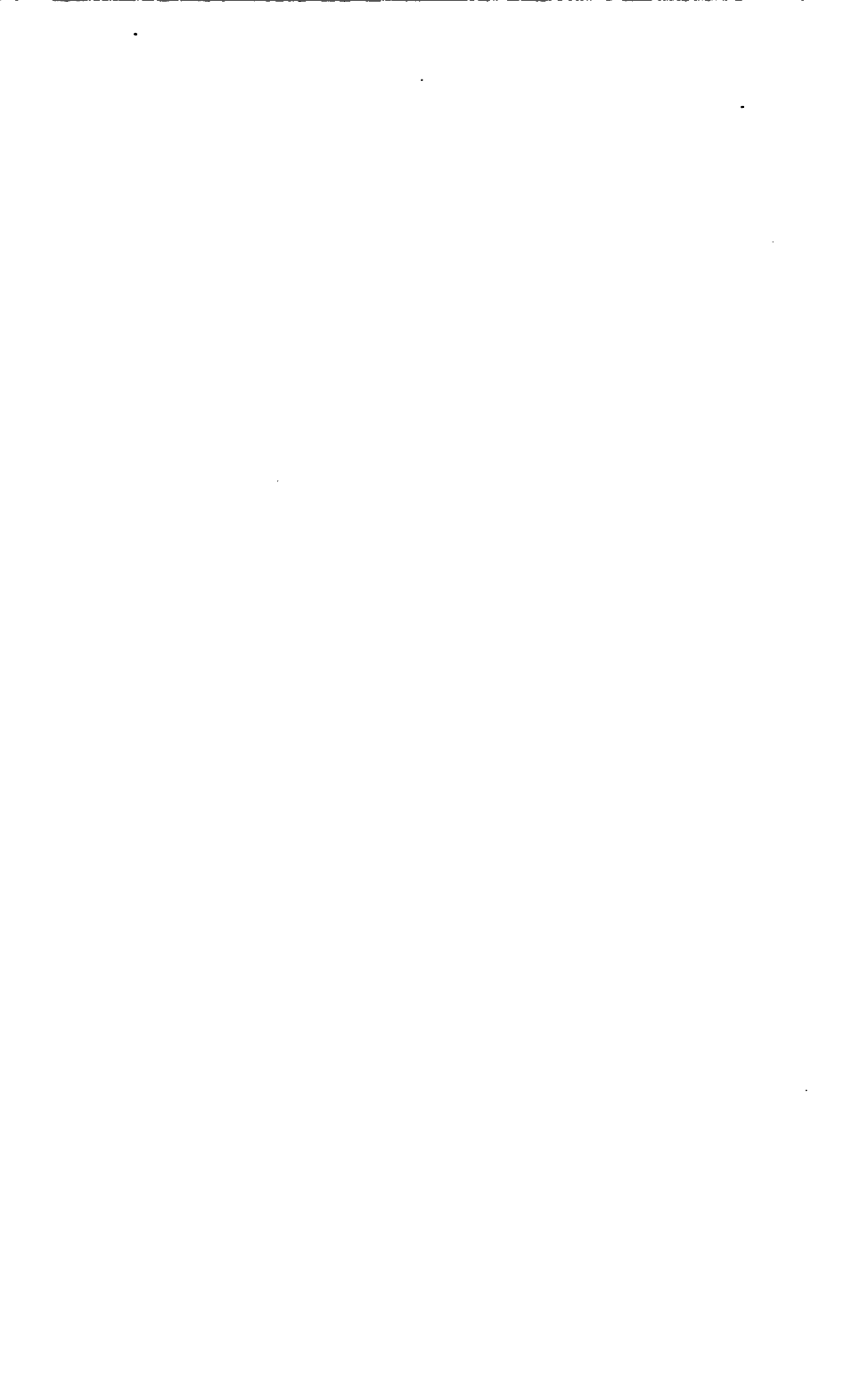
The same day that brought us the news of Cetewayo's capture is memorable for another capture at Lichfield, which is not without interest to our racing readers. Most men who have watched Frederick Archer during the last two seasons have been surprised that the crisis should have been so long delayed, and for ourselves we cannot but congratulate the community if a wholesome check has been given to a style of race-riding at once dangerous and unfair. We had hoped that the severe comments made by one of our leading unprofessional jockeys to Archer on the occasion of a race (in which similar tactics were adopted) would have been a sufficient warning; but it appears that the young gentleman in question was impervious to any rebuke not emanating from the high hand of the law. We cannot but congratulate the stewards of the meeting upon the firm tone which they adopted in the settlement of the question, without a reference to the Jockey Club, the members of which body, even if disposed to adjudicate, could not be as cognisant of the facts as the local authorities were. Some remarks of 'Bleys' in 'Bell's Life' on the 20th September on the point are so remarkably *à propos*, and deal so exhaustively with the subject, that we cannot refrain from reproducing them for the benefit of our racing friends in general, and of Frederick Archer in particular: 'It cannot have escaped the notice of folks who take interest in races and watch them closely that instances of unfair riding are becoming far too common. It may be urged by some that this can hardly be the fact, considering the few complaints made on that score. But it must be remembered that certain of our oldest and most respectable jockeys have a dislike at all times to lodge objections, or to make charges that reflect on their brethren. Some owners of horses, too, are chivalrous on the subject of objections, and forbear to press them, save under exceptional circumstances. I feel sure that the time has come for both owners and jockeys to be restrained no longer by considerations of delicacy. The result of an accident caused by unfair riding is likely enough to incapacitate a jockey from pursuing his calling again—quite sufficient reason why he should endeavour to put a stop to practices that are dangerous and on the increase. It behoves an owner, also, to look after the interests and safety, so far as lies within his power, of the rider, who, for the time being, is in his employment, and it is mistaken leniency or mistaken delicacy on the part of one or the other to allow offenders to escape unquestioned by the stewards of race meetings. Stewards, owners, and jockeys know perfectly well that the evil to which allusion has been made is no imaginary one. It is an evil that only the unobservant can have failed to notice, and unless promptly checked may ere long occasion some shocking catastrophe.'

Messrs. Tattersall's first general sale at Rugby, which took place on Tuesday the 16th, was a complete success. Eighty-six hunters and other horses were put up for auction, amongst them being twenty valuable Irish horses sent over by Mr. P. George all the way from Clontarf. These sales will no doubt bring a good many strangers to Rugby, and sharpen the town up a little bit by instilling some fresh life into the trade which had latterly become rather slack. They are to be held on the second Tuesday in every month, and when they become better known, in the same manner as horses have been already sent over from Ireland to be sold, so doubtless will—as times improve, purchasers from all parts of the United Kingdom and from the Continent. But if a man wants a good hunter, and cann

himself at one of the sales, he has only to pay Mr. John Darby a visit, and if he fancies a horse he will have all the advantages of a ride and a good trial, so that it would be quite his own fault if he bought anything which did not suit him. Since the recent alterations Mr. Darby's new premises are well worth a visit, even by those who well knew his old ones, and we have no hesitation in saying that they are now as perfect as it is possible for stables and a show ground to be, and on the day we visited them we thought that we had never seen a better lot of horses in Mr. Darby's possession, which is saying a good deal.

The Cobham Sale passed off in a manner highly satisfactory to the shareholders of the ill-fated company. There was the same good luncheon, the flow of that excellent Bollinger was unremitting, the prices were high, the eloquence peculiar. Much needless mystery—a mystery almost amounting to deception—had been thrown round the fact that a new company would arise from the ashes of the old, and because a well-known writer had, in the columns of a daily paper, alluded to the rumour, he was vehemently attacked from the auctioneer's rostrum, simply for telling the truth. We suppose Mr. Rymill is not responsible for his box having been turned into a pulpit for the display of Messrs. Kemp and Waddel's oratory. It was exceedingly bad taste, to say the least of it, and when, about an hour afterwards, all that these gentlemen had stated was contradicted by Mr. Rymill, the effect was almost ludicrous. Who was responsible for this absurd mystification, and what was its object? We were assured at Doncaster by a gentleman in the best position to know, that he feared there was not the least chance of a new stud being formed. And yet negotiations were then going on! No one grudges the unfortunate shareholders of the defunct company the better dividend they perhaps will receive; but why was such deception practised? Mr. Kemp said something in his speech about 'pledging his honour as a gentleman,' or words to that effect. We would suggest that the 'gentlemen' most concerned do make an apology to 'Pavo' for their attack on him and their contradiction of what proved to be the truth of his statement. The Cobham Stud Company made many mistakes in its brief career, doubtless, and its last was not its least.

The death of Mr. Padwick removes from the scene a name for the last thirty years or more intimately associated for good or evil with Tulf history. A country solicitor in good position and practice, he, on the retirement of Lord George Bentinck, became, with his client Mr. Mostyn, the temporary proprietor of that nobleman's stud. How it was re-sold to Lord Clifden we all know, but from that time Mr. Padwick was, as the phrase goes, a racing man. He was not very fortunate in the horses he bought, but he was extremely happy in their sale. One very good mare he had, Virago, the best three-year-old doubtless of her year, and Yellow Jack was a good though unlucky horse. Mr. Padwick tried hard to get good horses, and we fear the mania for giving large sums for young stock owes much of its rise and influence to his example. A man of mature age and experience giving four figures for a yearling was an incentive to the young plungers of the day to do likewise, and during what is called "the Hastings era" the evil was at its height. Mr. Padwick's connection with Lord Hastings, the history of The Earl and Lady Elizabeth, &c., are incidents too fresh to need recalling, nor indeed would it be profitable to do so. Latterly his name has been much before the public as the agent of the Duke of Hamilton, and his death has spared him probably the worry and annoyance of a profitless litigation. Those who knew him well esteemed him for a warmth of heart and general kindness of disposition for which the outside world hardly gave him credit.





Edw. J. Wallcut

John C. Wallcut

Erastus

Erastus C. Wallcut, 1811-1881

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

WILLIAM HENRY FITZ-ROY, the sixth Duke, was born in 1819, and succeeded his father in 1863; was attaché to the legation at Naples in 1841, and M.P. for Thetford from 1847 to 1863, and is ranger of Whittlebury and Salcey Forests.

The Dukes of Grafton, since the end of last century, have hunted a great part of South Northamptonshire and Bucks, from their residence at Wakefield Lodge, near Stony Stratford.

Augustus Henry, the third Duke, originated the pack, and old Joe Smith, who it is said rode up to eighty-nine, was his huntsman; he was succeeded by the equally celebrated veteran, Tom Rose, who actually hunted the hounds up to the age of seventy-five; and, on his retirement in 1821, took the Rose and Crown inn at Northampton. The hunt uniform then was light green, but that of the servants was dark green, like the Duke of Beaufort's.

After Tom Rose, George Carter, still alive, came from Mr. Grantley Berkeley, as huntsman to George Henry, the fourth Duke, who gave up the country in 1838 to Lord Southampton, and then sold his hounds to Mr. Assheton Smith for 1000 guineas. Lord Southampton took Mr. Selby Lowndes's country in 1853, a portion of which had been lent to him with the understanding that if one of the Duke of Grafton's family took the hounds that it was to be given up; or if Mr. Selby Lowndes gave it up, that it was to be returned to Lord Southampton. And he continued to hunt the country until 1862, when the present Duke, then Lord Euston, with Colonel, now Lord, Penrhyn, bought Mr. Hill's of Thornton's hounds, removed the kennels from Whittlebury to Wakefield Lawn, and engaged Frank Beers, the youngest son of George Beers, Lord Southampton's last huntsman, to hunt them; and he has hunted them very well up to the present time.

The Duke of Grafton has been frequently absent lately, owing to the illness of the Duchess; but when present he rarely interferes in the hunting field: when he does, it is always to the purpose.

The Duke is liberal in politics; but he is liberal in another sense, and when his brother, Lord Frederick Fitz-Roy, some years since contested the southern division of Northamptonshire, before the introduction of the ballot, allowed his tenants full liberty of conscience, and did not put on the screw. His popularity is second to none in the county as a landlord, and he personally attends to his duties as a magistrate, and attends very regularly the Towcester bench. The following is true: Some years since, on the advent of a new land steward, some of his Grace's farms were found to be low-rented, and an advance was made. The steward, on going to one of the tenants living near Salcey Forest, mentioned this fact, that at the farm in question the rent must be advanced 5s. per acre. The tenant, an old and respected foxhunting farmer, and who has more masks and brushes in his rooms, probably, than any man in Europe, replied: 'I don't care what you put me up, I shall not pay it; and you tell his Grace that myself and ancestors have been tenants for more than a century, and always paid the same, and *shall not* change; but you may take a bullock or a sheep, but I will not pay any more.' And he did not, and the rent is, we believe, the same.

A PLAGUE-SPOT IN OUR RACING SYSTEM.

WE offer not the faintest shadow of excuse or apology for again making allusion to an evil which has previously furnished food to comment in the pages of this Magazine, but which seems at length to have reached such a pitch of enormity as absolutely to have succeeded in rousing to action the most torpid and lethargic adherents to an effete *régime*. The state of rings and inclosures at race meetings has long been a crying scandal and a grievous disgrace to our racing system—a veritable plague-spot in our midst, calling for immediate cauterisation or excision. The diseased body had hitherto only been spared these necessary operations because, plainly speaking, what was everybody's business was nobody's business, and further for the reason that reform in the required direction was invariably baulked by the apprehension of the loss of popularity—naturally a very strong motive power indeed with those who make their living of and by the Turf. Incidentally we have commented on this nauseating topic before, during the crusade inaugurated by us in 'Baily,' against so-called sport in the suburbs; and, without attempting to take to ourselves the entire credit of having promoted the suppression of such noxious excrescences, we may at any rate claim to have hammered a nail or two into the coffin of these nuisances. Closely connected with them is the 'plague-spot' we shall not cease persistently to denounce, until either the evil works its own cure, or recourse is had once more to parliamentary interference. Were it not that one canker may be described as the outcome of the other,

we should not have disinterred from what we fervently trust is their 'last long sleep' topics and events which will soon be recollected only as a hideous dream, but which have nevertheless left behind them seeds of which we are now reaping the unwelcome harvest. We can clearly trace up to sources, now happily annihilated, the pollution which still prevails in places defiled by contact with the poisoned stream; nor do we hesitate to ascribe the present infusion of undesirable elements in the betting ring to the policy—if we may dignify it by such a title—which, in the language of its advocates, 'brought racing to the doors of the people' in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. We can point to these disestablished 'ramps,' and exclaim—

*'Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit,'*

for ever since the production of these wretched travesties upon the great drama of the Turf, things have gone from bad to worse; until 'reserved lawns' and 'Tattersall's inclosures' have become mere ridiculous misnomers, owing to the irruption of Goths and Vandals into precincts formerly dedicated only to the use of well-tryed and keenly proved knights of the pencil. At mushroom meetings where the stewards' stand was too frequently empty, or occupied only by some titled dummy, and where enterprising racing caterers, on the principle that 'all was fish that came to their net,' pocketed with sublime impartiality the entrance fee of the safe and solvent book-maker and of his welshing counterfeit alike, what wonder that things got a little mixed, and that all sorts of irregularities were suffered to remain unnoticed and unpunished? Bolder grown, after a long series of raids perpetrated with effrontery and impunity, the dregs of racing society, strongly reinforced by allies in the shape of roughs and thieves, soon found themselves virtually masters of the situation. From this they forthwith proceeded, by means of violence and abuse, to oust the legitimate occupants of rings set apart for recognised speculators, who speedily left the field in the hands of the enemy, not caring to dispute with him its possession, at the risk of being robbed and maltreated by the band of organised brigands who frequented the scenes of racing brought to their doors. Hence meetings of this description were virtually ceded to the rough element, who found it 'good business,' with the game entirely in their own hands: but not content with the fruition of these happy hunting-grounds in the suburbs, they were encouraged by success to go further afield, and actually to carry war into the enemy's country. This they proceeded to effect by boldly claiming admission to rings and inclosures at better-class meetings, until, by a career of unchecked impudence and pushing effrontery, they were emboldened to storm positions commonly considered impregnable, and held only by members of the chief clubs and rooms. One fortress after another submitted to their assaults, as they increased in numbers and importunity; until the respectable section of the betting community awoke one fine day to discover themselves surrounded on all sides by ruffian hordes, taking

the names of Leviathans in vain, and trading upon the honesty and solvency of men whom they dared openly to personate. At Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster the evil waxed and grew, and even at the headquarters of the Turf, under the very noses of the Jockey Club, in places sacred to aristocratic exclusiveness and dignified retirement, did instances increase and multiply of open and undisguised fraud and repulsive lawlessness, seriously affecting the transaction of legitimate business, and intensifying the already lively feelings of disgust and suspicion entertained by outsiders against the system under which racing was attempted to be regulated and controlled at the very source and fountainhead of its administration. Complaints waxed loud and deep, swelling into a universal and uncontrollable demand that privileged resorts of betting men at least should be purged from intruders of the lowest and vilest description, with whom bookmakers of reputation, while anxious to disclaim all connection with the impostors, were nevertheless content to rub shoulders, often without a word of expostulation or even comment, evincing thus a seemingly perverse and singular apathy alike to the manner in which their own credit might suffer, or their clients be annoyed and plundered. That such a state of things could ever, by any possibility, have come to exist is incomprehensible to all save those who have experienced it ; but we challenge denial of any statement hereinbefore made, and at the same time we reassert our conviction that the nuisance had its origin in the quarter to which it has been referred—the institution of gate-money ventures in populous neighbourhoods, wherein the scum of society is more readily enlarged to prey upon its natural food.

In speaking of the plague-spot upon our racing system, we would not have it for one moment to be understood that we hold the turf in the abstract wholly and solely responsible for the many infamous surroundings which tend to lower it in general estimation ; but where the carcass is, there the eagles will be gathered together, and in like manner the predatory hordes will swoop down to their prey, whether it be assembled in pursuit of this or any other kind of pleasure, or even of business. Racing has enough to answer for, without having laid to its account the encouragement of thieves and outlaws to commit depredations upon its followers ; and we frankly make the admission that other pursuits are subject to precisely similar influences, merely for the sake of stopping the mouths of those jealous racing optimists and time-serving apologists who would at once take us to task for instancing the turf alone as catering for the rapacity of the harpy tribes. Reasons for the prevalence of robbery and occasional violence in circles formerly affected by none but speculators of reputation, are neither obscure nor far to seek ; and the evil was bound to increase to its present proportions, because its growth has remained so long unchecked. On the plea of non-interference with betting transactions, the superior authorities stood sedulously aloof ; racing *beneficiaires*, such as managers, proprietors, and promoters of meetings, adopted a policy of masterly inactivity ; and while book-

makers decline to combine, or singlehanded to confront this veritable lion in their path, the public could not help themselves, but were compelled to undergo the fleecing process without the slightest regard being had to their request for protection. It was only when the case became really desperate that those in authority bethought them of the very simple and effective expedient of employing properly qualified officials to sort out the goats from among the sheep, and generally to maintain some sort of order and decorum in places ostensibly set apart for members of Tattersall's, but which had lately degenerated into mere bear-gardens. But it is sufficiently obvious that such measures as these must be regarded in the light of mere temporary expedients, in good time to be supplanted, we trust, by more permanent but not less efficient arrangements—the outcome of deliberations on the part of all interested in maintaining and upholding the credit of the betting ring. The racing recess, now rapidly approaching, will afford ample leisure and opportunity for a full and exhaustive discussion of the burning question which has so long occupied the minds of racegoers. The manifesto which appeared not long since in a daily sporting journal, supposed to be intimately connected with the bookmaking interest; the decision of the Warwick Bench of magistrates in the case of the summons issued against Serjeant Ham; and the action taken by clerks of courses in securing the services of that officer to keep their rings and inclosures clear of questionable characters,—all these movements indicate an intention on the part of those in authority to excise the plague-spot which has spread so rapidly, and has so long defied curative measures. It need hardly be added that the race-going public will heartily co-operate in the proceedings to be taken to insure their safety and comfort; and as a proof that the thing can be effectually done, we have only to point to Sandown and Kempton Parks as instances of the excellent results of the prohibitory measures in force at these meetings. It is true that both these centres of sport possess the additional advantages of being able to sift their company, to a certain extent, at the turnstiles, while the gate-money may also deter a few of the lowest *canaille*; but our contention is, that however ready the means of access to racecourses by the public, and whatever hordes and swarms of ruffianism they may attract, it is not only possible, but should be rendered imperative upon officials, to purge the resorts of those who pay a high fee for stand and ring privileges from the 'scum of the course,' with which they have lately been suffered to become infested. It is merely a question of small outlay and inconsiderable trouble to start with; while the neglect of necessary precautions for securing the safety and comfort of visitors is certain, in the long-run, to tell against officials who thus adopt the insane policy of cutting off their noses to spite their faces. Once get quit of the bullies, bonnets, and ticket-snatchers, and the occupation of their employers will be gone, for they cannot carry on their present profitable little game without confederates in their pay. Thus another benefit will result, namely, the gradual extinction of the

welshing element (as distinguished from the lower depth of ruffianism to which allusion has just been made), for even casual speculators will soon learn to distinguish between the ring of the false and true metal, and the evil will be reduced to a *minimum*. As to what goes on outside the recognised betting inclosures, that must, for the present at least, be deemed quite beyond the control of racing *entrepreneurs*; all we feel bound to insist upon is, that in places where an extra charge is made for transacting business, those in possession of this supposed privilege should, at least, be protected from molestation and violence. The scenes, to which impartial witness has been borne during the past season by individuals the least likely to exaggerate shortcomings in connection with their favourite sport, fairly beggar description; for in places where insufficient local authority was relied upon to suppress brigandage committed under pretence of betting, the most scandalous state of things prevailed, and many of the more respectable *habitués* of the racecourse have registered a vow to refrain from visiting certain meetings 'on circuit,' where so little attention is paid to their interests. But the public will hardly be content with the protective measures thrust upon those who profess to cater for their amusement, without some sort of guarantee that a regular combination will be entered into among clerks of courses and others for the extension of the system of police supervision to every meeting held under Jockey Club rules. Sergeant Ham, or others possessing similar qualifications for countering the irrepressible rough, should form as indispensable a portion of the staff of every race promoter as the starter, judge, or clerk of the scales; otherwise things may go from bad to worse, until, as in the case of suburban meetings, the legislature is driven to take in hand matters utterly beyond its province indeed, but forced upon it by the very reasonable demand for reform on the part of Her Majesty's law-abiding subjects. As in many other cases of long-existing scandals and abuses, the fault can be laid at the door of nobody in particular; but it is easy to understand that the process of abating the nuisance might be vastly simplified, did authority over betting and bettors reside in the same hands as those which possess the control and direction of the so-called 'instruments of gambling.' Seeing that the truth of the dictum of a high authority on the turf—that the interests of betting and racing are inseparable—has never been attempted to be questioned, it is surely a monstrous anomaly that separate tribunals should adjudicate upon systems so inseparably connected and interwoven. Yet, as a fact, while the making of laws and ordinances and the general control of the great racing republic is vested in the supreme council of the Turf, betting comes not within their province to legislate upon, nay more, is totally ignored by the governing body, save in their capacity as lessees of Newmarket Heath, and regulators and administrators of the meetings held thereon. We may go even a step further, and find none to gainsay our assertion, that betting and bettors are amenable or responsible to nobody; for the Committee of Tattersall's professes no more than to take cog-

nisance of betting disputes and irregularities, and does not pretend to exercise control over the destinies of the ring, so far as the maintenance of order and qualification of individuals for admission is concerned. The Committee deals with men and facts as it finds them, and, as at present constituted, more could hardly be expected of it, much less the invidious task of expelling obnoxious interlopers, or of attempting work more fitted for those whose *spécialité* is preservation of law and order in haunts affected by the dangerous classes.

But because the Jockey Club has hitherto sedulously held aloof from contact with what we may be permitted to term the *alter ego* of racing, and has persistently kept bettors and betting at arm's length—at least in a legislative point of view—no good reason can be advanced against such a change of front on the part of the *patres conscripti* of the turf as would place the Ring as thoroughly under their control as the horses, jockeys, and other living accessories of the racing game. Such an extension of the empire of the Club would, we feel sure, come as a boon and a blessing to men at present too often called upon to have their disputes settled by two different tribunals, in place of one court of appeal having the power to decide in matters of doubt arising out of racing and betting alike. Licensing seems now to be the order of the day as regards our courses, and a like system will shortly prevail in respect of our jockeys; so that, in the case of bookmakers, what more natural than that a similar policy should be adopted, in the event of the Jockey Club taking upon themselves the burden of betting legislation? To us it seems not only highly desirable that speculators should know exactly with whom they have to deal; but there is nothing wild or unpractical about the scheme, which should commend itself to the consideration of all interested in the reputation of the Ring, looked upon in the light of an organisation inseparable from that of the sport with which its interests are so intimately bound up. On 'change, dabblers in stocks and shares possess some sort of guarantee that brokers with whom they transact business are solvent and substantial traders; and upon the same principle, the good and safe men among speculators in another line should have some ear-mark, by which they may be duly recognised by all save the reckless and careless who will not trouble themselves to ascertain whether the metal has the true ring about it or not.

There is yet another device, by the adoption of which the evils and scandals attendant upon welshing and kindred malpractices may be minimised, even if their ultimate suppression cannot be hoped for or thought of, and the plague-spot in our racing system excised. On several occasions we have advocated in these pages the formation of a mutual defence association among bookmakers, by means of which their counterfeits might be so far discomfited as to deem it lost labour to continue their depredations. They have only to combine, and to take common action in the matter, and surely this should be done forthwith; for, however selfishly indifferent they be concerning the fate of countless victims to the wiles of the welsher, they cannot

value their own reputation so lightly as to permit it to suffer through contact with impostors who trade not only upon the reputation of 'safe' men, but often upon their very names. Members of clubs of high standing should be able to hold their own against intruders into company far too good for them; but the exclusion of the crows from the storks can only be effected by organised and concerted measures against their admission into stands and inclosures ostensibly reserved for solvent and reliable speculators. If bookmakers are so selfish or careless of their credit as to permit lawlessness to prevail in their special haunts, and to rub elbows with the scum of the course, all we can say is, the sooner they are taken in hand by Mr. Anderson and his friends the better; but we trust that wiser counsels will prevail, and that those most interested in preserving intact their present liberty of action may be inclined to take precautions for rendering their position secure. Otherwise, it strikes us, they are relying upon a very precarious tenure of their existing rights; and if internal reform is neglected, the pressure from outside may one day prove too considerable for retention by them of the privileges they have so long enjoyed unmolested.

AMPHION.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE GROUSE FAMILY.

BEFORE I come to treat of the exact subject-matter of the present article, I must ask the permission of my readers to revert to the paper describing 'How the Grouse have Wintered,' which appeared in the August number of 'Baily.' It is gratifying to know from the results of the season's sport that, notwithstanding the awful winter through which it was the evil fortune of the birds to pass, not only was there a great supply, but that supply, after the first ten days, was of the very best as regards quality.

One lesson has been learned from the past season: it is that no hard-and-fast line can be drawn as to when the sport of grouse shooting ought to begin. It has, of course, been legally ordained that it must not at all events commence *before* 'the 12th,' and some people may think that ordinance sufficient for the regulation of the sport; but, as I have endeavoured to show in former papers, grouse-shooting is something more nowadays than mere sport, so much so that even the wealthiest gentlemen of the period feel compelled to send the larger portion of their birds to market, in order to aid their account by a credit entry of good amount from the game-dealer. The case then as regards a hard-and-fast line of commencement stands as follows: the men whose grouse are ready for the gun, and who are themselves eager to commence, begin most religiously on the morning of the 12th, and, if prices rule high, they secure a good figure for the early birds. On the other hand, if men whose birds are not ripe for the gun begin shooting them at the appointed time, their grouse do not command a good price, while if they delay longer they run the

risk of the market being glutted, no uncommon occurrence in these days of rapid transit. Some of my ideas about the economy of sport are no doubt a little old-fashioned; one of them is that whenever the commercial element obtains an entrance, sport ceases to be sport in the fine old-fashioned sense of the word. What, for instance, is the difference between 'grouse-driving' and the capture of salmon in wholesale quantities by a net? To me the difference does not seem very ill to define, and, to avow the simple truth, I am against 'driving.' It is in no sense *sport* to have the birds you are to shoot driven up by a zealous crowd of beaters to the very muzzle of your gun! To sit in a hut and fire at a flock of birds resistlessly forced to pass a given spot is, in my humble opinion, only poulterers' work, even at its very best; and I think those who make a practice of 'driving' are but feather-bed sportsmen. As I have hinted, it is always a pity when the commercial element is allowed to intrude itself in connection with sport; it would be far better if men would be modest in their desires, and so regulate their expenditure as to leave it a matter of no moment how many head of game they and their friends should kill, or what price birds were being quoted at in Leadenhall Market. There is a good deal of senseless ostentation in the fact of a man rushing away with his family and friends to the Highlands for six weeks or a couple of months, at a cost of something like twenty pounds sterling a day. He does it, perhaps, because some other man whom he knows does it, and he finds that the doing of it comes to so much money before he has done with it, that it is an object to get every brace of grouse to market that he or his friends and keepers can shoot. The Highlands seem nowadays to be no place for your would-be fashionable sportsman unless he can carry with him his London luxuries; his peaches and his pines; the produce of the finest vineyards of France and Germany and those other good things which have tempted him to make of his stomach a god. If the birds were not to be marketed, it would not, in my opinion, matter very much to a man whether he began his work on the 12th of August or the 1st of September, nor would the time matter in any case, indeed, if all started fair in the race. This year it would have been better for both the grouse lairds and their lessees had sport been postponed all round for a fortnight. It is in the nature of a remarkable circumstance indeed, that there was left, after such a terrible winter, so good a stock of breeding birds; and that these birds were able during a wet and stormy springtime to breed as largely as ever and to rear broods that duly afforded no end of sport to the grouse-shooter, is a fact to be remembered in the future.

This paper professes to be but a 'gossip,' and I may at once confess that one of my objects in writing it is to obtain space for a notice of a work on 'The Capercaillie in Scotland,' which has just been published;* but before noticing that book, I wish to say that we are all

* 'The Capercaillie in Scotland.' By J. A. Harvie Brown, F.Z.S. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1879.

so ignorant of the natural history of the grouse, that none of us (in saying *as* I allude both to sportsmen and men like myself who dabble a little in the natural history of sport) seem to be able to explain how it comes that birds should be so plentiful during the present season—a season in which it was predicted there would be almost none, and that, in consequence, the sportsman's occupation would, as far as grouse-shooting is concerned, be gone for a time. That the grouse possess an unequalled faculty of reproduction we already know. On occasions when moors have been literally depopulated by the disease, we have seen them within two or three seasons more populous than ever they had been before. It is certain that in the course of last winter a large percentage of birds died in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, yet in the course of the present season some positively gigantic bags have been made, and it would seem as if a greater than usual stock of grouse would be left to breed from when sport closes at the appointed time—the 10th of next month. What I want to know is how all this comes about. I have studied and observed and asked, till I am tired, and all that I can make out of the situation is, that the moors will only breed and feed a limited number of birds, and that when that number is exceeded and the heather becomes overstocked, 'the plague' makes itself conspicuous and nature at once begins her remedial measures. Till the moors are full the work of reproduction goes on with great rapidity, there being plenty both of food and space for the wants of the birds, and so long as these conditions continue the sportsman may enjoy sport to the top of his bent. It is more than probable that the severe storms of December and January last have so purified the heather and weeded out the weaklings of the flock, that no disease will occur during the next three or four years. The balance which nature establishes and guards so jealously must not be disturbed; if it is, we know well that, in some shape or other, we shall have to pay the bill of costs. When grouse become too plentiful on a stretch of heather their enemies begin to multiply. Whenever the vermin is overabundant, it is a sure sign of there being more birds than there ought to be. It is the same throughout animated nature. 'To eat and be eaten,' from man downwards to the lowest type of creation, is the rule of life and death! When the French gardeners shot down all their small birds because they took tribute of the fruit, they were speedily made to encounter a worse plague in the abnormal increase of the insects which used to be the prey of the birds which had been so unceremoniously killed. There is philosophy in all this; we can at least draw an inference or two from it, and teach what seems to be sometimes forgotten in the terrible anxiety which is always expressed for a large number of birds, namely, that it is better to have a hundred birds in fine condition and of heavy weight, than two hundred half-hungered 'piners.' I cannot say, except by way of a guess, how many birds each hundred acres of moor-ground should be able to breed and feed, but I know this much, that a lowland Scotch moor which was literally

barren of grouse one year was swarming with birds during the second season following. The rate of multiplication must have been remarkable, supposing not one brace of grouse to have been left on the ground : five thousand acres of heather barren in the year A ; a few birds seen in the year B ; three hundred and seventy brace shot on said moor in the year C. Taking it for granted that some fifty pair of birds had migrated to the vacant heather in the year B, and that each pair had successfully bred and brought up a covey of ten young ones, that would have yielded a stock in the year C of only five hundred birds, which would not be nearly enough to afford the number shot and leave also a breeding stock. It would require at least one hundred brace of grouse to have begun the replenishment of the moor ; and it is a curious fact that barren moors are speedily found out by the grouse and quickly re-stocked. It is another curious fact that in some seasons certain moors are so densely populated with birds that they have been estimated to contain hundreds to the acre ! On a stretch of the Avondale heather it has been calculated that as many as ten thousand grouse have been feeding at one time ! As I have said, we know really little about the grouse ; it is a shy bird, and recedes as far and as fast as it can from the busy haunts of man.

Of the restoration of the capercailzie to Scotland, notice has been already taken in the pages of 'Baily,' and some pertinent facts connected with the breeding of the bird stated ; but for all that, there is matter in the memoir written by Mr. Harvie Brown which is worthy of our attention. We—I mean sportsmen in general—are not so much interested in the mere rehabilitation of the head of the grouse family, as we are in the various questions which will arise out of its presence in regard to its effects on other birds, and on the budding trees of our pine forests. As a fact in the art of acclimatisation, the successful reintroduction of the capercailzie is sufficiently curious and interesting ; but as an object of future sport, I must confess that I am not much enamoured of the big bird, nor, so far as I can find, is it likely to become a general favourite : none of these circumstances can be held, however, as detracting from the merits of the gentleman who has so minutely and industriously chronicled the most recent problems of natural history, and we offer him our hearty thanks for the mass of interesting information which he has placed at our disposal.

Mr. Harvie Brown gives us plenty of evidence as to the former existence of the 'cock of the woods' in Scotland ; that of course we do not dispute, although we are more interested in the story of its reintroduction and spread throughout the length and breadth of the country. But first of all comes the question : if the capercailzie was once plentiful in Scotland, how came it to be totally exterminated ; and to what cause is its extinction to be attributed ? On this phase of his subject Mr. Harvie Brown is quite entitled to give his own explanation :—

'On the causes of the extinction of the species in Scotland, I can say little. We can now, I believe, only speculate upon what

' changes of condition and what surrounding causes could have
' extirpated them. What appears to me to be the most likely factors
' were as follows: the probable destruction of great forest tracts by
' fire; the cutting down of the same by man as late as the days
' of Cromwell, and the wasting away of the forests from natural
' causes—by the conversion of dry forests into bogs and morasses,
' and, resulting from this, the decrease of and changes in the food of
' the species. Mr. Colquhoun is of this opinion, but adds as a factor
' the increased population. If we accept the above as the most
' probable causes, and come to examine into the details of the
' testimony, we find that it was not till the beginning of the eighteenth
' century that any large extent of young wood was planted, nor
' until the end of the eighteenth century that arboriculture became
' general in Scotland. The latter would appear to have been too
' late to afford fresh sustenance to the indigenous capercaillies,
' but it yielded an abundant supply by the date of the restoration of
' the species in 1837–38 for the reintroduced birds.'

The first attempt which was made to reintroduce the capercaillie to the Scottish pine woods ended in failure. The date of that attempt was in 1827 or '28, and the failure probably resulted from the breeding stock of birds being too small; at all events, when a larger number was brought over to Taymouth from Sweden, ten years afterwards, the bulk of them were so successfully acclimatised that they speedily began to breed, and by 1839 there was supposed to be a resultant addition of between sixty and seventy young ones—the parent stock being in all fifty-four adult capercaillies. Mr. Harvie Brown tells us that the species soon became firmly established; and about the year 1862 or 1863, the Marquis of Breadalbane estimated their numbers on his estates at over 1000 head, while the chief gamekeeper, James Guthrie, who tended the birds with the greatest possible care, thought the stock would be over two thousand in number, which was probably more than there ever were in Scotland during the time when the bird was indigenous to the country.

' At Taymouth, and all along the Tay valley as far as Dunkeld, capercaillies, after becoming fairly established, increased in numbers rapidly for a number of years. The whole district was in every way admirably adapted to their habits; the Duke of Athole and Lord Breadalbane having planted considerable areas of their estates, in the latter part of the last century and in the beginning of the present one, with larch, Scotch fir and spruce, thus forming for the restored birds the perfection of cover and food.'

In an ingenious map, so contrived as to show how the bird has spread from the place of its introduction in the central district of Taymouth, I find it has now become pretty generally acclimatised all over the country, and the chronological account of its spread throughout Scotland which has been prepared by Mr. Harvie Brown is exceedingly interesting, and shows, more than any other portion of the volume, the painstaking way the author has gone about his labours. The capercaillie has been successfully and separately intro-

duced on the Duke of Hamilton's island of Arran, but, as showing the difficulties which have to be encountered in attempting such feats as the introduction of a foreign bird into a new locality, I may quote the account of what was done in Sutherlandshire:—

‘It may interest you to know the result of an attempt made in 1870, by Mr. Chirnside, of Skibo, to introduce capercailzies into Sutherlandshire. A sitting of ten eggs was obtained, I think, from Perthshire, and these were all hatched out at Skibo. Five of the young birds were handed over to the care of the gamekeeper of Mr. Gilchrist, of Ospisdale, the adjoining property, but all of these died within three weeks. Of the five left at Skibo, three arrived at maturity, when unfortunately a weasel attacked and killed one of them, and during the hubbub and confusion occasioned by this, the cock bird would appear to have flown into the kennel of dogs, where it was destroyed, for the feathers were afterwards found there. The remaining bird, a hen, frequented the woods about Skibo Castle for two years after this, and was last seen in the garden in July 1872, after which it finally disappeared. What its ultimate fate was I cannot learn with certainty, but there are no capercailzies at present on either of the properties of Skibo or Ospisdale.’

The introduction of the capercailzie to the island of Arran was effected by bringing a supply of the parent birds: six hens and one cock were brought from Taymouth in 1843, and in 1846 eight hens and two cocks were received direct from Sweden; it is considered, notwithstanding the fact that thirty or forty of these birds may be seen in a day's walk, and that twenty nests may be found in a season, no increase beyond eighty or ninety can take place, owing to the limited extent of wood and planting—in other words, there is not feeding and breeding room for any larger number.

An interesting chapter occurs in Mr. Harvie Brown's work relating to the rather alarming decrease of black game which has taken place in Scotland during the last fifteen or twenty years, and which, from its being concurrent with the increase of the capercailzie, has led many persons to lay the blame on the ‘cock of the woods,’ and to ask wherein lies the gain, if by acclimatising the capercailzie we are to lose the black cock and grey hen? That is a question which excites my sympathies, but it is only just to say Mr. Harvie Brown's defence is so far successful, inasmuch as the decrease in black game may be shown to proceed from other causes, as, for instance, the state of the drainage, and the changes in planting. ‘Birds,’ as an eminent American writer on the subject observes, ‘are a highly specialised group, very liable to modifications, resulting from environmental causes, and very susceptible to the changes of condition that may supervene.’ Exactly; and as the author says, much of the decrease in black game which has taken place during late years must be attributed to that open draining, and such other land improvements as have tended to injure and destroy the natural grasses and derange the food supply of the birds. Moreover, there must be taken into the account another factor in the destruction, namely,

that 'overshooting,' which, as regards these birds, has become a great fact. In the south of Scotland, in places which were at one time famous for their abundance of black game, a system of wholesale shooting—I cannot call it *sport*—has been devised which may speedily exterminate the bird altogether. A public meeting has recently been held at New Galloway to denounce the practice, and not before it was time. As was mentioned by one of the speakers, the plan adopted for the massacre of the birds is to erect, immediately after harvest, a series of hurdles, wattle them with corn, place more corn inside, and so, having attracted the birds to the spot, kill them indiscriminately and send them to market! As I have already more than once hinted, in connection with fish and game birds, wherever commerce begins, sport deteriorates. I shall not, however, say more on the subject at present, but as the man in the play says, 'a time will come' for further exposure and denunciation.

Harking back for a moment to the bird we know best—"the bird of sport"—I am able, from my own personal knowledge and from information I have received, to present to the readers of 'Baile,' as regards the passing season, the following pertinent facts and observations.

'On every moor in Scotland shooting on "the 12th" was, this year, a premature commencement of sport; the birds, almost without exception, being too small. So much was this the case, that the keeper of a gentleman whom I know, when told to keep a note of the number of small birds which he passed through his hands, said it was impossible to do so, as he did not know where to draw the line! "Fancy," said a dealer whom I spoke to on the subject, "forty and fifty brace of grouse coming in hampers "which used to be full with half the number!"' As regards the question of disease, resulting from overstocking, one of my correspondents, an extensive dealer, says: 'Another proof of overstocking being the cause of disease has come under my notice this season. I have been watching all the moors from which I receive game, and find that those moors on which most birds were killed last year and on which the birds were supposed to have suffered most from the weather during the winter, have yielded me this season the best supplies of grouse; and had the hatching season proved more favourable than it did, we should, this year, have had one of the greatest grouse seasons on record. Another moor, on which the proprietor was last year unable to shoot, and gave no instructions to his keeper to do so until the birds had become so wild that he was unable to get near them, has this year produced more diseased birds than all the other moors from which I obtain supplies. Happily, however, the season has passed over so far without any diseased grouse worth noting being seen, but there is always, it may be stated, a small percentage of such birds even in the very best years. The birds in question have shown all the symptoms of "the disease" which ravaged the Scottish heather some years ago; a fine and glossy plumage, the stomach gorged

‘with food—to all appearance splendid birds, but when you handle them you find them perfect skeletons.’

A word now as to the recent market prices of grouse may, perhaps, prove instructive to both lairds and tenants. The sums returned to lessees of moors have been very much under the average of former years; indeed, on some days birds could scarcely be sold, through enormous supplies of small grouse being forced upon the dealers. On the first day, London prices opened at 10s. per bird, but no Scotch birds (unless perhaps a few poached ones) arrived until the second day, when best grouse realised 5s. 6d. to 6s. down to 2s. 6d. each, and after the third day prices did not average 3s. per brace all round. These figures continued till the 26th of August, when the markets became clear, and as a rule grouse then became scarce, owing to the wet, stormy weather. Prices rose in consequence, but birds never were higher than 4s. 6d. each. Large contractors have lost a deal of money, which they will not be able to get back this season, as grouse have now become too wild, for sport and sportsmen have nearly all deserted the heath. Owing to the late harvest, grouse are only just coming down to the lowlands. As I pen these remarks (11th October), I have handled some birds with corn in them, which is fully a month later than usual. As in former years, the Campbeltown shootings have this season produced the finest grouse, and fewer small birds have come from that district than from any other part of Scotland. This season, despite the fact of birds having been plentiful, has been rather an abnormal one, too short both for the sportsman and the dealer. Sport was easy at first, from the weakness of the birds, but when they became strong on the wing the sportsman began to find the work too hard, and gave it up. As to the position of the dealer, he found himself overstocked with birds in the early days when no profit could be obtained; and latterly, when he could have sold to advantage, the grouse had become scarce.

NULLUM* TETIGIT QUOD NON ORNAVIT.

WHEN one of the Duke's officers, not knowing that the great man was close to him, asked in his hearing, ‘Where is Wellington?’ the F. M. reproved him on the ground that the king's officers should not, even behind the backs of their commanders, speak disrespectfully of them. The Sub., begging his Grace's pardon, excused himself by saying that as the world only knew ‘Cæsar’ and ‘Napoleon,’ without any prefix to their names, he thought it due to his commander to put him on a similar footing. So, if you please, Mr. Baily, the great writer about whom I am going to talk shall be known as ‘Thackeray’ only; and in taking the Latin text at the heading hereof I am simply applying to Thackeray's writings in the

* *Subaudi* “genus scribendi.”

same words the eulogium which Samuel Johnson applied to those of Oliver Goldsmith, and which are inscribed on his monument, near to which, most appropriately, are placed the busts of Thackeray and Macaulay, in Westminster Abbey.

Very many rash men rushed into print about Thackeray's life and writings, and utterly failed by damning the great author with faint praise, and misquoting and misinterpreting his works, which they never had the brains to understand; the only benefit to any living creatures being to themselves who pocketed the guineas for slovenly book-making; and practically, so to say, sticking their shabby advertisements on Thackeray's bust in Westminster Abbey, just as I once saw the 'prices at the bar' hung round Wordsworth's statue at the Crystal Palace. Even noble brutes are honoured after death, and the hide of a dead lion and the skin of a dead tiger have a prominent position in the drawing-room, and are only trodden on by the dainty feet of ladies; and surely the memories of great men of letters should be sacred, as regards their private life, to those who bear their name.

Let us gauge the truthfulness of Thackeray's life sketches by selections of his writings in which he treats of the lower portions of humanity, all of which are familiar to us who have seen the great world of London by day and by night, but which are unknown to many of the higher classes except as seen through carriage or club window occasionally on the days of state processions, and also of sketches of character in the sporting world. With all his alleged cynicism (mind I say *alleged*), Thackeray, of all men, judged the lower world with the greatest kindness, and took them as they were, just so good, and no better and no worse, reserving his terrible satire for meanness, swindling, and premeditated wrong.

In one of his earliest writings, published in 'Fraser' in 1840, which now is little known, 'Going to see a Man Hanged,' he has, in my humble opinion, drawn one of the most powerful pictures of a low crowd in London ever penned. There is no morbid sentimentality about the 'awful crime' and 'his painful duty'; he tells the story right out how he and X, who had voted with Mr. Ewart against capital punishment, and Z go to the hanging of Courvoisier; how they all start in X's carriage at 4 o'clock A.M., go through the bright streets, all pretending to be in high spirits; how they arrive at Newgate and experience a sudden shock from the appearance of a black beam jutting out from the prison. They recover the 'gallows 'shock,' and devote themselves to the practical jokes and amusement of the crowd with whom they mix. They forget all about the hanging, watching the people at the windows, including a party from a club of men of fashion, headed by one whom the crowd suppose to be, though he is not, the Marquis of Waterford, who asperses the crowd with brandy and water; they are immensely amused by a street Arab who endeavours again and again to occupy a post of vantage, and is vigorously repulsed by the owner of the house; and when the boy at last succeeds they all cheer, delighted

with his victory, they know not why. A rough philosopher in a ragged shirt with much good common sense expounds his views of politics and matters in general, and the writer calculates how much that man cares for the three hundred and ten members of Parliament, gentlemen of good fortune mostly, able to quote Horace, who swear by their gods that the country will be ruined unless Sir Robert comes in, or for the three hundred and fifteen gentlemen, who quote Horace too, and swear the safety of their country by Lord John. Mr. Bill Sykes, 'Nancy' and a younger sister, of whom the first-named seems very fond, are there; and on a powdery baker insulting a woman a dozen rough fellows were ready to offer their protection. In fact he discovers in this great crowd, which consisted of what we call the scum of the earth, elements of manliness and good, as much as in many other places. We have nothing to do with capital punishment in this article, but before leaving the subject it may be remarked that Thackeray closed his eyes in horror at the final tragedy, which he said haunted him long afterwards, and he concludes with these words:—

'I feel myself ashamed and degraded by the brutal curiosity which took me to that brutal sight; and that I pray to Almighty God to cause this disgraceful sin to pass from among us, and to cleanse our land of blood.'

In confirmation of Thackeray's evidence as regards the honest 'rough' (not your professional thief), listen. In 1864 a man, *cognomine* Wright, was hung for murdering a woman, who was a wretched termagant and drove the man crazy by her conduct, pawning and wrecking the house for gin. The man had his shaving things out, including an open razor, and the she-devil—for that is what they called her—'bullyragged' him when he came home, and they quarrelled, and afterwards made it up and went out very friendly. The man came home and lay down to sleep, and she woke him up and attacked him again. Then he jumped up and killed the woman with the razor in a fit of passion and madness. Tumultuous meetings were held with a view to a reprieve; noisy agitators encouraged the angry feeling, mobbed the Home Office, and even went to Windsor and got into the Castle, and by their conduct prevented the possibility of a respite. The police expected a riot, and possibly an attack on the prison, as the erection of the gallows on the previous evening to the execution had exasperated the crowd to desperation. I went into the crowd and was there from 10 o'clock to 1 A.M. (when I went home), and discussed the question quietly with the costermonger class. I never saw such a scene of excitement—indignation meetings, prayer meetings, psalm-singing, but little or no drinking, for the mob were too excited to go indoors, but waiting outside for mischief, if necessary. Thackeray says in *his* article that the language would astonish drawing-room folks; and a very poor and ragged costermonger, whom I interviewed, who lived in the same court with the capital convict, and who 'used the same parlour as he 'did,' and who gave the man an excellent character for industry and

good-fellowship, except when the woman drove him mad (I am bound to say with innumerable double-barrelled adjectives and substantives), wound up thus, as far as I can remember: ‘You know Mr. Blank, sir, in Billingsgate market; quite the gentleman, sir, and I buy my fish of him. I drew a quid’ (sovereign) ‘off him to subscribe to get the poor fellow off, and if they put him off for a week, I can get two more, and will do it too.’ He expressed some opinions about the Government which were *not* laudatory, certainly. But how many of us would draw a cheque three times over, equal to the costermonger’s ‘quid,’ in the same cause, say for a fellow-member of our club? To show what popular feeling was, the man was hung before a mere handful of people, and thousands of roughs occupied the approaches to the gaol and entreated people to stay away, which they did.

Let us now take Thackeray in a jocular mood, about the Prize Ring, and turn we to his ‘Roundabout Paper’ ‘On some late great ‘Victories.’ He describes how he sees a little newspaper boy sitting on a doorstep and reading to an audience consisting of a crossing-sweeper and ‘a pretty orange girl with a heap of blazing fruit,’ following the lines with his finger. ‘And—now—Tom—coming up smiling—de-delivered a rattling clinker upon the—Benicia Boy’s potato-trap—but was met by a—punisher on the nose,’ &c. He finds the little fellow still at it on his return. Thackeray, not vouching for the correctness of his quotation, says that he had read in bed that morning a full account of the fight between Sayers and Heenan, in the ‘Times,’ and moralizes on what ought to happen to Tom. He quotes a precedent, how Lieutenant Smith, ‘Handsome Smith,’ was broke for obliging a French ship to lower her topsails, *temp.* Geo. II., and, by the King’s order, the next day was made ‘Captain Smith’; and he suggests that Tom should have a month on the mill for breaking the peace, and come out of prison ‘Sir Thomas Sayers.’ He tells Tom that he is a naughty boy, but we must love our enemies, and he is reprimanded; and he asks him, if he knows of a thousand or so misguided persons who, in case of England having need of a few score thousand champions, who, if stricken to the ground, will jump up and gaily rally and fall and rise again, and strike and die rather than yield, to send the names to the police stations, when means may be found to direct their misguided energies. He goes on to say:—

‘I suppose I mean that one-handed fight of Sayers is one of the most spirit-stirring little stories ever told; and with every love and respect for Morality—my spirit says to her, “do, for goodness sake, my dear madam, keep your true “and pure and womanly and gentle remarks for another day. Have the kindness “to stand a *little* aside and just let me see one or two more rounds between “the men.”’

‘Now when the ropes were cut from that death grip, and Sir Thomas released, the gentleman of Benicia was confessedly blind of one eye and speedily blind of both; could Mr. Sayers have held out for three minutes, for five minutes, for ten minutes more? He says he could. So we say we could have held out and did, and had beaten the enemy at Waterloo, even if the Prussians had not

'come up. The opinions differ pretty much according to the nature of the 'opinants. I say the Duke and Tom could have held out, and they *did* hold out, and there has been fistifying enough.'

Speaking of Heenan he says—

'Supposing he (Heenan) had tied Tom's corpse to his cab-wheels, and driven 'to Farnham smoking the pipe of triumph? Faugh the great hulking con-queror—why did you not hold your hand from yonder hero?'

Then, again, in 'Vanity Fair,' what fun he makes of the visit of the Tutbury Pet to make a match with the Rottingdean Fibber, at Brighton, and describes how young Jim Crawley, who had spent the previous evening with the Pet at the Tom Cribb's Arms, when driving with his rich old aunt, in her chariot on the Steyne, there suddenly appeared on the cliff in a tax-cart, drawn by a bang-up pony—dressed in white flannel coats with mother-of-pearl buttons—his friends the Tutbury Pet and the Rottingdean Fibber, and three other gentlemen of their acquaintance, who saluted poor James there in carriage as he sate.

Turning to the Racing world, was any Derby ever better described than in 'Pendennis,' or any better description of a low lot of so-called sporting men?

'There might have been seen an old stage coach, on the battered roof of which 'a crowd of shabby rafs were stamping and halloaing as the great event of the 'day—the Derby race—rushed over the green sward, and by the shouting 'millions of people assembled to view that magnificent scene. This was 'Wheeler's (the Harlequin's Head) drag, which brought down a company of 'choice spirits from Bow Street with a slap-up lunch in the boot. As the 'whirling race flashed by, each of the choice spirits bellow out the names of the 'horse or the colours which he thought and hoped might be foremost. The 'Cornet! Muffineer! "It's Blue Sleeves." "Yellow Cap—Yellow Cap," 'and so forth yelled the gentlemen sportsmen during that delicious minute before 'the contest was decided; and as the fluttering signal blew out showing the 'number of the famous horse Podasokus* as winner of the race, one of the 'gentlemen of the Harlequin's Head drag sprang up off the roof, as if he was 'a pigeon about to fly away to London or York with the news.'

Colonel Altamont—the gentleman who danced on the roof—a runaway convict in reality, and blackleg, is a large winner, and shouts out—

'"Hooray! hooray! Podasokus is the horse; supper for ten, Wheeler, my 'boy, and damn the expense." . . . and each of the shabby bucks and dandies 'began to eye his neighbour with suspicion, lest that neighbour, taking his 'advantage, should get the colonel into a lonely spot and borrow money of him.'

Refer to page 196 of 'Pendennis,' and see the shabby bucks on the coach; and did you ever see four men of lower stamp of countenance?

And continuing the thread of the story as regards Thackeray's horror of low 'besting' sporting men, see how, in his different books, he crushes such men as Mr. Deuce-ace, Lord Crabs, Bloundel Bloundel—Pendennis' bane at Oxbridge—Captain Rook, and Major Loder,

* (Πόδας φικρς—observe the names all through this article.)

Becky Sharp's companion at Rome (the same man who shot Prince Rarioli at Naples next year, and was caned by Sir John Buckskin for carrying four kings in his hat, besides those which he used in playing at *écarté*). And in 'Club Snobs,' how he is down on Messrs. Spavin and Cockspur, who growl together in corners about sporting matters, playing billiards of a morning, drinking pale ale for breakfast. "I'll take your five-and-twenty to one about Brother 'to Blue Nose,'" whispers Spavin. "Can't do it at the price," Cockspur says, wagging his head ominously, &c. &c. See Mr. Spavin settling his toilet previous to his departure, 'giving his curl (in the glass) to his side wisps of hair.' These are the class one of whom he describes as going down to spend Sunday with Hocus 'the leg,' at his little box at Epsom.

Now for a brighter sketch in a country house in Hampshire, where Rawdon Crawley and his little son are staying with Sir Pitt, and the little boy enjoys the pigeons and horses and dogs, accompanying his father pheasant-shooting with Horn the keeper; has his first rat-hunt in the barn, in which an anxious little terrier (Mr. James's celebrated *dawg* 'Fawceps,' indeed) scarcely breathing from excitement, listens motionless on 'three legs to the faint squeaking of the rats below.' And then comes the lawn meet of Sir Huddleston Fuddlestone's hounds at Queen's Crawley. In my poor judgment Whyte-Melville, the king of men, could not have described better the advent of Tom Moody, the huntsman, trotting up the avenue, followed by the noble pack in a compact body, the whips, in stained scarlet frocks, on well-bred lean horses—Tom Moody's five-stone son on a large raw-boned hunter, half covered with a capacious saddle—Sir Huddleston's favourite horse, 'The Nob,' and of other horses ridden by small boys awaiting their masters. Thackeray describes how Tom Moody and his hounds drew off into a sheltered corner of the lawn, and the hounds roll on the grass, and play and growl until quelled by Tom's voice, unrivalled at rating. Then come the young gentlemen who go into the house, and pay their devoirs to the ladies and drink cherry brandy, and go out on the lawn and discuss with Tom Moody the merits of Sniveller and Diamond and the wretched breed of foxes; and Sir Huddleston arrives, and being a man of business goes quickly to work, and little Rawdon goes in amongst the hounds, excited, yet half alarmed, by the caresses which they bestow upon him, and at the thumps which he receives from their tails, and at their canine bickerings, hardly restrained by Tom's tongue and lash. Then Sir Huddleston, having hoisted himself unwieldily on 'The Nob,' says to his huntsman: 'Let's try Sowster's Spinney, Tom; Farmer Mangel tells me there 'are two foxes in it.' And Tom blows his horn, followed by the pack, and is joined by the Rev. Bute Crawley, whom Tom Moody remembers forty years ago a slender divine, riding the wildest horses.—And hounds and horses disappear, and the curtain drops.

Next, let us look at Thackeray at the theatre and in London by night. Ladies need not be alarmed, for the great author never drew

up the curtain 'on moral grounds to show how wicked London is,' as book-makers do; and, 'as a painful duty,' get an enormous profit by the sale of a book, which, though valuable for state statistics, is unfit for general reading. What fun there is in his 'night's pleasure,' in his 'Sketches and Travels in London,' when he takes Master Augustus Jones to the theatre, his family calling for him at the Sarcophagus Club (where the young gentleman dines with Mr. Spec) in Cox's fly. The author's account of the misery of the boy, occasioned by dread of being too late; their arrival at the theatre; the delight of Master Jones at seeing Smith in the pit, to whom he makes signs and talks, is charming. The article is a parody on 'London Assurance.' It is no good quoting it. People must read the account of Bob Bulger, who plays Bob Fitzoffley, the fashionable dog of the aristocracy; Bulger being a meritorious actor, though stout and fifty years of age, dressed in a rhubarb-coloured coat and several under-waistcoats; Slang, the groom or valet, who cuts into the conversation with the company; Frank Nightrake being 'discovered' attired in a close-fitting chintz dressing-gown, lined with glazed red calico, and seated before an enormous pewter teapot at breakfast; Lady Gad-about paying a morning visit to Rose Ringdove, in a low satin dress, with jewels in her hair; Saucebox, her attendant, in diamond rings and brooches; and Mrs. Tallyho, who does all the business of life in a riding habit, and points her cuts with a whip. Then comes the description of the pantomime, 'Harlequin and the Fairy 'of the Spangled Pocket-Handkerchief, or the Prince of the 'Enchanted Nose.' He revels in the pantomime overture, which commences with 'Old Dan Tucker,' and other tunes easy of recognition, and the picture is so true to life that one almost fancies it reality. Listen to the finale—remembering that Prince Aqueline's nose, through the curse of the enchanter Gorgibus, king of the Maraschino Mountains, grows as long as a sausage, and his life becomes a burthen, when his fairy godmother, Bandanna, gives him a pocket-handkerchief, which makes him invisible. However, the enchanter Gorgibus, who is a superior power, finds him, and seizing him by the tremendous nose, is about to cut off his head, when—

'The Fairy Bandanna (Miss Bendigo) in her Amaranthine car drawn by Paphian doves appeared, and puts a stop to the massacre. King Gorgibus becomes pantaloons, the two giants first and second clown, and the prince and princess the most elegant harlequin and columbine. The nose flew up to the ceiling, the music began a jig, and the two clowns, after saying "How are you!" 'knock down pantaloons.'

After the play comes a visit to the Cave of Harmony, in which Mr. Spec is accompanied by young Grigg—brother to Grigg of the Life Guards, himself reading for the bar, a regular man about town—where he meets Bardolph, his old schoolfellow, a great Greek scholar, who muddles away his life in London, living on a fellowship at his Club, and on nocturnal whisky and water. The funny sneer

at men who know classics and nothing else is too delightful, when the author records the lines which made Bardolph immortal, in a prize poem, when an undergraduate :—

‘ Qualia conspiciens catulus ferit æthera risu,
Ipsaque trans Lunæ cornua vacca salit.’

The Cave is Evans’s old supper-rooms, because in the original papers in ‘Punch’ there is a very good caricature sketch of Sharpe—a well-educated man of cultivated manners—the comic singer, and some moral reflections are introduced on the cruelty of making an intelligent young fellow put on a comic hat, and sing a senseless song about ‘Molly,’ and ‘feyther,’ and ‘kyows.’ Many of us remember Evans’s in the old days, when old Evans used to sing ‘The Old Country Gentleman,’ and ‘If I had a Thousand a Year, Gaffer Green,’ and Paddy Green in the Chair wore a wig, and carried on a mock German dialogue with Herr von Joel, and a delicate-looking young fellow from Westminster Abbey sang ‘Kathleen Mavourneen’ exquisitely, and a pudding-faced young man, a fair musician (who, by-the-by, was afterwards turned out of a church choir for constantly going to service drunk), sang, and very well too. Very late at night, poor Sharpe with his comic hat sang songs that would not be tolerated now, and which though not moral were very witty, like parts of Horace in fact (not worse though than some which they sing at some music halls), but not outrageous. It was at the ‘Coal-Hole’* that real blackguardism was the only attraction, but no gentleman went there a second time. Be it remembered, once and for ever, that Paddy Green, at Thackeray’s earnest request, wiped out the only stain on the entertainment, and abolished all doubtful songs. Paddy Green told me this himself.

We have gone through now an execution crowd and the ring, the Derby and low betting men, the country-house, the theatres, and one of the supper night cellars, though we have not touched on a thousandth part of the subjects on which Thackeray wrote; only on every-day subjects. Let us see what Thackeray taught as regards young men’s social life. In ‘Pendennis,’ at Oxbridge, Thackeray has ‘buoyed the channel,’ and pointed out the quicksands of debt and folly, and keeping idle society. In Pen’s London career, he shows through Stunning Warrington how life may be enjoyed in a somewhat Bohemian manner, without blackguardism. In the fast military life in ‘Vanity Fair,’ where he pictures the Mess-room of the Life Guards Green on Sunday morning, when young Tandyman, a hero of

* When the proprietor of the Cider Cellars, well and properly remembered as a supper room, where admirable singing, especially Locke’s music in Macbeth, was to be heard, and also sacred to the memory of Porson, the great Greek scholar (doubtless the prototype of Bardolph), whose portrait hung in the supper room), ventured to introduce a clever dramatic and dreadfully blasphemous song called ‘Sam Hall,’ before midnight—after which hour those who enjoyed good singing, and who did *not* want blackguard singing, might go home—Mr. Punch, probably advised by Thackeray, jumped out of his merry box, and put Mr. Sam Hall—his candle out.

seventeen, who was very knowing about a late fight, to which he had driven the Barking Butcher, the adversary of the Tutbury Pet, to the ground, said, 'Had there not been foul play he must have won. All the old files of the ring were in it;' and Tandyman wouldn't pay—'No, dammy, he wouldn't pay!'—Tandyman is represented after breakfast, with a bull terrier between his legs, tossing for shillings with all his might against Captain Deuce-ace; and although a knowing hand in Cribb's parlour, had a lingering taste for toffy, and had been birched at Eton within twelve months. This is a playful satire against the temptations of boys years ago, and I presume that the Author did not prophesy ultimate perdition to young Tandyman for doing as boys did in days when morals were loose—and fast regiments were fast regiments before the days of competitive examination, that national *blessing* (?).

Judge the man by his works, good readers, and be not content with his fun only, but read his satire also on what is mean and shabby, and examine yourselves by it, even if the physic is strong; and above all, follow his footsteps in his walks when on a charitable mission. Go with him and Frank Whitestock, the curate, into Sedan Court, and visit the little orphan family who are keeping home whilst mother is 'out a-charing'; and see Frank Whitestock receiving by instalments from the brokendown tradesman the loan which he procured for him to get his tools out of pawn. And in his great work, 'The Humourists and Satirists of the Last Century,' unequalled by any writer since the days of 'The Spectator,'* observe how he worships the great intellectual powers of the celebrated authors of the past, and how mercifully he deals with their errors—the debt and drunkenness of Dick Steele, for instance, and the loose life of Henry Fielding, of whom he says:—

'I should like as a young man to have lived on Fielding's staircase, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latch-key, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and hear him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer.'

As to Thackeray himself, those of us who have lived in London all our lives must have seen him frequently, as his commanding figure, and quick, observant eye, and a habit—which Lord Macaulay also had—of talking to himself, attracted general attention, and people turned round and said, 'That's Thackeray!' It was many years after the commencement of his career that he was well known and appreciated by the public. He 'educated his party,' and taught thinking men to believe that it was good for them to have their shortcomings pointed out, and to sift out for themselves motives for their conduct in life, and to be charitable to the shortcomings of

* Will the reader find anything in 'Spectator' which can surpass the finale of the life of Swift, or the introduction of the comic muse in 'Congreve's Life'? or, in the Four Georges, Thackeray's address to an American audience, 'Oh, brothers, speaking the same dear mother tongue,' &c., in recording the last sad years of the life of George III. during his blindness and insanity.

others—for that is the moral of Thackeray's writings. I met him personally twice at his own house by appointment; on the first occasion, twenty-five years ago, as an utter stranger, who had requested his aid in getting an introduction to a magazine—and had he been my own father, he could not have taken more trouble or been kinder: on the second occasion, in 1860, it was about a magazine article which he was kind enough to accept; and on the third occasion, at the 'Hotel des Deux Mondes,' in Paris, when on mentioning to him the fact that an old Scotch retired officer, who got drunk at a café in the Palais Royal every night, and who spoke the worst possible French in the broadest Highland dialect, to the amusement of all, tried to pass himself off as a Frenchman, and pretended not to understand English, and would be a capital subject for a 'Roundabout Paper,' he answered, 'Is it quite fair to laugh at a possibly brave old fellow in his cups?'

I saw him last in the street just outside my own house in Cadogan Place, on the day before Christmas Eve 1863, with two ladies, stopping a party of three poor little Sunday-school children who had come for their prize tickets, and who had taken toll out of two large hampers of plum-cakes, bon-bons, &c., &c., which had been sent to my children by kind friends, and which were open on the table, some of which, with an eye to keeping the doctor out of the house, I was glad to get rid of. He stooped down and tasted the cakes, and laughed with the little women—I only wish I knew what he said—and his hand went into his pocket, and a 'pecuniary transaction took place,' (as he used to say); and, to my horror, on looking at the 'Times' the next morning, I read that that generous hand, which was always open in kindness, was still for ever. In honest truth I believe that he deserves the motto which heads this article, and that amongst the best moral works, and best models for pure classical English, are the writings of Thackeray. It is devoutly to be hoped that some day the family will publish his private life, entrusting the work to loving friends who made the pilgrimage with him and knew him well.

Mitcham.

F. G.

JAMAICA JOTTINGS.

WE have injected our 'Griff' into Jamaica, and introduced him to the Kingston races, with all their peculiarities, precedent and consequent. His love of sport, and interest in the running horses (out of whom he managed, by keeping his eye clear and his judgment unbiassed, to extract a few golden doubloons, the invariable medium of a bet in this still semi-Spanish island), had put him on a friendly footing with the stewards of the races, who had given him a place in their stand at the meeting, and here he had seen and rather enjoyed a very peculiar Jamaica custom by which, as soon as the owner of a race-horse is declared a winner, and his jockey 'all right,' the occupants of the aforesaid stand, following an unbroken tradition, order cham-

pagne, cherry brandy, and ice to be compounded in a loving cup or cups and handed round to the thirsty and worshipful company assembled, at the said owner's cost and charge. Invitations which would, if carried out in their spirit and integrity, have occupied half the span of a reasonable life, to sugar-estates, coffee plantations, horse and cattle pens, and mercantile emporiums, had poured in upon him after a few nights spent rather promiscuously in watching the fluctuations of fortune at Lansquenet (here called Lammy), loo, and *vingt-et-un*. A main of cocks, when he made the acquaintance of that most adventurous exile, St. Anna, completed his initiation into the insular manners and customs; and before the month's cycle had been completed, he had visited the hospitable proprietor of the Blue Mountain coffee plantation, H. Coppard, who rode races at seventy, and fancied he had detected a film of ice on his morning tub water; then he had put in a pleasant week with the 'White Regiment' cantoned on high at Newcastle, when the excitement of the hour was the feat performed by one of the buckra officers, of riding from Newcastle to Kingston, some sixteen miles, within the hour, five of the miles being down a sort of goat track which twisted round a semi-precipitous hillside; and this he performed in something like fifty minutes, having two native hillside ponies in turn, his own weight being about twelve stone. At Up Park Camp he mixed in 'Society,' got himself up for the band and the battery of Creole eyes, and in a pen close by learnt by experience how hard it is to job or transfix a pig when the horses are not trained to the sport, and the riders are novices; for a neighbour who lived hard by under the shadow of the Long Mountain, and who owned a private training ground inclosed by a *cheval de frise* of cactus plants, sent word to the regiment that a sound of young pigs had broken through the cactus wall, and, like the ducks of Mrs. Bond, awaited perforation by the unerring bamboo! Between awkward horses and awkward men, the pigs were triumphant, and retreated through the gaps unscathed.

Our friend's first attempt at gunning in Jamaica was very discouraging; *en vrai Anglais*, according to Alphonse Carr, he said to himself, 'It is a fine day; let me kill something. The thickly bushed plains of Lignanea must be full of fur and feather.' So, fired with enthusiasm and sporting impulse—to which, perhaps, pepper-punch at 6 A.M. and Madeira sangaree at 11 A.M. lent no little glamour—he sallied out alone in the most gossamer of tweed jackets and knickerbockers, canvas shoes, and Panama hat, for the latter of which articles he had paid the modest sum of two dubs, but it was a miracle of 'straw goods,' as the Yankees say. Now the great plain of Lignanea, out of which the Blue Mountains rise in beautiful tiers, had in the palmy days of Jamaica been overspread with villas belonging to grantees, official, mercantile, legal, and naval. Once these fair oases were abandoned, the encroaching and overwhelming bush usurped them, and in a very few years they became indistinguishable 'ruinate,' though quartered and demarcated by the old barricades of cactus and penguin. A story of Lignanea may be

introduced here, *en parenthèse*. The Kingston Militia uniform, red and black, is very like that of the Line. A planter, who had held a lieut.-col.'s commission in it, went to a *levée* at St. James's, and in the crush he was accosted by General —, a celebrity in the Indian service, who, being near-sighted, took him for some one else. 'How d'y'e do, Colonel?—when did we meet last?' The planter was a wag, and equal to the occasion. 'Oh yes; to be sure; we've had many a hot day together on the plains of Lignanea.' This was a poser, geographical and historical. But our hero too had a hot day there. Entering the bush to see if he could hold straight, he shot a brace of ground doves, right and left, and though they were rather poor specimens of game, they went into the game-bag. Beautiful humming-birds buzzed like bees round the aloë-trees which he met at intervals in the clearings, and if he had only had some beads or dust-shot, two or three 'doctors' would have taken their places next the ground doves. After an hour or two of weary walking through ebony, logwood, and cashaw bush, a huge yellow snake, coiled up in the fork of a tree, caught his eye, and two barrels brought it down quite dead, but it was too heavy to take away, so it had to be left behind, to his regret; and now at last, in a patch of guinea-grass near an old dwelling, there was a sudden whirr of wings belonging to a covey of Virginia quails, but before he could get his gun up they had dipped over what looked like an embankment of pineapple plants, and to break through it and follow his quarry was the work of an instant. The pineapple plants were penguin bushes, rather scratchy and painful to encounter; but the bank top was gained; and now to jump down. It looked facile as the descent to Avernus, but on the far side, too wide to clear at a spring, was a rank growth of yuccas, all glorious with bell-shaped white flowers, bristling with spines, sharp as lancets and thick as herrings in a barrel, or steel pens in a new box of Mr. Gillott's manufacture. He jumped short, impaled himself, but, almost faint, and bleeding profusely, struggled into the open minus everything and in wretched plight; '*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*,' was his reflection as he lay in a hammock in a neighbouring pen, whither he had been carried by a passing Samaritan, nursed by a light-footed Creole 'Miss,' past mark of mouth, whose skill in herbs had averted a touch of fever. Port Royal and the Palisades next claimed him, to get some strength from the strong sea breeze, and to try and catch Port Royal Jack, the famous shark who haunted the guard-ship, and who was perhaps a cotemporary of the victims of the earthquake which engulfed the old town, only restoring one man from the abysses! Here he had a good run with a devil-fish, who got away after six or seven miles, best pace, and if the famous old shark was too wary to be taken by the angle, some of his family fell victims to their voracity, and were hauled up with ropes and tackle on to the jetty at the Gunners' barracks. A quiet life, quinine taken as bitters with sherry, and turtle soup *ad libitum*, quickly restored our sportsman, who soon after had a most successful

stalk of wild goats on the hills overlooking the Apostles' Battery, so called from the twelve guns which form its strength. Next day he spent at the Caijmanas sugar estate, when the lagoons supplied him with that peerless fish the callipeva, and he bagged a few ducks and teal, though warned that he waded at the risk of a bilious remittent fever.

Spanish Town, or more euphoniously, in the language of Castille, St. Iago de la Vega, is the official capital of Jamaica, as Kingston is its commercial port and centre. Here, surrounded by a cordon of legal luminaries and salaried satellites of all kinds, lived at King's House the Governor and High Admiral of the colony, assisted or impeded in his functions by a motley and polychrome parliament, and a House of Lords all titularly 'honourable' men. There was a garrison here, moreover, an old gun or two, used more for saluting than breaching, and our immigrant soon found his way to the mess, his baggage having been sent off to an officer's quarters. A great match was on and to be decided after tiffin, a pony a side, owners up 12 stone each, 2 miles. Our friend's host was riding a nice handy mare about 15—2, with tolerable pace, but—of the pair—admirably bent and certain to do her best and to be well steered. The other was a very superior horse, first cousin to the Dutchman, but uncertain of temper and sure to be indifferently ridden by a young ensign who had just come out with a vast array of racing gear and colours. A visit to the two men's quarters soon decided our hero where to place his little fiver. The young ensign in his flurry had put on his tops before his breeches, and was vainly struggling to force his legs through the narrow aperture! The race was a very one-sided affair. The ensign had the sense to wait on the mare, but coming home by the distance there was a road leading to the stables; here his opponent came away at speed, and, pretending to finish, made such use of his whip that his antagonist did the same, slackened his reins, and his horse bolted off incontinent.

Having written his name in the 'Gubernatorial Ledger,' our sportsman accepted an invitation to shoot peacocks in a pen by the Spanish Town river. The first three or four cocks rose within easy distance, but after a few shots they took green cartridges, and five brace only were bagged, plus two white hens, a brace of quail, and two guinea birds. On his way to the Milk River Bath, in the parish of Vere, whose medicinal waters are sovereign for rheumatic affections, he did better with the guinea birds, getting four brace in the guinea grass fields, and four more from a couple of drives; and canoeing in the Milk River he wasted a good many bullets on the alligators which swarmed in the waters. Mandeville was now his destination, as a race meeting which he was anxious to see was coming off in a week's time; and, as at Kingston, the preparatory work was rather better fun than the meeting itself. Here was high plateau country, with mornings and evenings deliciously cool, and the midday sun not intolerably hot—a most enchanting climate in fact, with endless

park scenery all round, the staple being forest clothing the hills and ravines, the pasturage having been cleared out by labour and kept free from bush and weed by cattle and industry. The racecourse was in the middle of the village, part of it consisting of the main street; it began with a descent steep as Holborn Hill before the viaduct's formation, the finish was sharper than Snow Hill, and the twists and turns would have appalled a Newmarket trainer, and shocked the jockeys who hated the old Roodee track; nevertheless, morning after morning the black lads tore round it at fullest speed, nor were there any accidents till some rain fell, and the surface got slimy and greasy, when long striding horses became useless. There was a good two-year-old stake here, with about thirty entries, and some smart sires and daughters of Javelin, Black Doctor, Chit Chat, &c., were engaged in it. Nothing is more infectious than the spirit of horse-racing, even in such rude and primitive forms as here presented, and after hesitating for a few days, our sportsman found himself the proprietor of a good-looking four-year-old colt and a three-year-old filly, both engaged heavily at the meeting. He did not, however, take on the stable-lads who looked after them, giving them into his own groom's charge. Next day the colt declined his indian-corn, and on examination his teeth were said to have been filled with fustic gum, while the new boy, who rode the filly, engaged in the 'Leger,' seemed fidgety and nervous, and presently it was whispered that the spell of Obi was on him, and that until the evil spirit was exorcised winning was impossible. Under the circumstances, and owing to the want of time, nothing could be done; but, determined to be represented at the race meeting, our hero entered his 'sumpter' mule for the race for these animals, which, in these islands, have a special value. She was the daughter of a thoroughbred mare, and had taken a wonderful fancy to the colt, a grey, so the colt lay in wait at a turn, a quarter of a mile from the start, and galloping on best pace was followed by the loving mule, who soon came up to him, and the pair raced home two hundred yards in front of the thirty starters. Some of them had bolted; all is fair in mule racing, so our friend pocketed his twenty guineas, less five deducted for 'winning bowl.'

We must reserve an account of the Mandeville races and our friend's sojourn in the splendid savannahs of St. Elizabeth Parish for a future number.

'KAFFIR LAND.'*

MR. BAILY,—As we all know, there is a kindred feeling between the readers and writers of your Magazine, because the latter cannot please the former unless they have a real love for the sport about which they write. Knowing the readers' taste, I have ventured to

* 'Kaffir Land; A Ten Months' Campaign.' By Frank Streatfield (Sampson Low, London).

go out of the beaten course to specially introduce the above-named book, which consists of 320 well-printed pages, as nearly as I can judge, without a word of exaggeration; and if you had only known how the Fingo commandant must have enjoyed, and how well he describes, bush life, I think you would have liked the articles for 'Baily.'

Mr. Frank Streatfield, an old Eton man, raised a body of Fingoes during the Kaffir war, by order of government, who were constantly spoken of as 'Streatfield's Fingoes' in the despatches to England. Although he does not tell you so in his own book, which is utterly un-egotistical, he must have made a splendid bush-soldier. The fact of his being constantly employed by Colonel Evelyn Wood * and Major Buller, during the Kaffir war, to say nothing of Lord Chelmsford having sent specially for him to form a regiment of irregulars in Zululand (which offer he was, unfortunately, obliged to decline), is a proof that he must have been a very good man indeed. Hundreds of cricketers in the south of England, especially in the neighbourhood of London, must have remembered Mr. Streatfield as one of the best 'all round' men to be found in the cricket field, in shooting, running, jumping, boxing, or anything else; ready to oblige anybody from a turn with the gloves down to going with a lot of old ladies to a missionary meeting, or taking a class at the Sunday-school, or a table at a school feast. Those who wish to read a book written by a real man will read 'Kaffir Land.' The reader is not bored to death about 'in-spanning' and 'out-spanning,' and 'off-saddling' and 'trecking,' or massacres of unfortunate animals who are hideously tame, and the usual African travellers' slang; but he will travel in imagination with Jim, an old Hampshire poacher and labourer, the author's inseparable companion and servant, and the black retriever 'Hettie,' and will eat biscuit and tough beef, and drink his coffee with a bushman's appetite, or smoke his pipe, and sleep *sub fove* with a light heart. He will read a capital account of what the black man really is; touching stories of the unfortunate Kaffir women and children whose husbands and fathers have been killed or hunted out, and whose homes are desolate; of the painful sight, after capturing cattle, to see calves or lambs fall out on the march from fatigue, and assegaied on the spot, and the poor mothers being driven on, lowing after their young. He will read charming descriptions of magnificent scenery, and records of occasional civilisation, or happy days spent at some private house, or with some regiments—especially the 24th of immortal memory—which contrast with the loneliness and hardship of the bush. The worth of black men is well reckoned up by his Fingoes, who had been well paid and well fed, threatening mutiny, and (it is the only mention he makes in the book of any exploit of

* In Sir Evelyn Wood's speech at Chelmsford on October 15th he says, 'I must recall Commandant Lonsdale, well named "Rupert," who at the head of his loyal Fingoes literally carried his life in his hand for two months, and with Frank Streatfield did nearly all the bush fighting in the Cape colony.'

his own) doubtless they would have broken out had he not put his left into the noisiest man's face, and drawn his revolver with a promise of shooting the first man who did not fall in. There is an undercurrent of sound good sense and kind feeling throughout the book which stamps the writer as a man of real unpretending courage and deep thought, without one atom of cant—the only thing which is worse than atheism, as the latter is a misfortune, the former trading on religion—and it will do every one good to read the book. The moral, though there is very little fighting in this book, is that war with savages is literally infernal; and the other moral is that the Government are simply mad to go on with these stupid competitive examinations as the *only* test of qualification for an officer. If Mr. Streatfield had gone into the army when he left Eton, nearly twenty years ago, he would have been an invaluable soldier in any regiment.

CRICKETER.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—October Odds and Ends.

'Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness'

well describes the opening days of that month which an old poet has called 'the evening of the year.' How glorious were the bright afternoons when the sun had struggled through the heavy still atmosphere, and lighted up 'the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned, and silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved.' Autumn's pencil has been late this year in most parts of England, and some woods were as yet untipped by it, while autumn days were young. We have a private opinion that the country in October, combined with pleasant country-house life, is about the most delightful existence we are acquainted with. You need not of necessity be hunting cubs or shooting 'rocketers,' either, to obtain felicity, though of course these amusements enter a good deal into the scheme; but the quiet, studious sauntering man, who can fling down his book and go into the woods, or stroll perhaps by the river side with rod and line, can find, should eye and mind be rightly attuned—'in haunts of coot and hern, on lawns and grassy flats, in 'brambly wildernesses'—poetry of nature's own making that shall put to shame the stilted rhymesters, who, in gorgeous letterpress and wealth of margin, babble of green fields in a language sometimes impossible to understand.

But for poor Londoners, whose only green fields are comprised in the parks, and for whom the ducks on the Serpentine make up for those 'haunts of coot and hern' above mentioned, what did they do in those balmy misty days, when life in the country was so sweet? Well, they got on pretty well, we fancy. The fires were lighted, you see, in the gloaming hour, and when the curtains were drawn, and one had got the evening papers well in hand, and was thinking about dinner, club life [did not look quite so desolate as it had done a month previously. Our Princes, too, had come home again. We do not mean H. R. H. or his royal brothers, but our own private and particular princes—the Jacks, the Freds, and the Charlies of many coteries, *facile principes* among good fellows, who

were shedding the light of their countenances on many smoking-rooms, and sowing good stories broadcast to admiring listeners. And what charming narratives they were, by the way, real 'Sunday stories,' as a fair lady of our acquaintance calls them; and if ladies were the only readers of the 'Van,' how happy we should be to give some of them here. Mr. Bailly, however, might object, so we will refrain. Men are *so* particular. Then the theatres were at their best and brightest. There, too, our Princes and also our Princesses had returned. Miss Litton reopened the Imperial, and called us back to the roystering days of Farquhar, the days when women were 'divinities' and men 'pretty fellows,' and drink and intrigue were the occupations of life. At least, so Farquhar sketched the scene, and we dare say he was not far wrong. Very perfect was the picture Miss Litton gave us of the comedies that delighted our ancestors. The opening scene of 'The Beaux' Stratagem,' the Bar Parlour of the Crown at Lichfield, with the arrival of the London stage, was a stage picture thoroughly effective without being overdone. And what a cast it was, and what a prologue and a speaker thereof. How happily Mrs. Stirling delivered Mr. Clement Scott's well-chosen words, and what a Lady Bountiful she made. But this is an old story now. The curtain dropped for a time on Farquhar to rise on Colman, and 'The Poor Gentleman' succeeded 'The Beaux' Stratagem.'

In the adaptation of 'Les Bourgeois de Pont Arcy,' Mr. Albery has hardly achieved a success, but the failure, if failure it be, is due to the inherent badness of the play, to the false sentiment on which its situations hinge, that, pardonable enough perhaps from a French point of view, are totally incomprehensible from an English one. Better had Mr. Albery left 'Les Bourgeois' where he found them, in their native home and with their native ideas. The transplanting of them to an English cathedral town was a very risky proceeding, and has only been saved from destruction by the adapter's well-written dialogue and the performers' art. M. Sardou has certainly failed to show that ingenuity in the construction of the plot which, in his other plays, has been such a conspicuous feature, while the leading idea of 'Les Bourgeois' is, as we have intimated, so utterly opposed to English notions that only the acting saved 'Duty' from ridicule. That the widow of a deceased country gentleman should, on finding her husband had left behind him a cast-off mistress and illegitimate child, be expected to go into convulsions of frenzy, and exhibit such a state of mind as Mrs. Hermann Vezin had to depict, is an outrage on the common sense of English women. Not less repugnant is it also to English feeling that a son should sacrifice the woman of his love to the false idea that he ought to conceal his father's peccadillo from his mother. It was only Mr. Conway's very clever rendering of the character that made it palatable to the audience. We must here congratulate that gentleman on having made such a distinct advance on anything he has hitherto done. Mr. Conway's Sir Geoffrey Deene was the success of the piece, and he exhibited powers, hitherto latent, but which we may fairly hope to see yet further developed. There was genuine art in the representation. Mrs. Hermann Vezin succeeded in personating an impossible (English) mother with a measure of success; and, next to Mr. Conway, the triumph of the cast is Mrs. John Wood as the vulgar, pushing wife of a self-made man. What the play, indeed, with its sickly sentiment and artificial distress, would have been without Mrs. John Wood, we can hardly tell. The character is rather floridly drawn, perhaps, but Mrs. Wood is at home in such parts, and but for her the whole affair would have been lugubrious. Mr. Arthur Cecil gave us an admirable sketch in the brother of the widow; and

Miss Marion Terry was, we need scarcely say, the most charming of *ingénues*. Indeed, the whole play was well acted; but we do not believe it will keep possession of the boards long.

If we were transported to an old world in 'The Beaux' Stratagem,' we were equally so in 'The Iron Chest'—a gloomy play, heavy too and wearisome but for the one character, which, despite much false sentiment and virtuous claptrap, yet exercises a spell on the audience difficult to resist. An artificial play, and an artificial hero, but the latter still a powerful one; and while we sit and listen to Storace's music, and the opening scene in the cottage of the virtuous poacher, and are half inclined to smile at what we suppose delighted our grandfathers and grandmothers, the smile dies away on our lips when Sir Edward Mortimer appears. The man is 'a fraud,' as Miss Lydia Thompson used to sing or say—an impossible being, but still one who holds you in his grasp; and, as represented by Mr. Irving, that grasp is not relaxed until the curtain falls. The keynote to Sir Edward's character is a twofold one. He is filled with goodness and remorse. A man, we are told, with the most amiable and loving of dispositions, who looks with pity on poachers and could almost shed tears over a dead cur, whose heart and purse are both open as the day, but yet a murderer. It was a part surely made for Mr. Irving; and we say this with the full knowledge of what an older generation tells us of the wonderful effect Edmund Kean created in it. We had seen what Mr. Irving could do with a guilty conscience in 'The Bells'—what a study he there gave us of a morbid mind, to be repeated to some extent in 'Eugene Aram.' But we think his Sir Edward Mortimer surpasses both these. Never did we see Mr. Irving so free from mannerisms as in 'The Iron Chest.' Quiet and subdued in the early scenes, it was in the final one of the play that the actor made his grand *coup*. Nothing finer in his range of characters have we seen than that hard, calm, and cruel face which, when seated in his library, Sir Edward wears. It is a mask, we know, to the hell of torment beneath, but it is a marble mask, and we see that he means to crush his defenceless secretary; and, though the curse of murder is on his soul, he will add yet another to the burden he bears. The revulsion of feeling when the knife drops from the paper, and a tempest of passion succeeds that immobility of countenance, was also very fine; and we felt we had not sat out Storace's music, the excellent Rawbold, Adam Winterton, a virtuous steward who spoke Elizabethan language, and Captain Fitzharding in vain. Mr. Irving certainly added another to his many triumphs.

But now we must tear ourselves away from Babylon, from crowded theatres and snug coffee-rooms, and turn our faces Eastward Ho. And what an old story that same eastward turning will be by the time these lines are in print. Racing—except to devotees and old fogeys with no idea beyond the Calendar—is only a nine days' wonder after all, be the race ever so 'big' and important. It is something to talk about for weeks beforehand, but after the winner's number has gone up, what is it? A game played out; a once well-spread board, with nothing now left but the crumbs; a curious puzzle over which we spent brains, judgment, and money, and now that the problem is solved, why 'tis as easy as lying. Half an hour ago we were eloquence personified. If we could not quite tell you what would win, we certainly could what would not; and when we modestly made our final selection, and awarded the race to one of two, we dare say most of us fully believed in our predictions. And now that they are scattered to the winds, nobody much minds. We are quite ready to take up our parable again and go over all the old talk—the talk that has been talked ever since the national pastime was

planted in these islands, and which, only with alterations in names, will go on to the crack of racing doom.

But though the story be old, our readers will expect ever so brief a *résumé*; and if, with the exception of the Cesarewitch, there was little of interest in the Second October, yet some record is necessary. The first day was notable for Lord Rosebery's colours being victorious in three races, and in two of them his lordship was really able to get a price about his horses. As it is a general rule for anything from Russley to start at 6 to 4, we hope both owner and trainer took the 5's and 6's to 1 about Camorra and Cipolata, and were thankful. Miss Sharpe ran up to her form in the 100*l.* Plate over the T.Y.C., and Grace Cup, a half-sister of Phillippine, made a good first appearance in the Ditton Stakes—where she beat, it is true, nothing better than Petal and the Aventurière colt, but still she subsequently showed what was in her in the Middle Park Plate, where want of condition told its tale. Nevertheless, she made Beaudesert do all he knew, and as she is as handsome as paint, though not in quite such a powerful frame as Phillippine, we anticipate a career for her. Ambassadors and Glen Ronald never could get on terms with Mark for the Produce Stakes, and that brought what, but for the speculation on the Cesarewitch, would have been a very dull afternoon to a close. The money was piled on Westbourne to such an extent that he looked at one time as if he would be first favourite, but Adamite's friends were quite as ready as Westbourne's backers, and the north-country horse kept the lead. There was a rush on Breadfinder at one period of the afternoon, and 10 to 1 was the best offer, but 100 to 9 might have been had before dinner, while Bay Archer and Parole were about in equal demand. Lansdowne received his *coup de grace*, and at the Rooms at night there were many inquiries about Advance, which was not comforting to Breadfinder's backers. We went to our pillows in a rather vague state of mind about the winner, though we need not have been if we had been on Adamite and Westbourne, and could have believed all the stories, and shared in the confidence of their respective stables.

Tuesday morning dawned favourably, and Newmarket was early astir and shaking off dull sloth, was quite ready to take up that Cesarewitch hymn of 'which is the winner?' the refrain of which our ears were well nigh weary of. But as the hour drew near the excitement intensified, and though the Westbournites were uneasy at the rather shaky condition of their horse, Mr. Gretton and Porter did not blench. To listen to the Adamite people, it was not a question of his winning. That was as good as over. The only question was by how many lengths would he win—and we believe Collins had instructions not to squander his field in too decisive a way. He was not to win by more than six lengths, if he could help it; and if possible, and Adamite would consent to the arrangement, was to play with Westbourne and indulge him with the semblance of a race. Bay Archer came out at last in the character which we always supposed he would represent after his good public trial in the Newmarket St. Leger, as the trusted one of the Manton stable. He was decidedly second favourite before the flag fell, and carried a lot of public money—and so, wonderful to say, did Parole. Another circumstance was the support awarded to Dresden China, and that too in the face of the great firmness of her stable companion; while Chocolate, the forlorn hope of Russley, came to 15 to 1. Mr. Christopher was wonderfully sanguine about Discord, and only feared Adamite, he said; while, though there were a good many quiet backers of Chippendale, the public were lured away by some extraordinary statements about Barley Sugar in the same stable. Mr. Davis

felt pretty certain that Sunburn would get a place, and it is worthy of note that Isonomy went back to 66 to 1, and that 200 to 1 might have been had about Jagellon, if any had chosen to risk a sovereign. As he finished fifth, his backers, if any, had a decided run for their money.

There were twenty-seven runners. It was to be regretted that the sun did not shine, and that the atmosphere was too thick to allow us to admire the brilliant tone of colour as it emerges from the gap, and comes along the broad expanse of the flat. Tantalising, too, was it that we could not for some time distinguish what was having the best of it at the T.Y.C., as each of us strained our eyes to look for the horse of our choice. As they quitted the T.Y.C. post, and came on to the Bushes, it was seen that Adamite held a lead on the right, and that Bay Archer, The Bear, Iron Duke, Dresden China, Bread-finder, and Westbourne were all going more or less well, and that the rear division included Isonomy, Advance, Parole, Prince George, and Chocolate. The pace, it was also seen, was moderate, led might perhaps be the more accurate word, but led as it was, it had been a great deal too good for many of the competitors, and before they reached the Bushes the favourite was seen to be in trouble, and his place was seen taken by Chippendale, who held such a commanding lead on passing the Bushes that the old *habitué*, whose custom it has been for years to take note of the race from that point, turned their faces homewards when the horses had passed, quite prepared to find Chippendale's number hoisted as the winner. What they were not prepared for was to find that Westbourne was second, for Mr. Gretton's horse was not among the leaders at the Bushes, though Dresden China was going strong and well. What occurred coming out of the Abingdon Bottom, when Saddington called upon Westbourne, has been variously told. That the horse swerved and bumped Isonomy, thereby damaging both his own and the latter's chance, there is no doubt. As the event proved, Westbourne had a lot in him, and if a man had been on instead of a boy his backers claim that he would have won. It is possible he might, but looking at Chippendale's commanding lead, and his subsequent running in the Queen's Plate, we are inclined to think that the best horse in the race won the Cesarewitch. That Isonomy, who ran a great horse, might have yet proved himself a greater by getting placed but for the collision with his stable companion, is probable, but after all these things, the collisions and bumpings, strikings into, &c., are part and parcel of the fortune of war. We know what would happen if ifs and an's were pots and pans, and that old adage strongly applies to racing. Our system of handicapping compels us to put a boy on a man's horse, to expect him to ride like a man, and to be very indignant with him when he does not. Saddington came in for much abuse, we believe, after the race, and with much injustice. These things have happened times out of number, and will continue to happen for some time longer, unless the handicapping of the future does away with the service of boys, which, as it is a very Utopian view, we had better dismiss from our minds.

The race was certainly a triumph of public form over private trials. Barley Sugar was the great tip of the Chippendale stable before the race, and that Adamite would be sure to beat Dresden China was an article of faith. Chippendale's running has been rather in and out, and, as a rule, we fancy the public let him alone. On his best performances, his chance looked excellent, but it was discounted by his running, where, in the St. George's Stakes, over a mile and five furlongs, he was beaten by Robbie Burns, Discord, Caxtonian, and Reconciliation, and now in the Cesarewitch Discord could never live with him. At Doncaster, in the Great Yorkshire Handicap,

Dresden China made such use of her weight, and did so run away with the race, that what was in reality second best was not easy to say; but Wadlow made no secret of his opinion that Chippendale would turn the tables on the mare at Newmarket. We suppose, between Ascot and Liverpool, Chippendale had been indulged, and, moreover, he doubtless likes two miles better than a mile and three quarters. He had been one of the steadiest horses in the market, hardly varying half a point, and though Lord Bradford is not by any means a heavy bettor, he threw in for a good stake, and the other supporters of the stable were doubtless on. The person to be pitied was Mr. Gretton, who had backed Isonomy for a place, while Westbourne did not carry a shilling for the same; one of the many instances of the well-laid schemes, &c., coming to grief. That Isonomy would have gained the situation but for Westbourne's interference there is little doubt, and so that horse owes his master 5000*l*. Whether he will ever pay him we cannot say, but it is more than probable. Next year, as handicappers cannot be expected to cast too favourable an eye upon him, we may see him a Cup horse of name and fame, or Isonomy the Second, who will help to swell the balance at Mr. Gretton's bankers, and fill his plate-room with the trophies of the Hancocks and the Garrards.

The Middle Park Plate day was tame in every way. Never since its institution had the Year Old Derby brought out so moderate a field. Beaudesert was the street-corner tip in everybody's mouth, and yet he had run badly at Doncaster; but then it was manifest he was anything but fit there, and now an improvement was claimed for him. Besides, it was known that a large offer—a very large offer—had been made Lord Anglesey for him, and when it was announced that Lord Arlington and Sir Frederick Johnstone had become his joint owners for the unexampled sum, for a two-year-old, of 7000 guineas, the horse became, in nearly everybody's eyes, the successful rival of Bend Or. The amount given for him seems excessive, we must confess, but his purchasers are men to whose judgment we must bow. Besides, the Sterlings are no doubt worth following now, and as the mania for giving false prices for horses has been steadily reviving for some little time, we may expect to see even Beaudesert's high figure surpassed. So strong was the fascination of Beaudesert, that people were found ready to take 6 to 4 rather than not be on, and '8 to 1 bar one' was the current offer in the ring. Grace Cup, of whom we have previously spoken, was second favourite, and there were favourable reports about Poulet and Seville, though in the race, according to the strict French rule, Poulet was well beaten by his stable companion, Dora. By the way, the Ring pronunciation of Poulet was 'Pull it,' a name which caused much amusement and some more or less brilliant sallies of wit. Beaudesert won cleverly, Grace Cup being second, and the despised Dora third. Evasion, Prestonpans, Glen Ronald, Poulet, and Seville ran badly, and the Bushes saw the end of their tether. Grace Cup looked well in the dip, but want of condition told as she breasted the hill. Lord Anglesey, by-the-by, subsequently, on the last day of the meeting, refused an offer of 4000 guineas for Prestonpans after Early Morn had won the Juvenile Plate. He is a wonderfully good-looking colt, this son of Prince Charlie, certainly, but still we should have thought the sum mentioned his full value.

The weather, which had been simply abominable on the Middle Park day, was everything that was delightful on Thursday, when the Champion Stakes was the feature of the card. There was the Newmarket Oaks, too, for which Whirlwind was the certainty, and although she only beat Adventure by a neck, it was one of Archer's easy ones. There was a rumour industriously

circulated that Rayon d'Or would not run for the Champion Stakes, but on what foundation we know not, probably none at all. Count de Lagrange would not be likely to forego such a rich stake, which looked almost as good as in his possession. The only opponent likely on her best form to lower Rayon d'Or's colours was Placida, but then she was not Placida, and though Lord Clive, Exeter, Belphebe, and Lansdowne were among the runners, no one, not even their owners, seemed to back them. The Leger winner took up the running at the Bushes, where Lansdowne and Exeter were both done with, and though Placida took second place, she could never reach the favourite, who won in a canter. So Rayon d'Or looked a fitting champion then, because he had proved himself good over all courses; but there was a reverse to the shield to be shown later on which dims the lustre of the Champion win. Among the incidents of the afternoon was the win of Mirth, the American filly, who had been long talked about as very smart, and the purchase of Titania II. by the new plunger, M. E. Blanc. Lucetta again defeated Typhoon in the Autumn Handicap, the latter being a little out of his course, and Vanderhum upset the great favourite Charlemagne for the Nursery Handicap.

The last day was like most last days, according to the pattern made and provided at Newmarket at least, when backers do an extra plunge on the Friday 'to get it all back,' and only get themselves deeper in the mire. Early Morn upset a well-intentioned *coup* in Geraldine, and Moccoco beat Dreamland. To be sure Moccoco was nearly as great a favourite as the other, but still the weight of money was on Captain Machell's horse and Archer's mount. It was a sporting match, Maraschino v. Fire King—the Master of the Horse and the noble lord, and the pupil beat the master. It was a splendid race; and though odds were laid at last on Maraschino, from an idea that he was the best stayer of the two, Fire King just got his head in front at the finish. Archer rode the winner, and Fordham was on Maraschino, so the race was a treat in every way. Chippendale again proved himself a thorough stayer by winning the Queen's Plate in a canter, beating such horses as Jannette (the subsequent winner of the Jockey Club Cup), Bay Archer, Paul's Cray, and Palmbearer. The issue was never in doubt; so Chippendale's race at Ascot could not have been the 'fluke' it was considered by some people at the time. Archer was thought to have been 'napping' on Silvio, but we see now who was the best stayer of the two. We think, too, that this race proves that the best horse won the Cesarewitch, and that making every allowance for the bumping which undoubtedly hindered Westbourne from being nearer than he was. The Second Great Challenge Stakes was another triumph for Rayon d'Or, for he beat Lollypop at even weights over the latter's own particular course. There is no doubt that after all speed is the Leger winner's strong point; and the way he deprived Lollypop of the lead half-way up the hill was a grand sight. Though the distance was only half a length, he won easily, too; and, though we shall have to record a failure of his farther on, the race for the Great Challenge Stakes will stand out as one of his most brilliant performances.

A brief space, and we are at Newmarket again, where another problem waits solution, quite as tough a one as any that puzzled us in the good Euclid's pages of our boyish days. What was to win the Cambridgeshire? When Westbourne ran his good second for the Cesarewitch, people all said, 'Here is the horse who is to console his owner in the short race for his 'disappointment in the long.' But, sad to say, Mr. Gretton would not be consoled. He had no notion of running his horse to please that ever-

lasting public which does not help to pay for the hay and corn, and as he was offered but a middling price, he put the pen through Westbourne's name. That the public shrieked, particularly that portion of it who had jumped on, need scarcely be said. They rejoiced greatly in one thing, however, and, through some of the organs of public opinion, dinned into Mr. Gretton's ear that he had thrown away the Cambridgeshire, and they were 'so glad.' Whenever he could be reminded of it he was, until at last he waxed wroth, told the B. P. to go—somewhere—and said he would win the Cambridgeshire with Harbinger—whereat, we are bound to say, the B. P. laughed. Whether Mr. Gretton really believed in the horse, we cannot say, but at all events Harbinger was dangled before our eyes, and sometimes he went up and sometimes down, as if bookmakers were having a game with him, as no doubt they were. John Porter had not got the horse, as he was at Mr. Gretton's place under the care of his head groom. Neither had the horse been tried, neither, said Mr. Gretton, would he be, but he knew he would win, though how he had got that knowledge was not so apparent. Then all of a sudden he went to 50 to 1, and Falmouth came to 100 to 8, but still there were people, friends of Mr. Gretton's, and supposed to be in his confidence to some extent, who looked mysterious and said Harbinger would be the horse of the stable after all.

But we had no time or wish to think of Harbinger, or Falmouth either, on that Monday afternoon, when Villager won the Trial Stakes in a common canter, beating Advance and Lancastrian. Here was an answer to the repeated question of what would win. The trial horse of Leoville, the horse who was said to be 10 lbs. his inferior, had proved himself to be in such excellent form that John Dawson could not have made a mistake—therefore the Cambridgeshire was over. It was really difficult to contradict this after what we had seen Villager do. Some people were not so much eaten up with the performance, for Advance had been beaten in such extremely hollow fashion, that it looked too good on Villager's part. They said it could not be Advance, but a dog horse who finished a long way behind him that Monday, not the horse who won the Brighton Stakes and beat Villager easily enough then, &c.—all of which was no doubt to a certain extent true. Advance has got stale, in all probability, but then there was Lancastrian, whom Villager beat farther than he did Advance; and as we had seen Lancastrian make a race of it with Westbourne in the Second October, so by consequence Villager was a better horse than Westbourne. But this was rather far-fetched; in fact, people were so full of Leoville that they would have uttered, or swallowed, any absurd statement. We talked nothing but Leoville on that Monday evening over the dinner-tables of the Turf metropolis. The sums of money Mr. Naylor had on him—it was stated to be 2500*l.*—the tranquil confidence of John Dawson, the investments on the part of the uncles and the aunts, the sisters and the cousins, of Luke, who was to ride him—all this and much more was the theme of popular discussion.

There had been some good racing on Monday, but, with the exception of the Criterion, it excited, in the face of Villager's hollow win, but little interest. But the two-year-old race up that trying hill is always an event, and though there was not a very first-class field for it yet there was a great deal of speculation. The Duke of Cumberland was the favourite, and as he was meeting his former conqueror, Prestonpana, on 14 lbs. better terms, there was every reason for his so being. Moreover, there was the Criterion hill, up which it was just possible Lord Anglesey's colt would not carry his penalty; so 7 to 4 was taken freely about the Duke, and 6 to 1 might have been had

about Prestonpans. The favourite ran very badly, was done with in fact at the top of the hill, and Dora looked all over a winner, until Cannon brought up Prestonpans within a hundred yards from home, and, catching the French mare on the post, won, *more* Thomas Cannon, by a head. So close was it, the first and second two running wide, that Lord Anglesey—whose carriage was nearly opposite the chair—thought Dora had won. 'We are beaten,' said his lordship, closing his glasses—when, lo! in another moment Prestonpans' number went up on the board above Mr. Clark's box, and sorrow was turned into joy. Some fair faces in the carriage, that had been for the briefest space clouded, lit up with smiles. 'Let us go into the paddock,' said his lordship; and there was a rapid flitting across the course and a patting of Prestonpans, when Tom Cannon rode him into the inclosure. Happy Prestonpans! We have a private opinion that 'Tom' ought to have been patted too, for a finer race he never rode; but we are not aware that any such proceedings took place, and if they had, perhaps Mrs. Cannon might have objected.

The Cambridgeshire day dawned as few such anniversaries have dawned over the 'wasted heath.' It was more a morning in August than October, the sun was bright, and the atmosphere of the clearest. We wished, as we proceeded down to the new Stand, that the Stewards had returned to the custom of five or six years ago, and fixed the Cambridgeshire for the second or third race of the day, when the light was at its best. Everybody approved of that arrangement, and why it was abandoned we could never make out. Now it is set for late in the afternoon; and though we got well through it on this occasion, yet the sombre hues of an autumn evening were upon us when La Merveille passed the post. The market was agitated, and speculation was chiefly remarkable for the heap of money that was forthcoming for Lartington. And where did it all come from? His owner, friends, and stable connections had all done their do, long before—what, then, or who, then, was it that brought Lartington to 4 to 1—equal favourite with the great 'certainty'? We have been told that the money comes at the last hour from Paris. From Paris? What was Paris to him or he to Paris, that that gay capital should so interest itself? We shall begin to believe in 'Continental betting' after this; and, though the Parisian investments turned out on this occasion to be failures, we shall be prepared to keep our eye on Paris for the future, and 'Allez nous 'ong to the Continong,' in search of something 'très long' for the back end—the Great Shropshire, perhaps, or something of that sort. The next feature was the coming of Falmouth, who turned out to be, what most people had shrewdly suspected, the horse of the stable. He was a non-stayer, to be sure, not particularly well handicapped, but Mr. Gretton elected to stand by him at last in preference to the home-trained Harbinger. There is not much else to tell as regards the market. Exeter evidently would not do, and the extra weight on Out of Bounds stalled the public off her. Tom Jennings evidently was not as fond of Ragman as the market had at one time indicated, and we did not hear much about Balbriggan, Adamite, or Jessie Agnes. The horse who at the last, next to the favourites, was most in demand, was Lord Clive, a good horse, but not one suited for a crowd.

The race was run at a tremendous pace, for which the thanks of many beaten horses are due to Sunburn, or rather to his jockey, who was evidently under the impression that the Red Post was the chair. The pretensions of many of the highly tried ones were settled in the first quarter of a mile. Good however the trials may be, ordered with the best judgment, and the result apparently satisfactory, can we be sure that it is run at the same pace as the race? People who were in a position to see the Cambridgeshire from

the start all describe it as a run at a pace perfectly terrific. By the time they had passed the New Stand the betting had commenced, and among the very first beaten was the hope of the North and the would-be delight of Paris—Lartington. Lord Clive, not a very quick beginner, was chopped at the start, and though Leoville got well away, and inspired his backers with hope at one time, he was done with when they got to the top of the hill. Near home Caxtonian looked like winning, and then Out of Bounds took up the flattering tale, but a bump from La Merveille knocked her out of her stride, and a head gave victory to Lord Rosebery and Russley. At home in the trial, La Merveille had been left standing still by Rhidorroch. Now when she was passing the post he was coming in with the crowd, a curious commentary on the reliability and truth of private trials. Lord Rosebery won some money, but nothing like the sum that he would have taken out of the ring if there had been a real Russley favourite. The Russley magician won nothing—and that is a curious commentary on the judgment and intelligence which is supposed to do so much for us in the racing world—judgment and intelligence scattered to the winds by a shifty mare who will not do one day what she will do the next. Caxtonian's position was another great surprise, because Discord can leave him at home, and in the Cambridgeshire he left Discord. So 'twas confusion all. How Leoville was beaten is difficult to explain, unless, as we have before remarked, the pace settled him. The same thing may be said with regard to Lartington; and as for Falmouth and Flotsam, no one expected them to win but their respective owners. It was a very curious Cambridgeshire altogether; and a greater proof than that, with all our boasted skill and knowledge, horses will beat us at the game, has rarely been afforded.

We must hurry on. The next race in interest to the Cambridgeshire was the Free Handicap, on Thursday, in which Rayon d'Or flung down the gauntlet again, this time carrying 8 lbs. more than he did in the Great Champion Stakes in the Second October. Then he won in a canter, so why should he not do so again? But then he was not collared; and we much fear that the Leger winner has that soft spot which will always prevent him doing good things on the turf. In the Free Handicap, directly Fordham brought Out of Bounds with a rush and came alongside the favourite, the latter, on whom it had been odds in the Abingdon bottom, collapsed, and was not only beaten by Mr. Craufurd's mare, but, horrible to narrate, by Knight of Burghley also. Some people said it was 'the hill' that stopped him; but he had not found 'the hill' in his way previously, so we must perforce believe that when collared he will not struggle. The race for the Jockey Club Cup, on Friday, was a great treat, Jannette, Out of Bounds, and Thurio making a splendid finish of it, and Lord Falmouth's mare winning by half a length. It was curious that, after her good race with Isonomy in the York Cup, Jannette should have started at 8 to 1, but Out of Bounds was in such demand that good prices about the others were easily attainable. And so, good-bye to the Rowley Mile until next year.

Notwithstanding the late harvest, which retarded cub-hunting operations, the old Berkeley have been out several times, and finding cubs plentiful in most parts of the country. Worrall has brought a fair average to hand, so, his hounds having been well-blooded, the young entry are keen as mustard. Mr. Longman was unfortunate with his home-bred hounds this summer, for a bad form of distemper carried off nearly all his entry, but those that remain look well, and he has spared neither time nor expense in obtaining drafts. On October 16th they met at the kennels, and of course found the right

animal at once in one of the Master's coverts, ran away through Scatterdale to a small spinney, where hounds divided. Worrall kept the line of an old fox with the body of the pack running well over grass with fences to do, out on to Chipperfield Common hunting on at a steady pace, which enabled the other hounds to be brought up, all going well, and the young entry taking their share through coverts and over the open till they came to the Rose Hall coverts, where a check lost time, and the fox being headed soon after caused another, so he made good his point and lives for another day. A good hunting run of one hour and fifteen minutes stands to his credit, so his followers hope to find him again. Hounds and horses are looking wonderfully well. Mr. Longman spares neither time nor expense as Master of Hounds, and both in field and kennel he is well backed up by Bob Worrall.

Lord Dacre, whose name has been so long connected with the Hertfordshire Hunt as Master for many seasons before the late Mr. Gerard Leigh took them, and who again, when the hunt were in difficulties after that gentleman's death, came forward to act on the Committee in conjunction with Colonel Somerset and Captain Young, has retired from the management, while the other two gentlemen are joined by Captain Blake, of Welwyn. The veteran Bob Ward is still in command, and goes as well as ever. Charles Harris, who has been with them many years, and carried the horn last season, while Ward was laid up, is quick as ever to turn them to him, and Adcock is second whip. Ward has a rare entry of young hounds, and good judges who have looked them over say they are the very best they ever saw, while no one knows which are best, dogs or bitches. Cubs are plentiful, and they have had some good morning work. The west side of the country is very well off for foxes, the landed proprietors setting an example that might well be followed by some on the east. Prospects look bright for the coming season.

Baron Rothschild's staghounds had a good gallop on Monday, October 27, to open the season. We are not sure whether this is their correct title now, but amongst their regular *habitués*, and those who have enjoyed the privileges of following them for so many years, they will always be remembered and spoken of affectionately as the 'Baron's.' The meet was at Ivinghoe. Mr. Leopold Rothschild acted as Master, and Baron Ferdinand was there, still with his arm bound up, but that does not stop him. The deer went well away; Fred. Cox, looking well as ever, and Mark Howcott with a very strong pack, in first-rate condition of course, but that need not be said, were soon on his line. One hour and a half they went at a good pace over a strong country, which rode very deep, so the field soon tailed. Mr. Leopold went well on his favourite bay; Messrs. Cyril-Flower, Foy, Fitz-Oldacre, Green, King, and most of their regular followers, stuck to them in spite of heavy going and blind fences, and saw the deer taken between Hockliffe and Leighton. Although the pace was severe at times, the young entry kept going well, and every hound was up at the finish, which speaks for itself. A staunch supporter of a neighbouring pack went well for the honour of his hunt, and was asked at the finish what he thought of it: 'The whole turn-out is first-rate,' said he; 'I never saw anything better done from find to finish.' 'Pats you out of conceit, does it not?' was the next question. 'Well, you know, it is like a man who has married a nice homely little wife, who does her best to make him happy and comfortable, till he meets a fine handsome swell lady. He may look on, and even admire her from a distance, but will always remain true to his first love.'

The Hambledon have a capital entry of 20 couples, the best entry they have ever had. They all enter well; they began cub-hunting on the 16th

of September, and up to the 11th of October they had brought to hand 10½ brace. Scent has been fair. The country is full of foxes, and there is every prospect of a good season.

Mr. Deacon of the H.H. has a very good entry of 23 couples; he has not been able to do much on account of the cover being cut so very late. He killed 6½ brace of cubs up to the 20th of October. Cubs are very plentiful.

The Hursley have been out nine times, and killed 3 brace of cubs, and ran two to ground. The country was never known to be so full of foxes. They had a very pretty twenty minutes over the open from Lickford, going into Dumpers Oak, when they whipped off; being an old fox, they have put on 9 couples of young hounds, which have entered exceedingly well. They have never had such an entry. Colonel Nicoll gives three prizes to those who walk puppies. This year the judges were those celebrated huntsmen, R. Roake, J. Fricker, J. West, and J. and W. Dale, who adjudged the first prize to Gamesome, by the Tedworth Remus out of the Hursley Garnish; the second prize to Graceful of the same litter; and the third prize to Amulet, by Lord Portsmouth's Archer out of the Hursley Rosy.

Mr. Cotton, of Afton, Freshwater, whose father introduced fox-hunting here many years ago, has consented, at almost the eleventh hour, to take the Mastership of the Isle of Wight Hounds. Within the last few weeks he has got together some capital drafts, fresh hunt servants—Tom Hastings, for several seasons with Mr. Anstruther-Thomson, in Fife, coming to him as huntsman—and moved the kennels to his own house. Foxes are fairly plentiful, and a good season may be hoped for. People laugh at the idea of hunting in the island, but the truth is that it is as pretty a country, in every sense of the word, as any one need wish to cross; and it is perhaps not an exaggerated saying that if a man and horse can perform over it, they need not be afraid of showing themselves anywhere.

The Bedale have been doing fairly well with the cubs, and no doubt would have accounted for many more had they had the opportunity of doing so. This year's entry are the nicest-looking lot of young hounds that have been seen in the kennel for years. Foxes are very plentiful in some parts of the country, but lamentably deficient in others; and, sad to relate, it is in the very places where one would expect to see the best show that they are conspicuous by their absence. Major Dent, whose efforts to show sport are untiring, this year carries the horn himself; and we are greatly mistaken if, before the season is over, he does not take his place in the very front rank of amateur huntsmen.

In our last April number we gave some particulars of a wonderful gallop which occurred on the 1st of March with the Badminton Hounds from Beck-hampton Gorse, and we added a suggestion that the distance run by the hounds on that occasion should be measured. This, we are happy to say, has been done by two well-known Wiltshire yeomen (whose names are an ample guarantee for the correctness of the details), Messrs. William Long and Mark Sloper. They find that the line run was just four hundred yards short of six miles, and they assume that the actual ground covered by the hounds would be over six miles. The time was variously computed by several men who saw the kill at Alton Pryors from 21 to 22 minutes. We repeat, that it would be very interesting to receive statistics from some of the down countries of the fastest runs which have been attested by reliable authority. In any case we fancy the one in question will take a lot of beating.

We must draw the attention of hunting men to a very sensible article on Hunt Subscriptions, in the 'Sporting Gazette' of October 25. It is a sub-

ject that requires a good deal of reform, for there are far too many people who make a practice of hunting at others' expense, while hunt treasurers, as a rule, do not half do their duty, so the Master of the Hounds suffers.

On Saturday, the 11th ult., the Boxhill Coach made its last journey for this year. Despite the very unfavourable weather, the revival of this coach has been a very decided success. Commenced so long ago as the 29th of March last, its 'length of days' has made it—as indeed it was in other respects—a worthy successor of 'Cooper's Coach.' Amongst those who were present when the curtain fell were F. Seager Hunt (the senior proprietor), Lord Arthur Somerset, and General Sir H. De Bathe (his two partners), Messrs. A. G. Scott, Charles Gassiot, Hankey, Bridger, W. F. Hunt, &c., &c. Each proprietor 'worked'—very hearty were the greetings and good wishes all down the road. Mr. Hunt was presented with so many bouquets that the coach may be said to have returned to London laden with flowers. The horses appeared to be as fresh and well as when the coach commenced running—the result of their being well looked after, liberally fed, and their being in front of *light* coaches (one ton each). A well-known and one of the leading London dealers made a large offer per horse for the whole stud (24); the offer was declined, as they are an especially good lot, and will be wanted when the coach resumes running next spring. But as stable room is a matter of importance, Mr. Hunt has determined to sell six of them, and they were accordingly disposed of at Aldridge's towards the end of the month.

We wish there was not so much of the 'dealing' element in coaching as was carried on last season. The number of horses sent to the hammer from the public coaches show to what an extent the system prevails. Then too the day's driving for two guineas, it is all very well to argue because a man can get a day's hunting for that sum he is justified in having a day's coaching on the same conditions. With the one he only risks his own neck, with the other the necks it may be of some dozen or fourteen people. If the public only knew the risks they ran they would eschew coaches so conducted. The motive power of the proprietors is greed, and it is to be regretted that 'the Road,' revived with so much love and pluck, should be thus degraded.

We are inclined to think that the common sense of the Jockey Club was found in the small majority who voted against Mr. Craven's motion at the late meeting in the Houghton week with reference to jockeys keeping race-horses or betting. Granted that the abuse of heavy wagering has attained a height calling for some expression of opinion on the matter, we believe the proposed action of the Club would have been much too high-handed for these very liberal days. Betting on horse-racing, it need scarcely be said, is not what it was thirty or forty years ago. It now permeates all ranks, from the highest to the very lowest—from a prince to a crossing-sweeper. Our servants bet, the waiters at our clubs are the greatest of gamblers, our policemen are not exempt from the prevailing mania. To forbid, then, a class of persons so directly and deeply interested in racing as the men and boys who ride 'the instruments of gaming' to bet, seems as tyrannical as it would be difficult to carry out. We own the abuse is a flagrant one, and we fear that while there are many honourable, upright jockeys who can back their fancy for a race with the cleanest of hands, it is not so with all. Some jockeys, it is hinted, club together and back the same horse in a race, with what result, as far as regards the chances of the other runners, we need not say. But if these things are known—and they are openly talked about on Newmarket Heath and elsewhere, is there not a remedy in the hands of the

employer? Can he not dismiss the dishonest servant, and will not the natural law of supply and demand give him an honest one in his place? And is the employer quite free himself from blame in this matter? Has he not—we speak of some employers, not all—encouraged, petted, and pampered his servant? Has he not almost made him a companion, instead of keeping that hard line between them he ought to have done? Can such an employer turn round on his servant and say, 'You shall not gamble'? No; the remedy for the undoubted evil is, we repeat, in the power of every owner of horses, and one or two prominent examples made of suspected jockeys would do more to cure it than that drastic remedy which Mr. Craven submitted to the Jockey Club.

Good hunting songs, with music to match, are extremely rare productions. When a good one is written, it commands universal popularity. Witness the 'Drink, Puppy, Drink,' by Whyte-Melville. There may be no great genius about the lines, and no exuberance of counterpoint in the music; but the music suits the words, and both words and music unite in a subject which commends itself to every foxhunter's taste: therefore the thing is a success. Mr. Frederick Cotton has published a song called 'The Meynell Hunt,' the words of which are much in advance of the generality of hunting songs, and the music, published by Reid Brothers, of Oxford Street, is also from Mr. Cotton's pen. We confess to feelings of admiration, not unmixed with envy, for a man who can not only see a good run to the end, but can describe well, whether in prose or verse, the incidents that have occurred during the chase; and surely the author who can himself unite his own words with music worthy of those words, is one to be envied by the generality of hunting men, whose affections are usually more devoted to Diana than to Melpomene.

What a boon on a drawing-room table is a really good book of sketches! Not a sketch-book, but a 'Book of Sketches.' There are moments in every man's drawing-room when a point of concentration is absolutely necessary. There is that dreadful *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner is announced, when, owing to the unpunctuality of Mr. and Mrs. Lardy dardy, the remainder of the assembled guests begin to grow tired of each other, before the evening's entertainment is well begun; they want a point of concentration. Or, perhaps, the Reverend Joseph Blush has called on the subject of the Fund for the Promotion of 'Mutual Parochial Morality,' and instead of finding Paterfamilias in his arm-chair by the fire, he has to face a *tête-à-tête* with the Honourable Diana Crossbars, who happens to be on a visit, and alone in the house; here is another case where a point of concentration is absolutely necessary. 'The Weather' will not last two minutes; the babies of the family can possess no interest for the Rev. J. B. and his fair friend, but set them down to a good 'Book of Sketches,' and we will guarantee that they shall be then and there amusing and amused. Such a book has just been published by W. P. Spalding, Cambridge, and is due to the pen of Mr. G. Finch Mason. The sketches embrace the Cover-side, the Run, the Steeple-chase fixture, and, best of all, the Classic Fields of Newmarket. In each and all the possibilities of sporting life are charmingly mingled with the actualities which every hunting or racing man knows by every-day experience. The portraits are quite unmistakable. They extend from the highest aristocrat to the youngster who has just won his spurs in the Apprentice's Plate. Not to recognise two out of every three of the figures depicted would be to confess your own ignorance of 'Who's Who' in the sporting world. And then again the sketches are true to life without a suspicion of vulgarity. Fred

Archer is absolutely winning by a bare head. Lord Hartington and his *fidus Achates* are planning a *coup* with an amount of earnestness which surely must command success. Sir Robert is doing a real commission, which with ordinary luck must be landed; and, lastly, there is a sketch of Capt. Batchelor, Johnny Osborne, and the Van Driver—at least the latter's friends tell him it is meant for him—which no reader of 'Baily's Magazine,' with any right feelings about him, should omit to possess.

The author of 'The Gamekeeper at Home' and 'Wild Life in a Southern Country,' which latter book was noticed at some length in 'Baily' a few months ago, has laid sporting readers under a further obligation by the publication of a gossiping sort of book, entitled 'The Amateur Poacher.' But the author does not confine himself to poaching matters. The chapter entitled 'The Moucher's Calendar' is a charming description of rustic scenery, of the hedgerow warblers, and the transitory visitors of the marshlands of England. It is just one of those little books which can be taken up with pleasure at any moment, and will be laid down again with regret if the reader be suddenly called away to other occupations.

Another novel coat, called the Ulster cape rug, has been invented by Messrs. Benjamin and Sons. It will be found useful for driving or railway travelling, being something like an Inverness cape, that can be divided and used either as a rug for the knees, a cape for the shoulders, or both together.

1879-80.

HUNTING.

LIST OF HOUNDS—THEIR MASTERS, HUNTSMEN,
WHIPS, KENNELS, &c.

Those marked with an asterisk [*] have not replied to our application.

STAGHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
HER MAJESTY'S (<i>Windsor, Slough</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Hardwicke.	Frank Goodall.	Richard Edrupt Henry Hewson William Bartlett	Royal Kennels, Ascot Heath, Berks
BERKHAMPTSTEAD (<i>Berkhamstead, Tring, and St. Albans</i>)	Wed.	Mr. Richard Rawle.	Master	Mr. Herbert Browne John Rawle	Great Berkhamstead Com- mon, Herts
COLLINE DALE	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. George Nurse.	Master	C. Nurse G. Robinson	Colline Dale, The Hyde, Hendon
DEVON AND SOMERSET (<i>Dulverton, Minehead, Dunster, Porlock, and Lynston</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. M. Fenwick Bis- set	Arthur Heal	George Southwell.	Exford, near Minehead, So- merset
MID-KENT (<i>Tonbridge, Maidstone, Malling</i>)	Sat. & alter- nate Wed.	Mr. C. F. Leney	Edward States	Horace Brooker	Watlingbury, Kent
NORFOLK* (<i>East Harling</i>)	Not fixed	Mr. Robert A. Barkley	The Master	Charles Woodhead.	Palgrave Priory, Diss
PETRE'S, HON. H. (<i>Ingatestone, Chelmsford</i>)	Tues. & alter- nate Sat.	Hon. Henry W. Petre	Master	W. Gibbs, K.H.	Springfield, Chelmsford.
ROTCHILDS'S, SIR N. DE (<i>Leighton Buzzard</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir N. de Rothschild	Frederick Cox	Mark Howcutt.	Ascott, near Leighton Buzzard
SURREY (<i>Croydon, Red Hill</i>)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. Tom Nickalls.	John Hickman	Thomas Ding	Ray Lodge, Lingfield, Surrey
THURLOW'S, MR.* (<i>Horsham</i>)	Various	Mr. T. L. Thurlow.	John Snell	E. Brooker W. Henther	Baynard's Park, Horsham
WATSON'S, MR. FARNELL (<i>Wotton, Dorking</i>)	Mon. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Farnell Watson	Mr. W. Farnell Wat- son, Jun.	Joseph Thwaites G. Elliott	Henfold, near Dorking
WOLVERTON'S, LORD (<i>Blandford</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Lord Wolverton	Master	John Boreham, K.H. F. Jeffrey George Shephard	Iwerne Minster, Blandford

IRELAND.

	2 days a week	Mr. John Gubbins.	The Master.	Denis Hogan, K.H.	Bruce House, co. Limerick
LIMERICK (Croom, Kilmarnock)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. E. Humphrys	John Macmahon, K.H.	John McGrath	Lisgavan House, Bally- haise, Cavan
LISAGOAN*	Mon. & Thur.	Captain M. J. Balle.	Master	John Brady	Louth Park, Castlere, Ros- common
ROSCOMMON (Castlere, Tulak, Ros- common)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	A Committee	James Drindley	John Cook	Ashbourne, co. Meath
WARD UNION (Dublin, Dunboyne)				Richard McIntyre	

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

	Mon. Tu. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. T. F. Boughey.	John Scott.	William Jones. Thos. Ashley	Whiston Cross, near Shifnal Salop.
ALBRIGHTON* (Newport, Shifnal, Wolverhampton)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. W. E. Oakeley	George Castleman.	Sam Hayes	Witherley, near Atherstone
ATHERSTONE* (Tamworth, Rugby)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. C. B. E. Wright	Tom Dawson	Frank Scorey	Bedsworth, near Pontefract
BADSWORTH (Pontefract, Doncaster)	Mon. Tues.	Duke of Beaufort	Marquis of Worcester	W. Jones	Bedminton, Chippingham
BRADPOUR'S, DUKE OF (Malmesbury, Tetbury, Chippingham, Chipping Sodbury)	Wed. Fri. & Sat.		Charles Hamblin, K.H.	Sam Grimes Robert Vincent Walter Barnard	
BEDALE (Bedale, Thirsk, Northallerton, Ripon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major H. F. Dent	The Master Tom Perry	Bernard Spence George Burrill	The Leases, near Bedale
BELVOIE HUNT (Grantham, Melton Mowbray)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Rutland	Frank Gillard	William Wells. George Cottrell	Belvoir Castle, Grantham
BRECKLEY (Cheltenham, Gloucester)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Fitzhardinge	Ben Barlow	Tom Chambers	Berkeley Castle, Gloucester
BRECKLEY, OLD (Bickmansworth, Watford)	Mon. Thur. & Sat. & bye	Mr. A. H. Longman	Robert Worrall	Richard White	Shendish, Hemel Hemp- sted, Herts
BREKSHIRE, OLD (Abingdon Farrington)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Oraven	John Treadwell.	Thomas Clark Harry Beavan	New House, near Abingdon
BROSTER AND WARREN HILL (Banbury, Bicester, Buckingham)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Viscount Valentia	Richard Slovin	James Howgill. Joseph Lawrence	Stratton Audley, near Blos- ter, Oxon
BULSDALE, THE (Thirsk, Helmsley)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Nicholas Spink.	Tue Master	Tom Garratt Stephen Burtonshaw	Trencherford

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
BLACKMOOR VALE (<i>Sherborne, Henstridge Ash</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Richard Glyn, Bart.	George Orbell . .	Tom Jordan . .	Charlton Horethorne, near Sherborne, Dorset
BLANKNEY (<i>Lincoln, Sleaford</i>)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat. 3 days a week	Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P. Mr. John Crosier .	Henry Dawkins . John Porter . .	William Wilson . Fred Watson . .	Blankney, near Lincoln
BLENCATHRA (<i>Kewick</i>)	2 days a week	Messrs. Robson and Dodd	Masters	No whips	The Riddings, Thelkeld, near Keswick
BORDER UNION* (<i>Longton, Langholm</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Lt.-Col. J. A. Cowen	Siddle Dixon, Jun..	Mr. Jacob Robson .	Barness, Otterburn
BRAMSLEY (<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne, Shot- ley Bridge</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. G. Lane Fox .	Tom Smith . . .	E. J. Brown . . .	Coal Burns, Byton-on- Tyne
BRAHAM MOOR (<i>Boston Spa, Tadcaster</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Earl of Yarborough	Alfred Thatcher .	Sam Carlton . .	Brumham Park, near Tad- caster
BROCKLESBY (<i>Brigg, Caistor, St. Grimsby, Market Rasen, Lutter</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. H. Kelsey . .	Mr. H. Gerard Hoare	John Killick . . .	Smallfields, Burslow, Surrey
BURTON, THE (<i>Red Hill, Edenbridge</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. F. J. S. Foljambe, M.P.	William Dale . .	Edward Burton . .	Reepham, Lincoln
CAMBRIDGE (<i>Huntingdon, Cambridge</i>)	Mon. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. S. Lindell .	John Bailey . . .	Charles Wesley Jem Bartlett . .	Caxton, Cambridgeshire
CANTERBURY (<i>Dorchester</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. John Codrington	Joe Sorrell . . .	George Beale Thos. Sansom . .	Evershot, Dorchester
CHESHIRE (North Pack)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Capt. Park Yates .	John Jones . . .	John Goddard. Harry Reynolds	Forest Kennels, Northwich
CHESHIRE (South Pack) (<i>Nantwich</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. B. Corbet .	Master	J. McBride, K.H. Edward Teece	Adderley, Market Drayton
CHIDFOLD (<i>Godalming, Guildford</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. B. Godman .	Master	Will Brice, K.H. Alfred Tribe	Park Hatch, Godalming
CHARLES, Mr. (<i>Ezeler, Chagford</i>)	5 days a fort- night.	Mr. Clarke	The Master . . .	G. Pratt, K.H.	Fulford, near Exeter
CLEVELAND	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. Proud Yearby	William Nicoll . .	John Cottrell Charles Mason	Warrenby, Rodcar, York- shire
COMBE'S MR. RICHARD (<i>Farnham</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. H. Combe	George Jones . .	Charles Curtis John Williams	Farnham, near Farnham

CORNWALL, NORTH. (Bodmin)	Tues. & Thur.	Mr. U. Pollard . .	George Greenaway.	H. Greenaway . .	St. Breward, Bodmin
CORYTON'S, MR. (Liskeard)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. W. Coryton. .	Master	John Hignan . . .	Pontallie Castle, near Salt- ash
CORSWOLD (Cheltenham)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. Holme Sumner	Charles Trivies . .	John Atkinson. . .	Colewold, Cheltenham
CORSWOLD, NORTH . . .	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Algernon Bush- out	Master	Will Griffiths . . .	Broadway, Evesham
CORTESMORE (Oakham, Rutland, Mel- ton Mowbray)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Carington. .	William Neal . . .	Charles Carter, K.H. James Jones Jas. Goddard . . .	Barleythorpe, Oakham
COVENTRY'S, EARL OF (Pershore, Worcester)	Three days a week & bye-day	Earl of Coventry . .	Will Jones	Frank Geary Joe Pick	Croome, Severn Stoke
CRAYEN * (Hungerford, Newbury)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. R. E. Wemyss .	Will Povey	Charles Sheppard . .	Walcot, Hungerford, Berks
CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM (Cuckfield, Horsham, and Handcross)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lient.-Colonel A. M. Calvert	George Loader . . .	Alfred Mandeville . .	West Grinstead, Horsham
CUMBERLAND (Carlisle, Penrith)	Mon. or Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P., and Mr. Henry Howard	Col. Wybergh . . .	John Lloyd	Roehill, Raughton Head, Carlisle
CUNARD'S, SIR BACHE (Leicester, Market Har- boro', Kibworth)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Beche Cunard . .	Mr. H. C. Howard	James Budd	Medbourne, near Market Harboro'
DARTMOOR	Tues. & Sat.	Vice-Adm. G. Parker	Richard Summers .	Thos. Watson, K.H. Thomas Wilson	Woodlands, Ivybridge, Devon
DEVON, SOUTH	Tues. Sat. & alt Thurs.	Mr. A. F. Ross . .	William Boxall . . .	Will Shepherd. . . .	Ambrook, Totnes
DULVERSTON * (Tiverton, Southmolton)	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. Froude Bellew .	Master	William Sharp . . .	Rhyll
DURHAM, NORTH	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Anthony May- nard	H. Haverson	W. Summers	Newton Hall, Durham
EDEN'S, SIR WM. . . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Sir William Eden . .	Wm. Claxton. . . .	Robert Hutchinson Chas. Tompkin	Rushyford, Ferry Hill
ESKDALE	Tues. & Fri..	A Committee	Harry Sinclair . . .	John Beavan	Briggswath, Whitby, York- shire
ESSEX (Earlow, Chelmsford)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	A Committee	James Bailey	John Masters	Harlow, Essex
ESSEX UNION (Brentwood)	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. H. White . .	Master	One of the field . . .	Great Burestead, Billerica

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
ESSEX, EART (<i>Witham, Braintree, Haldon</i>)	Five days a fortnight.	Lieut.-Col. Jelf Sharp	Master	Joe Sorrele . . . C. Woodley . . .	Bocking, Braintree
ESSEX AND SUFFOLK . . . (<i>Colchester</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. Chaston . .	Harry Jennings .	Edward Woodcock G. Buckle . . .	Stratford St. Mary, Colchester
FERRERS', EARL (<i>Ashey-de-la-Zouch</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Earl Ferrers . . .	George Gilson . .	John Abel . . . Henry Bonner . .	Staunton Harold
FITZWILLIAM'S, EARL . . . (<i>Rothenham, Wentworth</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Fitzwilliam . .	G. Kennett, K.H. .	James Beavan . . Fred Payne . . .	Wentworth, Rotherham
FITZWILLIAM, THE (<i>Thrapstone</i>)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Marquis of Huntly .	George Carter . .	Henry Shipway . . William Woodley .	Milton, near Peterborough
FLINT AND DENIGH (<i>Abergeld, Rhyl, St. Asaph</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. R. Hughes } Mr. Rowley Conwy }	John Scott Snaith .	Thomas Austen . . Henry Povey . . .	Kinnel Park, Abergeld
GARTHE'S, MR. (<i>Reading, Wokingham</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. T. C. Garth . .	Charles Brackley .	Harry Lush . . . Eli Carey . . .	Haines Hill, Twyford, Berks
GLAMORGANSHIRE, THE . . (<i>Concubridge</i>)	Mon. Thur. & Tues. Fri.	Mr. J. S. Gibbon . .	William Cross . .	T. Smith Edward Cole . . .	Liandough, Cowbridge
GRAFTON'S, DUKE OF . . . (<i>Toucester, Buckingham, Brackley, Stony Stratford</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Duke of Grafton . .	Frank Beers . . .	Sam Morgan . . . Charles Jones . . .	Wakefield Lawn, near Stony Stratford
GROVE (<i>Redford, Bawtry</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	Master John Morgan, K.H. .	Richard Turner . . Albert Guy . . .	Grove, near Bedford, Notts
H. H. (<i>Alton, Alresford, Winchester, Basingstoke</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. H. W. Deacon . .	Master	John Lee	Ropley, Alresford, Hants
HALDON (<i>Exeter</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir L. Palk, Bt., M.P. & Sir John Duntze, Bt.	Dan North	Walter Newman, K.H. . John Newman . .	Haldon House, near Exeter
HAMBLETON (<i>Bishop's Waltham</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Walter J. Long	Master	M. Withers . . . William Sheppard .	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham, Hants
HARGREAVES', MR. JOHN . . (<i>Reading and Basingstoke</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. John Hargreaves	Richard Roake . .	John Leach . . . A. Cowling . . .	World's End, near Reading
HAYDON (<i>Hington Bridge</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. J. Blacket Orie	Tom Cowing . . .	J. Dickinson . . .	Haydon Bridge, Northumberland

HEREFORDSHIRE, SOUTH (Hereford, Rose)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. Rankin	John Hollings	Robert Lightfoot	Bryn-gwyn, near Hereford
HEREFORDSHIRE, NORTH (Hereford, Leominster)	Mon. & Thur.	Col. Heywood	Will Freeman	Frank Asprey	White Cross, Hereford
HERTFORDSHIRE	Mon. Wed.	A Committee	Charles Ward	Richard Freeman	Kennebourne Green, near
(Luton, St. Albans)	Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Albert Brasseys	John A. Hazelton	Charles Harris	Luton, Beds
HEYTHROP (Chipping Norton)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.			W. Adcock	Common Hill, Chipping
HOLDERNESSE				John Comins	Norton, Oxon
(Beverley)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. A. Wilson	George Ash	John Allen	Etton, near Beverley, Yorks.
HUBBLEY (Winchester, Southampton)	Mon. & Fri.	A Committee	Alfred Summers	E. Reeves	Pitt, near Winchester
HURWORTH* (Croft Spa, Darlington)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. J. B. Cookson	James Tribeck	David Dalby	Hurworth, near Darlington
LETHING VALE*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Thos. Ramshay	Master	Edwin Evans	The Hill, Gildland, Cum-
(Brampton, Carlisle)	Mon. alt. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. B. T. Cotton	Tom Hastings	Edward Lakin	berland
ISLE OF WIGHT (Newport, Ventnor, Byle, Cowes)				Stephen Goodall	Afton, Freshwater, I.W.
JOHNSTONE'S, SIR HARCOURT (Scarborough, Malton, Pickering)	Tues. & Sat.	Sir Harcourt John- stone, M.P.	Richard Russell	Thos. Bell	Snainton, Heslerton, York-
KENT, EAST	Mon. Wed. & Fri	Mr. F. T. Mackenzie	John Hills	Thos. Russell	shire
(Dover, Canterbury, Folke- stone)				Robert Pryor	Walden Park, Dover
KENT, WEST (Farningham, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Ralph Neville	George Bollen	Chas. Fox	Wrotham Heath, near
LAMERTON*	Mon. & Thur.	A Committee	John Machin	William Percy	Sevenoaks
(Lancaster, Lancaster)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Lord Leconfield.	Charles Shephard	John Gerry	Haine, Lew Down, Devon
LEONFIELD'S, LORD	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Andrew Knowles	Henry Grant	Henry Smith	Potworth Park, Sussex
(Petersworth and Chichester)				Walter Primmer	Ledbury
LEDDBURY (Ledbury, Malvern)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. John Lawrence	Evan Williams	John Shepherd	Llangibby and Crick, near
LLANGIBBY & CRICKTOW (Newport, Chepstow, Usk)	2 days	Mr. Chas. E. Lewis	The Master.	John Carpenter	Chepstow
LUDLOW		Mr. O. W. Wicksted	Henry Sobright.	Will Tame.	Onibury, Craven Arms,
(Ludlow, Tenbury)				Thos. Waters	Shropshire
LOTTRELL'S, MS.	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. F. Luttrell		Joe Overton, K.H.	Bowerhayes, Carhampton,
(Dunster, Williton)				Edward Winfield	Dunster, Somerset
				James Burge	
				H. Puley	

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
MEYNELL, THE (<i>Burton-on-Trent, Derby</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Waterpark.	Charles Leedham	James Tasker	Sudbury, Derby
MIDDLETON'S, LORD. (<i>Malton, Scarborough</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Lord Middleton	William Burton.	Walter Soorey Tom Carr	Birdsall House, near Malton, York
MONMOUTHSHIRE (<i>Abergavenny, Monmouth</i>)	Mon. Tues. (bye-day) Thur. & Fri. Tues. & Sat.	Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams and Mr. John A. Rolis Mr. J. B. Cookson	Mr. F. C. Hanbury Williams Master	William Thompson Samuel Roberts, K.H. William Dent	The Spitty, Abergavenny
MORPETH (<i>Morpeth</i>)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. G. A. E. Moyrick	Master	Mark Robinson, K.H. John Rance	Newminster, Morpeth
NEW FOREST (<i>Southampton, Christchurch</i>)	Three days a week Mon. Tu. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. A. Hamond	Robert Clayden	Fred. Enver	Furzy Lawn, Lyndhurst, Hants
NORFOLK, WEST (<i>Sweffham, Lynn</i>)	Mon. Tu. Fri. & Sat.	Sir John Marjoribanks	Peter Whitecross	Henry Brown	Gt. Massingham, Swaffham
NORTHUMBERLAND (<i>Coldstream</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri. & bye- day Sat.	Mr. P. Cooper and Mr. L. Rolleston	Mr. L. Rolleston German Shepherd, K.H.	Clarence Johnson Thomas Newman	Lees, Coldstream, Berwickshire
NORFOLK, NEWARK, (<i>Nottingham, Bingham</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Committee	Tom Whitmore	Walter Sammons	Gedling, Nottingham
OAKLEY, THE (<i>Bedford</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Earl of Maclesfield	Master	George Edwards H. Tinsley	Milton Ernest, Bedford
OXFORDSHIRE, SOUTH (<i>Thame, Oxford</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. H. Allen	Master	Edward Farmer Andrew Cox	Shirburn Castle, Tetworth
PEMBROKESHIRE (<i>Haverfordwest</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Henry Leach	George Merriman	H. Molyneux Cornelius Williams	Haverfordwest and Piskilly Forest
PEMBROKESHIRE, SOUTH (<i>Pembroke, Tenby, Narberth</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. T. D. Llewellyn	David Bevan	Thomas Palmer	Lawrenny, near Pembroke
PENLLERGARE (<i>Swansea</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Percy	Richard Lyon	William Rosser	Penllergare, Swansea
PERCY'S, EARL. (<i>Amsick, Bedford</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Hon. W. H. B. Portman, M.P.	Joseph Moss	Joseph Furr	Greentig, Leabury
PORTMAN'S, LORD	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat. Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Portsmouth. Mr. W. R. H. Powell	Chas. Littleworth	Charles Turner Robert Pickard Christopher Crisp Thos. Dowdswell Albert Rogers Thos. Davies	Bryanstone, Blandford Roggesford, N. Devon Mausgwynus, Whitland, M. Wales
PORTSMOUTH'S, EARL OF (<i>Roggesford</i>)					
POWELL'S, MR. (<i>Chamberlain</i>)					

PUCKERIDGE (<i>Lord</i>) BISHOP STORTFORD, Bunting- PYCHLEY (<i>Northampton</i> , Market Harboro', Rugby)	Mon. Wed. Sat. Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat. Four & Five days a week.	Mr. K. Gosling . Mr. H. H. Langham Mr. John Coupland	ROBERT ALLEN . Will Goodall Tom Firr . . .	ALFRED CHAMBERLAIN James Knever Charles Isaac . . John Isaac Fred Holmes Edward Haynes . Ben Capell	Brixworth, Northampton Quorndon, Loughboro'
QUORN (<i>Leicester</i> , Loughboro', Malton, Mouchray)	Mon. & Thur. and bye-day Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. J. Radclyffe . Earl of Radnor . . Colonel A. H. Price	Levi Sheppard . John Dale Master	Tom Davies . . . W. Jeffrey Anthony J. Dale R. Hatcher T. Jones, K.H. W. Price	Hyde, Wareham, Dorset Longford Castle, Salisbury Castle Weir, Kingston
RADCLIFFE'S, MR. (<i>Dorchester, Wareham</i>) RADNOR'S, EARL OF (<i>Salisbury</i>)	Mon. & Fri. Mon. & Thur. Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. O. Rayer . Mr. Chas. A. Egerton Mr. R. L. Burton .	Mr. W. P. Collier . Richard Holmden, K.H. Fred Goeden . . Fred. Holland . .	W. Sparks . . . Harry Pacey . . Jem Jones William Capell . .	Holcombe Rogus, near Wellington, Somerset Rufford Park, Ollerton, Notts Preston Boats, Shrewsbury
RADNOR & W. HENSFORD (<i>Kington</i>) RAYER'S, MR. (<i>Tiverton, Wellington</i>) RUFFORD (<i>Newark, Southwell, Mans- field</i>)	Mon. & Fri. Mon. & Thur. Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. R. J. Streatfield Sir Vincent R. Cor- bet, Bart. Mr. Tom Parrington	Harry Judd . . . John Parker . . . George Champion .	Robert Mellowes William Conolly Thos. Horseman . Henry Parker . . Charles Kennett	Lee Bridge, nr Wem, Salop Tally Ho Mount, near Kirby Moorside Ringmer, near Lewes
SHREWSBURY (<i>Church Stratton, Wem</i>) SHROPSHIRE, NORTH . . (<i>Shrewsbury</i>) SINNINGTON . . . (<i>Pickering, Helmsley, Kirby Moorside</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. & Mon. Th. Fri. alt. Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri. Mon. Tues. & alt. Fri.	Mr. F. Crowder . . Earl Spencer . . . Marquis of Stafford Major J. M. Browne Mr. C. Leadley . .	Master Chas. Haggart, K.H. Master Stephen Dickens . Master George Jackson .	W. Haynes . . . George White William Goddard, K.H. G. Woodman F. Chandler Will Buxall . . . George Goddard	Belchford, Horncastle Brigstock, near Thrapston, and Aithorpe, North- ampton Trenton, Stoke-upon-Trent
SOUTHOLD (<i>Brighton, Leves, East- bourne</i>) SOUTHWOOD (<i>Horncastle, Louth, Spitalby</i>) SPENCER'S, EARL (<i>Kettering, Oundle, Thrap- ston, Market Harboro'</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. & bye-day Tues. & Fri. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. J. Streatfield Sir Vincent R. Cor- bet, Bart. Mr. Tom Parrington	Harry Judd . . . John Parker . . . George Champion .	Robert Mellowes William Conolly Thos. Horseman . Henry Parker . . Charles Kennett	Lee Bridge, nr Wem, Salop Tally Ho Mount, near Kirby Moorside Ringmer, near Lewes
STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH . . (<i>Stafford, Stoke-upon- Trent</i>) STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH . . (<i>Lichfield</i>) STANTON DALE (<i>Whitby, Scarborough</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. & bye-day Tues. & Fri. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. J. Streatfield Sir Vincent R. Cor- bet, Bart. Mr. Tom Parrington	Harry Judd . . . John Parker . . . George Champion .	Robert Mellowes William Conolly Thos. Horseman . Henry Parker . . Charles Kennett	Lee Bridge, nr Wem, Salop Tally Ho Mount, near Kirby Moorside Ringmer, near Lewes

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
STARS OF THE WEST (Porlock, Linton)	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. Nicholas Snow.	Master	George Hancock, K.H. William Hancock	Oare, Lynton, Devon
STEVENSTONE (Torrington, Bideford, Barnstaple)	Mon. & Thurs.	Lt.-Col. Hon. Walter Trefusis	John Chubb. . . .	W. Parkhouse	Stevenstone, Torrington, N. Devon
SUFFOLK (Bury St. Edmunds)	Tues. Fri. & Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. J. Josselyn. . . .	Thomas Enever. . . .	Robert Simmonds	St. Edmund's Hill, Bury St. Edmunds
SURREY, OLD (Croydon, Godstone, West- terham)	Mon. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. Edmund Byron	Samuel Hills	Thomas Johnson Joseph Hutchins	Garston Hall, Coulsdon, Surrey
SURREY UNION (Guildford, Leatherhead)	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. J. Barnard Han- key	George Summers	William Whiten George Dore	Fetcham Park, Leatherhead
SUSSEX, EAST (Hastings)	Tues. & Fri..	Mr. L. Frewen	Master	James Roffey H. Shepherd	Northiam, Rye, Sussex
TAUNTON VALE (Taunton)	Tues. & Fri..	Mr. Lionel Patten	Robert Smethurst	James Maiden Robert Gregory	Hillmoor, Taunton, Somers- set
TEDWORTH, THE (Andover, Marlboro')	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Sir Reginald Graham, Bt.	John Fricker	John Bevins John Thatcher	Tedworth, Marlboro', Wills
TICHAHAM (Feversham, Sitting- bourne)	Mon. Thurs. Sat. Tu. & Fri. & bye-day	Mr. W. E. Bigden	Master	Tom Pedley, K.H. Robert Jay	Wrens Hill, near Faversham
TIVY SIDE (Cardigan, Newcastle Emlyn, Llandysul)	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. J. R. Howell	Master	Rees Owen. . . .	Noyadd Trefawr, Bonenath, S. Wales
TREDEGAR & LOND (Newport)	Mon. & Thurs.	Lord Tredegar	Master	Charles Barrett C. Barrett, Jun.	Tredegar Park, Newport, Monmouth
TYNEDALE (Hexham and Stamford- ham, Belsay)	Mon. Wed. & Fri. & bye- day	Mr. G. Fenwick	Nicholas Cornish	William Ambler Charles Beames G. Beames	Stagsbaw, Corbridge-on- Tyne
ULLSWATER (Penrith)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. J. W. Marshall	J. Bowman	Henry Watson. . . .	Patterdale Hall, Penrith
UNITED PACK (Bishop's Cleele)	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. J. Harris	Master	Sam Francis, K.H. Fred Jones	Clun, Salop
VALE OF GWILI (Carmarthen)	Mon. & Fri..	Mr. L. Lloyd Lloyd	Edward Jones	Harry Goddard	Glangwili, Llanpumpaint, Carmarthen
VALE OF TOWY (Llandovery, Llangatlock)	Tues. & Fri..	Capt. Lloyd. . . .	Thos. Williams	E. Evans D. Morgan	Glangwili, near Llangatlock, Carmarthen

VALE OF WHITE HORSE (Cirencester)	Tues. Thur. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. C. A. R. Hoare	Robert Price.	Eli Skinner Tom Sheppard Edwin Brooker Thomas Bousor	Oakley Park, Cirencester
VINE, THE (Basingstoke, Overton, Kingsclere, Whitechurch)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P.	John West		Overton, Micheldever, Hants
WARWICKSHIRE (Warwick, Leamington, Banbury, Stratford-on- Avon)	Mon. Tues. Th. & Fri. & bye-day.	Lord Willoughby de Broke	Charles Orris	Jack Boore Charles Lowman	Kineston, Warwickshire
WARWICKSHIRE, NORTH (Leamington, Rugby)	Tues. Thur. & Fri. before Christmas; after Mon. Tu. Thur. & Fri. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Lant	William Wheatley	John Press, Junior Tom Coope	Milverton, near Leaming- ton
WESTERN (Penzance)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. T. B. Bolitho } Mr. T. R. Bolitho } Mr. W. Selby Lowndes	J. W. Thompson Edmund Bentley	Will Nute George Sear Henry Masters	Madron, Penzance, Cornwall Whaddon, near Stony Strat- ford
WHEATLAND (Bridgnorth)	Tues. & Fri.	A Committee	Robert Thompson	Jack Kyle	Little Moor Riddings, Bridgnorth, Salop Helston
WILLIAMS, MR. GEORGE (Turro, Heldon, Camborne)	Two days a week	Mr. George Williams	James Babbage	Will Babbage	Sutton Ferry
WILKS, WEST AND SOUTH (Warmister)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Lieut.-Col. Everett	Eber Long	Mark Gerrish Henry Coward Charles Denton Charles Dove	Fearnhall Heath, Worcester
WORRESTER (Worcester, Malvern)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Frederick Ames	Will Lockey	Jem Blower W. Pender	Wynnstay, Ruabon, Den- bighshire
WYNN'S, SIR W. (Oswestry, Wrexham, Elles- mere, Whitechurch, Chester)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.	Charles Payne	Geo. Shepherd Robert Wadley Thomas Harrison Charles Hawkes	Acomb, near York Aske Hall, Richmond, Yorks
YORK AND AINSLEY (York)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Capt. Slingsby	John Hollidge		
ZETLAND, EARL OF (Croft Spa, Harlington)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Earl of Zetland	Bridger Champion		
SCOTLAND.					
BERWICKSHIRE, NORTH, and E. LOTHIAN (Dunse)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Hon. R. B. Hamilton, and Earl of Had- dington	Thos. Cranston	James Drake Owen Davies	Langton, Dunse
BUCCLEUCH, DUKE OF (Melrose and Kelso)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Duke of Buccleuch	William Shore	Walter Dale Charles Smith	St. Boswell's, Roxburgh- shire

FOXHOUNDS (SCOTLAND AND IRELAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
DUMFRIESHIRE (Lockerbie)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. John Johnstone	Joseph Graham . .	John Roberts . . .	Leafield, by Lockerbie
EGLINTON'S, EARL OF (Irvine, Ayr, Kilmarnock)	Four days a week	Earl of Eglington .	The Master . . .	Charles Jupp . . .	Eglinton Castle, Irvine, Ayr
FIFE, EAST (Cupar)	Mon. Th. & Sat.	Col. J. Anstruther-Thomson	George Cox, K.H. Master . . .	George Palmer . . .	Harleswynd, Ceres, Fife
Ditto, West District*	Mon. & Thur.	Capt. G. C. Chesape	Master	Arthur Wilson . . .	Blair Mill, Blair Adam, Fife
FORFARSHIRE (Forfar)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. P. A. W. Carnegie	Master	John Davis . . .	Lour, Forfar
LANK AND HENFREWESHIRE (Glasgow)	Tues. & Sat.	Col. Carrick Buchanan	Tom Morgan . . .	George Rae, K.H. . .	Houston, by Johnstone, and Drumpellier
LINTHOGOW AND STIRLING (Edinburgh)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Major Wapchope . .	John Atkinson . .	James Simmons . . .	Golf Hall, Corstorphine, Edinburgh
CARLOW AND ISLAND (Carlow)	Three days a week	Mr. Robert Watson	Master	Michael Conner . . .	Ballydarton, Bagnalstown
CLONMILT*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. Fitzgerald .	Master	Edwin Bryan . . .	Clonmilt, Middleton, Co. Cork
CURRAGHMORE (Curragh-on-Suir, Waterford)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Marquis of Waterford	John Duke . . .	Will Rawle . . .	Curraghmore, Portlaw, Waterford
DUNHALLOW (Malone, Doneraile)	Four days a week	Mr. S. Bruce . . .	John Walsh . . .	Henry Matthews . . .	Doneraile, Co. Cork
GALWAY COUNTY (Athenry)	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. Burton R. P. Perse	Master	Edward Hayes . . .	Moyode Castle, near Athenry
HUMBLE, Sir J. N.*	Tues. & Fri.	Sir J. Nugent Humble	Mr. R. N. Humble .	George Browne, K.H. Cain Croft	Clonochrairie, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford
KILDARE (Naas)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Forbes . . .	Charles Atkinson .	Mr. C. N. Humble . .	Jigginstown, Naas
KILKENNY (Kilkenny)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Col. Frank Chaplin	John Tidd . . .	Tom McAlister . . .	Blunden Villa, Kilkenny
LIMERICK COUNTY (Limerick)	Three days a week	A Committee . . .	John Kennedy . .	Thomas Jarvis . . .	Carass, near Oroom
LOUTH (Dundee)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. W. de Salis Fil- sect.	Master	Patrick Sheo . . .	Lisnenny, Ardoo
				Frank Toop . . .	
				William Sykes . . .	
				Henry Hardy, K.H. .	
				John Oortu . . .	

[IRELAND.

MEATH* (Navan, Kells)	MON. & TUES. Thur. Fri. & Sat.	Capt. F. W. Woodley	John Foley . . .	William Drayton
MUSKERY (Cork, St. Ann's Hill, Blarney)	Tues. & Fri. & bye-day	Earl of Huntingdon	Master . . .	Con Foley . . .
ORMOND AND KING'S CO. (EARL OF HUNTINGDON'S) (Newagh, Borrisokane, Roscrea)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. R. H. Stubber .	G. Mullhall . . .	Mr. Asheton Biddulph John Fitzgerald, K.H.
QUEEN'S COUNTY (Swadally, Maryborough)	Mon. Th. & Sat. & Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. W. Knolles .	Dennis Mullane .	Dan Carroll . . .
SOUTH UNION (Kinsale)	Tues. & Sat.	Capt. W. H. Macnaghen A Committee . . .	Master . . .	John Aherne . . . J. Allen
TIPPERARY* (Fethard, Clonmel, Cashel)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. M. Chapman .	Will Mathews . .	John Smith . . . John Oulleton
UNITED HUNT (Cork, Middleton)	Three days a week	Mr. D. V. Beatty .	Philip C. Bishop .	J. Wallis . . .
WESTMEATH (Mullingar)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.			Henry Rees . . . William Martin
WEXFORD (Ennisecorthy)				Philip Morrissey John Morrissey

HARRIERS (ENGLAND).

ANGLESEA	Three days a week	Capt. G. Pritchard Rayner	Sam Olsson . . .	John Jones	Llangefni, Anglesea
ADAMS'S, CAPTAIN (Carno)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Captain Adams . .	Thomas Owen . .	E. Humphreys . .	Carno, Montgomeryshire
AIREDALE	Wed. & Sat.	Committee . . .	W. Greaves . . .	Stephen Shepherd .	Eldwick, Bingley, York
ASHTON (Ashton-under-Lyne)	Three days a week	Mr. T. A. Harrison	Nathan Lees . . .	John Andrew . . .	Thomson Cross, Stalybridge
ASPULL (Wigan)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Gerard . . .	James Rigby . . .		Aspull House, Wigan
ASTON*	Wed. & Sat.	Sir T. C. Constable, Bart.	Tom Cuthbert . .	Jas. Ford . . .	Aston Hall, North Ferriby, E. Yorks
AUCKLAND	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. Bowser . .	Thos. Seymour . .		Bishop Auckland
B. V. H. (Abingdon, Oxford, Didcot)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. Dundas Everett	Master . . .	Mr. E. Robson . .	Beaseley, Abingdon, Berks
BIGGLESWADE (Biggleswade)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. George Race .	Chas. Eynstone, K.H. Master . . .	George Dyer . . .	The Road Farm, Biggles- wade

HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
BOUGHEY'S, SIR THOMAS, Bart. (Newport, Shropshire)	No fixed days	Sir T. Boughey, Bt.	James Willes, K.H.	T. Jinks	Aqualate, Newport, Shropshire
BRADFORD AND AIRDALE (Bradford)	Wed. & Sat.	A Committee . .	Stephen Shepherd, K.H.	W. Shepherd . . .	Eldwick, Bingley, Leeds
BRECONSHIRE	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Rees Williams .	Thos. Jones . . .	Wm. Shepherd . .	Brecon, S. Wales
BRIGHTON	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. T. Dewe . .	J. Sherwood . . .	A. Patel	Patcham, Brighton
BOXLEY*	2 days a week	Major M. G. Best . .	Jas. Firr	J. Still	Ditling, Maidstone
BRAMPTON*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. Modlen . .	T. Matthews . . .	W. Bell	Sandhill, Brampton, Cumberland
BROOKSIDE	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. S. Beard . . .	Master	John Funnell . . .	Rottingdean, Brighton
BUXTON AND PEAK FOREST (Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith)	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. R. Bennet . .	J. Etchells . . .	James Green . . .	Chapel-en-le-Frith
CARNABYON	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Will Hayward .	Owen Jones	Pen Beyn, Carnarvon
CLEOBURY MORTIMER (Carnarvon, Bangor)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. H. V. Backhouse	Master	Wm. Jones	Broom Green, Cleobury Mortimer, Salop
COTLEY	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. T. P. Eames . .	Master	Mr. W. D. Eames . .	Cotley, near Chard
COTSWOLD	Tues. & Fri. .	Sir Francis C. Ford, Bart.	Master	W. Preedy	The Moat, Uckington, Cheltenham
CHAVEN	Mon. & Thur.	Capt. Henderson . .	John Tobin	Holme Bridge, Gargrave, Leeds
DART VALE (Totnes, Ashburton)	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. Jeffrey Michelmore	Jeffery Pearce	Staverton, Totnes, Devon
DAVEY'S, MR.* (The Lizard and Helston)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. Sydney Davey	Master	W. Leech	Bochyn, Helstone, Cornwall
DOVE VALLEY (Uttarwater)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Frederick Ootton	T. Thirby	G. Alcock	Birdgrove, Ashbourne, Derbyshire
EASTBOURNE (Eastbourne, Lewes, Hailsham, Hastings)	Tues. & Sat. .	R. Tusoll	James Hume . . .	Joe Watts Will Davey	Old Town, Eastbourne
EASTON VALE*	Mon. & Fri.	Duke of Hamilton .	George Mulcaster .	Thos. Navest . . .	Easton Park, Wickham

Castle Hill, Bakewell, Derbyshire	Edward George Leonard Johnson	Master	Mr. R. Neasfield	Tues. & Sat.	High Peak* (Bakewell, Wirksworth, Buxton)	Slough, Slaines, Windsor
Holcombe, Ramsbottom, Manchester	James Bury	John Jackson	Mr. Alfred Ashworth	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Holcombe* (Ramsbottom)	
Hoo Common, near Rochester	John Milner	The Master	M. Philip Hilton	Wed. & Sat.	Hundred of Hoo*	
Danysallt, Llandoverly	W. Harris	Master	Lt.-Col. D. Jones	Mon. Wed. & Thur.	Jones's, Lt.-Col. D. (Llandoverly)	
Kingsnorth, near Ashford	T. Mills	Mr. J. A. Buckland	Messrs. W. G. Hancock and J. A. Buckland	Mon. & Thur.	Kingsnorth*	
Leighton, Westbury, Wilts	Harry Harris	The Master	Mr. R. L. H. Phipps	Tues. & Fri.	Leighton*	
Long Sutton, Lincolnshire	David Mead An Amateur	The Master	Mr. George T. Peele	Mon. & Thur.	Long Sutton	
Lowther, near Penrith	John Jeffery Fred. Jeffery	Will Harrison	Earl of Lonsdale Mr. J. Barker, dep.	Three days a week	Lowther*	
Lyme Park, Disley, Cheshire	Jack Grice	Mark Fullerton	Mr. W. C. Brocklehurst, M.P.	Wed. & Sat.	Lyme (Buxton)	
Malborough, Kingsbridge, Devon	The Master.	Thos. A. Pratt	Mr. John S. Hurrell	Tues. & Fri.	Malborough*	
Hendergrove, St. Clear, Liskeard, Cornwall	W. Lyne, K.H. Walter Everett	Mr. L. Carrington Marshall	Mr. W. N. Connock Marshall	Tues. & Thur.	Marshall's, Mr. C. (Liskeard, Bodmin)	
Bistern, Ringwood, Hants	John Carmichael	The Master	Mr. Mills	Mon. & Fri.	Mills's, Mr.*	
Modbury, Ivybridge, Devon	W. Holford	George Blacker.	Mr. G. May	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Modbury*	
Simonburn, Hunshaugh-on-Tyne, Northumberland	John Carmichael	The Master	Col. J. C. Anderson.	Tues. & Sat.	North Tyne*	
Chadderton, Manchester	John Hilton	John Hilton	Mr. T. Mayall	Mon. & Thur.	Oldham*	
High Park, Kendal	R. Jackson	Master	Mr. C. W. Wilson	Tues. & Fri.	Oxenholme*	
Wilton Park, Salisbury	James Wilson, K.H. John Hammett	Master	Earl of Pembroke	Wed. & Sat.	Pembroke's, Earl of (Salisbury, Wilton)	
Huntroyde, Burnley	Alfred Riley	B. Fairclough	Lt.-Col. Starkie	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Pendle Forest (Blackburn, Clitheroe)	

HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—continued.

Names of Hunt, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
PENISTONE*	Five days a fortnight Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Hugh Thomasson	J. Mitchell	H. Crawshaw . . .	Plumpton, near Penistone, Yorkshire
PLAS MACHYNLETH* . . .		Marquis of Londonderry	John Pugh	John Holt	Plas Machynlleth, Mont- gomeryshire
PRYKE'S, MR.	Five days a fortnight Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. J. P. Vaughan Pryse	Master	Mr. J. C. V. Price Evan Rees	Bwlchlychan, Llanybyther, S. Wales
Q. H.		Mr. William Chorley	The Master	Harry Burnell. . . .	Quarnc, Dunster, Somerset
RAY'S, MR. F. H.* . . .		Mr. F. H. Ray . . .	Joe Singleton . . .	Thomas Cooke. . . .	Finghall, Bedale, Yorkshire
ROATH COURT*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Chas. H. Williams	The Master	Edward Beaver . . .	Roath Court, Cardiff, Glamorgan- shire
ROCKWOOD*	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Walter Norton .	John Lockwood. . .	T. F. Hinds	Rockwood, Denby Dale, near Huddersfield
ROMNEY MARSH	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. Dering Walker	Master	Joseph Wrigley . . .	Honeychild Manor, New Romney, Kent
SADDLEWORTH*	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. F. H. Lees . . .	Mr. Allen Schofield	John Davies	Trenchard
SCOTCHWELL*	Tues. & Fri.	Admiral J. Lort Stokes	The Master	Mr. T. B. Ware F. Rock	Scotchwell, near Haverford- west
SEAVINGTON*	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Churchill Langdon	The Master	Robert Jones	Lopenhead, near Uminster, Somerset
SEVERN VALLEY*	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. C. A. Delmar.	The Master	Alfred Wheatley . . .	The Hemfaes, Welshpool, Montgomeryshire
SHOTESHAM*	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Robert Fellowes	The Master	B. Griffin	Shotesham Park, Norwich
SILVERTON*	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. Webber . . .	T. Hallett	N. Thomas	Ford Silverton, Collumpton
SOUTHPOOL	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. A. F. Holdsworth	J. Collins	Cap't Grove	Southpool, Kingsbridge, South Devon
STAFF COLLEGE HUNT . . .	Tues. & Fri.	Captain Leir	Master	S. Potter	Staff College
TAUNTON VALE*	Mon. & Thur.	A Committee	S. Brice	The Master	Blackbrook, Taunton
TEESDALE*	Saturday.	Mr. K. Hutchinson .	John Whitfield . . .	Fred. Jones	Eglestone Hall, Darlington
THANET*	Tues. & Fri.	Messrs. H. S. Russell and W. P. Cosier	John White	Smith Pearson. . . .	Brookson, Bircington, near Margate
TODMORDEN*	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. John Greenwood	J. P. Davis	Mr. O. Walker . . .	Holmes, Stansfeld, Tod- morden, Yorkshire
TONGHAY*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. B. Goo . . .	Master		Shapley, Collaton, Devon

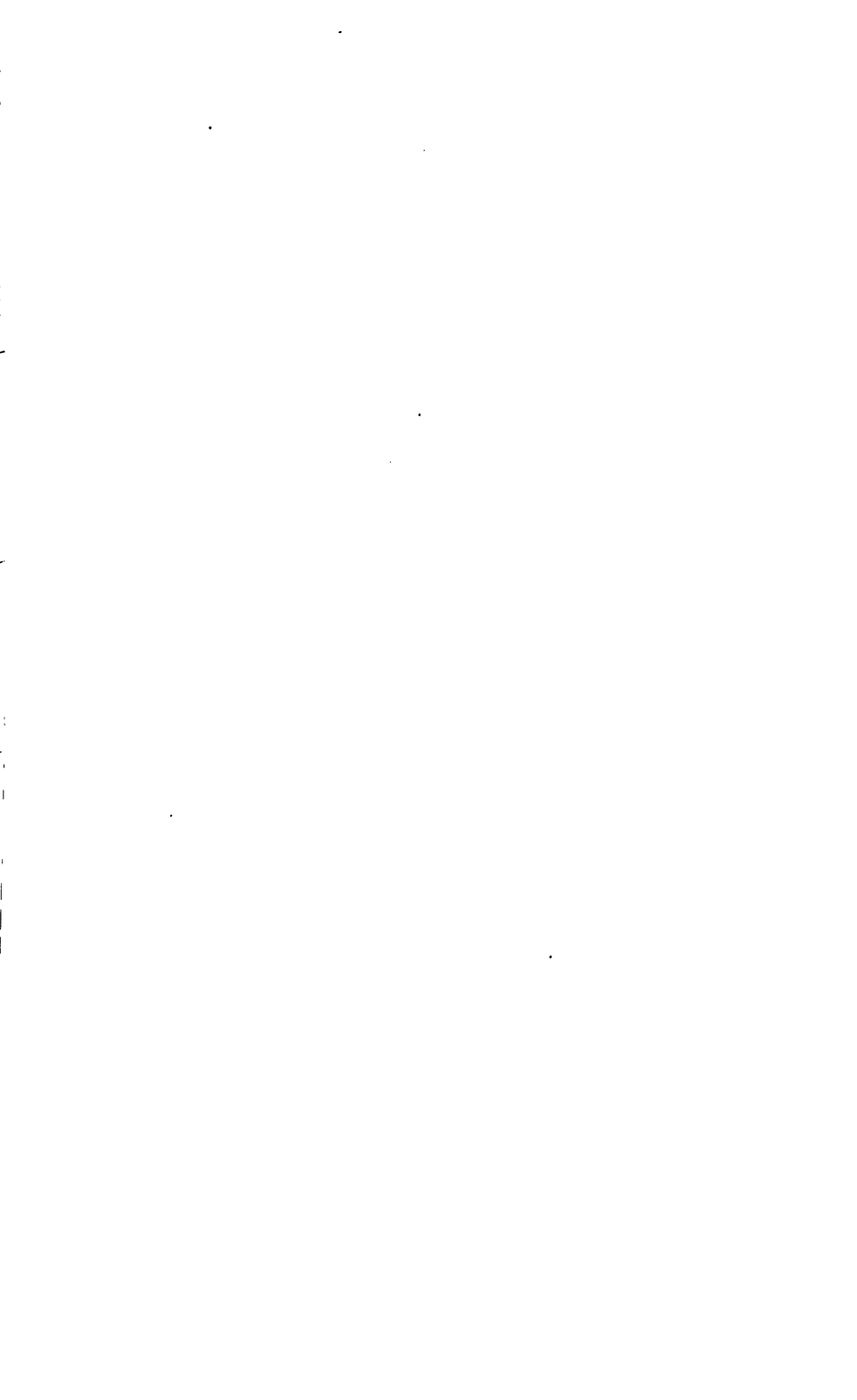
TRAFFORD (Manchester)	Tues. & Fri.	Sir H. de Trafford, Bart.	Chas. Jones . . .	Jabez Gale . . .	Trafford Park, Manchester
TRELSICK*	Twice a week	Mr. C. Davis Gilbert	T. Lewharne . .	R. Stevens . . . M. Smitham, K.H.	Trellisick, Truro
VALE OF LUNE (High Bentham, Lancaster)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. T. G. Edmondson	W. Ruastle	Low Bentham, nr Lancaster
V. C. H. (Dembig, Rhyt, Holywell)	Wed. & Sat.	Major Birch . . .	Tom Hills	Mace Elwy, St. Asaph
WAYNEY (Yarnmouth, Lovestoff)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. B. C. Chaston .	Master	Geo. Reason . . .	Mendham, near Harleston,
WELLS (Subscription) . . . (Wells)	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. J. Wedgwood Yeels	Master	T. A. Pratt J. Cox, K.H.	Norfolk Coxley, near Wells
WEST STREET (Sandwich, Deal, Dover)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl Granville . . }	Mr. M. B. Thompson	W. Stockwell, K.H.	Cold Blow, Walmer
WHITBY (Whitby)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. W. Chapman	John Stonehouse .	W. Jones W. Carr	Poplar Row, Whitby
WHITEHAVEN (Egremont, St. Bees)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Jefferson .	Henry Cass	Minehouse, near Whitehaven
WINCHESTER (Winchester)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. James Dear .	Master	Tom Wilding . . .	Winchester
WINDERMERE (Bowness)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Ridehaigh .	Thomas Chapman .	Harrison Chapman .	Bowness, Windermere
WIRBALL* (Birkenhead, Bebington, Hoole)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. Johnson Houghton	Master	Charles Booth . . .	Leighton Hall, nr Neston, Cheshire

HARRIERS (IRELAND).

ABRA VALE (Arra Vale)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. O. Chadwick.	Master	Mr. H. Baker . . . Mr. W. O. Chadwick	Ballinard, Tipperary
BELLINTER (Navan)	Three days a week	Mr. J. J. Preston .	Master	Mr. G. V. Briscoe . .	Bellinter, Navan
CARBERY (Clonakilly)	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Carbery . . .	Mr. R. Stourds . .	Patrick Bradley . . .	Castlefrake, Clonakilly, co. Cork
CORK* (Cork)	Tues. & Fri.	Committee	John Luten	Patrick Moloney . . .	The Glen, Spring Lane, Cork
DERRY (Londonderry)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. A. A. Watte . .	R. Bell	Watteride Kennels
DUFFERIN (Comber)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. John Andrews .	Daniel Murphy . .	James Murphy . . .	Comber, co. Down

HARRIERS (IRELAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Town or Village.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
IVEAGH (Banbridge)	Tues. & Sat.	A Committee	Mr. J. Lindsey	S. Thompson, K.H.	Kilpike, Banbridge, co. Down
KERRIS, MR. (Portlarkington)	3 days a fortnight	Mr. Thos. Kemmis	Master		Shaen, Maryborough
KILDARE (Kildare, Monasterevan)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. G. Waters	Master	One of the Master's sons	Kilpatrick, Monasterevan
KILLULTAGH (Lisburn, Antrim)	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. Henry Jones McCance	William Cunningham	Peter Cunningham	Lisburn, co. Antrim
KINSALE (Bandon, Kinsale)	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. Richard Gillman	Master	D. Healy	Sandy Cove, Kinsale
LEAGLE (Downpatrick)	Mon. & Thurs.	Colonel Forde	T. Budwick	C. Brown	Seaford, co. Down
MONAGHAN, THE (Monaghan)	Mon. & Wed.	Lord Rossmore	Mr. H. McElroy	Mr. J. Nolan	Brandrum, Monaghan
NEWBRIDGE (Newbridge)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Col. Hon. W. F. Forbes	Jas. Collinson	Mr. P. McGuire	Newbridge
NEWRY (Newry)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Darsey Hoy	Master	Pat Rice	Newry
POLLOCK, MR. (Ballinasloe)	Twice a week	Mr. J. Pollok	Master	J. Galway, K.H.	Lismany, Ballinasloe
STACPOLE, MR. (Ennis)	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. Richard Stacpole	Master	P. Cunningham	Eden Vale, Ennis
STRONGE, SIR JAMES (Tynan, Caledon, Armagh)	Mon. & Thurs.	Sir Jas. M. Stronge, Bart.	G. M'Arce	John Carroll	Fellows Hall, Tynan, co. Armagh
WICKLOW (Rathdrum)	Tues. & Fri.	A Committee	G. Shepherd.	J. M'Cam J. Tool	Glasnamart Rathdrum, Wicklow





L. H. Bonnier

L. H. Bonnier

Arthur Bonnier

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. LONGMAN.

MORE than eighty years ago Lord Berkeley relinquished the London end of his country, which has ever since gone by the name of the Old Berkeley country, and the hunt servants to this day are dressed in orange plush, the uniform of the Berkeley family. It is no disparagement to the sportsmen who from time to time have had the management of the Old Berkeley hounds to say that the palmy days of that hunt were during the mastership of the late Mr. Harvey Combe. That gentleman was a sportsman of the highest caste, and, being possessed of a considerable fortune, he was enabled to hunt the country in the most liberal manner, his establishment of hounds, horses, and servants being the very best that money, aided by good judgment, could procure. It was no easy task to follow in the steps of such a man, and the thanks of the sporting community are due to those gentlemen who since Mr. Combe's day have undertaken the onerous responsibility.

The features on the opposite page will be familiar to many of our hunting readers. Besides the regular supporters of the Old Berkeley Hunt, Members of Parliament in the early part of the session, and sportsmen from all countries who happen to be up in town for a few days, make a point of having a day with them—for an Englishman must hunt, wherever he finds himself, and being able to run down such an easy distance from town, and find such a pack of hounds and turn-out altogether as the Old Berkeley is under the present management, is a treat not to be missed.

Mr. Arthur Hampton Longman, only son of the late Mr. Charles Longman, of Shendish, Herts, was born in 1843, and was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, where he took his degree 1865. He first hunted as a boy with Mr. Brand, afterwards Lord Dacre (the Hertfordshire), and with the late Lord Lonsdale, who was then Master of the O.B.H. There have been many changes in the pack since then, but it was a good day for the country when Mr. Longman came forward and took the Mastership, on the retirement of Messrs. Hibbert and Blount in 1874. John Comins was then huntsman, and was succeeded in 1875 by Bob Worrall. Finding the kennels

at Cherleywood very inconvenient on account of the distance, Mr. Longman built first-rate kennels at his own residence at Shendish, where the hounds were removed in 1876. It is his custom to hold a puppy show every summer, and give prizes to those who have walked the best. Huntsmen from neighbouring packs are asked to judge, and those who have walked puppies and supported the hunt are invited to see them, after which all sit down to luncheon, and a very enjoyable day is spent by hound lovers. Being well supported by farmers and others in taking puppies since he has had the mastership, the pack has considerably improved, and at the show of 1878 the whole entry were home-bred—the first since Mr. Harvey Combe's time, nearly forty years ago. This year distemper played havoc with the young ones, but some useful hounds are put forward, and no expense was spared to get young drafts from other kennels. Mr. Longman prefers small-sized hounds, which he finds the best adapted to the country which he has to hunt. Mr. Longman is a short-horn breeder, having commenced a herd in 1873, of Bates and Knightly blood, and the neighbouring farmers profit by it. He also commands a company in the Herts Militia.

'EVERY INCH A KING.'

DEAR BAILY,

Inasmuch as the description attempted and the allusions made in the following lines may not be immediately clear and apparent to the majority of your readers, it should be stated in explanation that among the latest additions to the collection of art treasures at Mentmore is a colossal cast of 'King Tom,' admirably executed by Mr. Boehm, one of the most eminent of living sculptors. The work is quite *sui generis*, and it is difficult to determine whether the palm of merit should be awarded to the originator of so fine and appropriate a memorial to the departed veteran, or to the executant of the design, which must be seen to be appreciated to the extent it fully deserves. The idea of thus perpetuating the memory of one of the best-known and most successful 'fathers of the English 'stud,' must strike every lover of racing as singularly graceful and appropriate, and as an example worthy of imitation by owners of other distinguished sires, too often unworthily represented on canvas, and in many cases leaving no sort of memorial behind them. The site chosen for the statue of King Tom in the garden at Mentmore is in every way suitable for exhibiting the merits of the work; situated as it is at the junction of two roads, within sight of the mansion, and backed by a screen of evergreens overhanging the 'grassy mound' under which the bones of King Tom rest. The surroundings of the scene are all that could be desired, and the likeness is so striking and characteristic, and so faithfully carried out in the smallest details, anatomically and otherwise, that, although almost unique at present, it is to be hoped the 'happy thought' may speedily find realisation elsewhere. It is from Mr. Boehm's *chef-d'œuvre* (in this particular

line of art at least) that the inspiration for the following lines has been derived.

'EVERY INCH A KING.'

A stone's-throw from those airy towers
That, bosom'd deep in laurel bowers,
Arrest the wandering gaze
Intent on all of pastures deep
In one wide undulating sweep
Yon glorious 'Vale' displays—

He stands; no hero of old time,
No poet-sage in strain sublime
With harp attuned to sing,
No helmsman of the ship of state,
No prince munificently great;—
Yet 'every inch a king!'

Only a horse!—the passer by
Averts a disappointed eye,
Nor cares, perchance, to know
What accident of fate decreed
Such deathless honours to the steed
Whose ashes rest below.

Yet, while the Turf's historic page
To careless youth or thoughtful age
On blazon'd scroll displays
High-echoing deeds of racing might,
And names reflecting back the light
Of long departing days;

Shall not 'the Baron' mention find,
And 'Tom,' condemned by fate unkind
To miss the Derby wreath,
And fall, like knight untimely maimed
By treacherous arrow deftly aimed,
Still fighting unto death?

Yet destined, like the murdered thane,
A kingly line to found again,
Their sire's avenging seed;
When proudly gleamed that riband blue
On kindred silk of self-same hue,
For Zephyr's son decreed.

And so, what fitter, than unbound
From life, beneath this grassy mound
The King should take his rest?
Or that the 'breathing brass' above
Should stand, the labour of their love
Who proved his worth the best?

There, 'mid the pampas plumes that wave
 Like banners o'er some hero's grave,
 Is reared the sculptured form ;
 In such majestic guise as when
 Proud Ajax dared, 'fore gods and men,
 Defy the hurtling storm :

Wrought to the life,—with nostril wide
 Dilated in resentful pride,
 He stands, a shape of dread :
 With ears erect, and swelling crest,
 And roving eye in wild unrest
 From half-averted head ;

As if he paused in mid career
 Some well-remembered voice to hear
 With cheery greeting sound ;
 Or roared defiance loud and shrill
 To rival on the neighbouring hill,
 His pasture wheeling round :

Or, in the lusty tide of spring,
 When Love unfolds his purple wing
 To further life's intent,
 In softer cadence neighed to greet
 Some high-born love's approaching feet
 On amorous dalliance bent.

Grand image of departed worth,
 Long gaze, in massive grandeur, forth
 O'er garden, park, and Vale ;—
 And hark from Crafton, nestling nigh,
 The first-born foal's wild whinnying cry
 Comes floating down the gale !

Long from thy woodland pedestal
 Hear peacock scream, and pheasant call,
 And Philomel complain ;
 In bold relief 'gainst boundless blue,
 Or clouds that blot the distant view
 With 'shadow-streaks of rain' :

Long, in colossal state, preside
 O'er sylvan vistas stretching wide,
 And tuneful bowers of spring ;
 And be his tomb with verdure crown'd,
 Who sentinels this classic ground,
 And 'every inch a king !'

THE SCOTTISH DEER FORESTS.

AN American journal, in alluding to the contents of some of the recent numbers of this magazine, expresses a wish to obtain more detailed information as to the extent and rental of the deer forests of 'auld Scotland,' which information, it is suggested, might be published in 'Baily.' Many American sportsmen, anxious for a change of venue, would in all probability cross the Atlantic to stalk the red deer on the mountain sides of Argyllshire or in the boundless forests of the county of Inverness, could they be certain of obtaining good sport at a modest figure. 'Our native-born American sportsmen,' says the notice in question, 'are longing for a fresh battlefield; they have year by year exhausted themselves among their home game, and now they have begun to cherish a longing for a peep at the black-cock, the roebuck, and the red deer "of the land of the mountain and the flood;" and that longing will, sooner or later, "have to be gratified."'

I think, with the editor's permission, I can give our American friends and brother sportsmen the desired information; all the more that many persons not so far away as America are anxious to obtain similar information to that which is being asked for by Brother Jonathan. French sportsmen, in particular, are on the same scent; and some of them have for the last year or two been turning a keen eye to Scotland as the land of sport, a land where the birds and beasts require to be hunted by men of great nerve and of ready resource; men who despise fatigue, and who do not grudge a tramp of ten miles to bring down a bird or capture a salmon. It was lately stated in a London newspaper that a party of French gentlemen were planning to avenge Waterloo by coming to the Scottish Highlands to shoot the grouse and stalk the deer. They will undoubtedly receive a warm welcome, and I hope to see them, or at least to hear of their being at work, next year. If trade and business revive, as is now hoped, the French sportsmen will require to be early in the market, as one of the first uses that men in this country make of any superfluous cash they may find in their possession is to lease a shooting or a fishing; and there are many whom the recent commercial frosts have for a time left out in the cold who, the moment the sun of prosperity begins to shine, will hasten to occupy some favourite shooting or fishing locality in the county of Perth or in Ross-shire, or in some other sport-yielding Scotch county.

There is a wealth of sporting acreage in Scotland of the most diversified kind; we have not the huge land breadths of the vast American prairies to boast of, but we have unequalled stretches of fine heather and great lengths of well-populated salmon water. In certain of our Highland counties we have deer forests that would take a week to explore, and the sport we can show is unequalled of its kind. It is a happy circumstance, too, that in deer-stalking no element of a commercial nature has as yet intruded itself; the value

of the deer as an item of the national commissariat is comparatively trifling, and so far the poultryman and the game dealer are not a factor in the question, although each deer that is brought low may be said to represent five ten-pound notes. In one respect our American friends will not feel at home—I allude to the *l. s. d.* of the question. To rent a deer forest is no joke nowadays; it means an expenditure of from seven hundred to five thousand pounds—pounds sterling, *not* dollars; and such a sum, even to a rich American, is a good bit of money to expend on a matter of recreation. Still it would be better for American visitors to Europe to pass a summer amid the eternal hills and dales of a picturesque country like Scotland than to idle away their existence on the Boulevards of Paris—the cost of ‘life’ in the gay capital is more than it is in the far north, even with the rent of a deer forest and the wages of an army of ghillies to provide for.

As I do not intend at present to speak of the incidence of sport, or say anything about the natural history of the birds or beasts of the chase, I shall give an indication of the extent of ground in mountain, moor, and loch which is at the command of the sportsman. I shall, of course, only take what I call the thirteen Highland counties into account, giving all the grouse and deer of the Scottish lowlands in the bargain. The Highland counties *par excellence*, for sport and for the extent of deer ground, are the following:—

Argyllshire	1,964,539 acres.
Inverness-shire	2,598,349 „
Ross-shire	1,887,457 „
Sutherland	1,177,747 „

Showing a grand total of 7,608,092 acres

of moor, mountain, and loch; much of it inaccessible to the sportsman, some of it the home of the eagle, and all of it arrayed in the dress with which bounteous Nature first clothed it. Aberdeenshire also gives to the sportsman 658,661 acres, Banffshire contributes 272,389 acres, whilst the county of Bute, which includes the island of Arran—the famous sporting ground of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton—gives a little over a hundred thousand acres. The counties of Caithness and Moray have jointly over half a million acres of grouse ground and deer forests; Nairnshire gives a hundred and eleven thousand acres to the creatures of the chase; whilst the historic county of Dumbarton—the land of ‘Rob Roy’—which includes within its boundary the queen of Scottish lochs and the mountain of Ben Lomond, gives sixteen thousand more than that. The grouse shooter in Perthshire can revel over a million and a quarter acres of heather land and river and loch surface, not to speak of ‘the eternal hills which veil their summits in the misty clouds of ‘morning.’ Nor must we forget the whisky-drinking county of Forfar, with its far-famed marmalade-making capital of ‘Bonnie ‘Dundee’; Forfarshire offers over one hundred and sixteen thousand acres to the lover of sport. But the mere enumeration of acreage

is no guide to the scenes of deer-stalking and grouse-shooting which are presented to those who seek to gaze on the cloud-capt summits of the mountain lands of brave old Scotland; nor does the money paid in rental represent what may be taken out of the ground in the way of sport, or the multitudinous recollections of grand scenery and a quaint race of people, which once seen can never be forgotten, and which the mind's eye can conjure up again and again when the visitor has crossed the stormy Atlantic to renew the pleasant life of his American home, and recall the pleasures he has enjoyed in the far-distant Scottish Highlands.

Coming now to business, I may state that the Highland deer-forests and grouse moors are all, as a rule, let to tenants, the money derived from heather and deer corrie forming in many instances the total income of the land-owner. Twelve hundred pounds, or two thousand a year, may seem to some persons a large sum of money to pay for the privilege of shooting a few hundred brace of grouse or a score of stags, but that is only one way of looking at the case. The owner of the heathery waste or hilly deer forest thinks it hard to have been born to such a barren patrimony, and looks perhaps with a feeling of envy on the rich corn-fields of some neighbouring proprietor to whom fate has been kinder. But even a 'grouse laird' has much to be thankful for. What would have become of him and his family had it not become a fashion of the day to shoot the moor-cock and stalk the bounding roe? And, above all, how would he have fared had not modern science and commercial enterprise opened up his distant dwelling-place and its wild surroundings, and, by means of steamboat and railway, brought the solitudes of Argyllshire within a few hours' hail of Manchester and London? More, and better still, what would have availed the letting of his land, had it not been that the sportsman is able, by means of the quick transport provided, to place his superfluous grouse in the market in time to turn them into money? We can easily picture, had none of these circumstances occurred, how it would have been with our Highland lairds. They would have been, as their fathers and grandfathers before them were, sheep farmers and cattle-dealers on a large or small scale, as the case might be, but gentlemen for all; a Highland proprietor, on however humble a scale his acreage may be, is nothing if not a gentleman.

If I mistake not, I have on a previous occasion alluded in this magazine to the rise and progress of grouse-shooting in Scotland; there can be no harm, however, in again briefly alluding to the subject. A hundred years ago, there was no 'trade' in grouse to speak of; then it was a fortnight's or three weeks' work to reach the capital of the Highlands from such a distant place as Manchester. Even in the beginning of the present century, 'shootings' had not become an article of commerce; and sixty years since, even Sir Walter Scott, who 'made' Scotland as a country for tourists, would have been incredulous if any one had prophesied that in the year of our Lord 1879 as much as eight thousand pounds would be given for the use of a stretch of land on which to stalk the deer and shoot

the grouse. Far more would the author of 'Waverley' have been astonished could he have foreseen that the shy bird of the heather would sell for half a guinea, and sometimes a whole one, to furnish a contribution to the dinner-table, and thus bring ultimate fortune to many then in obscurity. Given the right to a tract of ten thousand acres of moor and forest, what was its value?—to what use could it be turned except the use that had been made of it from time immemorial? And what was that? will be asked. It was to feed sheep upon. The ground was let for an almost nominal rent to fifty or sixty tenants, who earned a living as breeders of sheep and feeders of cattle—an occupation followed, on a somewhat larger scale, by the laird in his own proper person.

It was a happy day for many of these Highland land-owners when it first dawned on some one to 'rent a shooting' in the far north. The business is said to have been begun by way of exchange. A city man offered his friend, a Highland gentleman, the use of his town-house for a few weeks, on condition of occupying for a similar length of time the mansion among the heather which belonged to the lord of the deer and the grouse. Such an exchange became in time quite common, and its incidence so varied, that at length the country laird was able, by means of letting his shootings, to visit distant places, to take his daughters to London and Paris, and to send more of his sons to the College of Edinburgh or Glasgow than he could formerly afford to do. A change in time came over the length and breadth of Highland Scotland. The 'Lady of the Lake,' 'Waverley,' 'Rob Roy,' the 'Heart of Midlothian,' and the rapid succession of novels and other works containing brilliant pictures of Scottish scenery and picturesque portraits of Scottish character, speedily became the means of directing to Scotland an army of wealthy tourists that scattered gold in its progress as if it were so much dross. That was new and gratifying to the Highland people; they had till then been miserably poor, but the works of Sir Walter Scott were the means of a rain of gold falling upon their land, which still continues. And let me here record the honest truth about the effect of these showers of the precious metal. They have largely spoiled a simple and generous people. I am not a very old man; still, I can remember a time when the Highlands of Scotland might have been explored from end to end, and many little services would be proffered by the peasantry without the expectation of any pecuniary reward; all that was expected was a pleasant expression of thanks. Now it is different. You can scarcely in some districts ask a person what o'clock it is, without his seeming to expect a sixpence; in some of the villages the children will run after your carriage begging for coppers. This is all the fault of the tourists and sportsmen; they began by giving, and the habit of receiving has grown upon the people till it has become irksome to the stranger. This I give by way of an aside, and as a protest against that unreflecting habit of generosity which is characteristic of the modern traveller, and especially of the modern sportsman.

I have been alluding to the cost of shooting, which of course con-

sists principally of the rent which has to be paid ; and the question naturally arises, whether or not the finest deer-forest of Scotland is worth more than three or four hundred a year. As a matter of fact, the value of a thing is just what it will bring in the market, and grouse moors and deer forests form no exception to the usual rules of political economy ; and if one man estimates at five hundred what another values at half that sum, there can be no question how the matter will be settled. The renting of a shooting or deer forest is very much a matter of sentiment. My lord chooses to have a long and broad stretch of ground, and he pays accordingly ; a rich merchant of Manchester, or a banker of Birmingham, imbued with the same tastes as my lord, follows in his track. A couple of thousands per annum out of my lord's mining rentals, or out of the large incomes which are earned by the merchant princes of Merry England, will be as shillings or pence to poorer people, and so the rentals of the moors are kept up.* Our French and American friends will find

* The following note of the chief deer forests and grouse shootings may afford information to those desirous of trying their fortune on Scottish ground. In *Aberdeenshire*, Birse Forest, 1264*l.*; Borrowstone, 550*l.*; Corndavon, 700*l.*; Delnadamp, 1000*l.*; Edinglassie, 650*l.*; Gairnsiel, 500*l.*; Glenaye and two others, 750*l.*; Glenbucket, 600*l.*; Glentanar and Inchmarnock, 1846*l.* Her Majesty the Queen also has a forest in *Aberdeenshire*. In *Argyllshire*, Altnafae, 563*l.*; Black Corries, 575*l.*; Blackmount Deer Forest, leased to the Earl of Dudley, 4470*l.*; Minard Castle, 650*l.* In *Banffshire*, Glenavon, 1230*l.*; Strathavon, 715*l.* In the county of *Caithness*, Braemore, 650*l.*; Dalnawillan, 500*l.*; Strathmore, 650*l.*; Ulbster, 1080*l.* In *Dumbartonsbire*, Ardencaple, 500*l.*; Rosdhu, 600*l.* In *Moraysbire*, Dallas, 750*l.*; Westerton, &c., 600*l.* In *Forfarshire*, Canlochan Deer Forest, 1142*l.*; Gannochy, 800*l.*; Glenmarkie, 650*l.*; Glenprosen, 600*l.*; Hallyburton, 500*l.*; Hunthill, 1000*l.*; Invermark Deer Forest, 3000*l.* In the county of *Inverness*, Aberarder, 700*l.*; Abernethy Deer Forest, 1800*l.*; Aberchalder and Glenbuck, 500*l.*; Affarie, 500*l.*; Alvie and Kincraig, 600*l.*; Belville, 600*l.*; Cautray, 800*l.*; Carr Bridge, 600*l.*; Geanmacroe Deer Forest, 2000*l.*; Corour and Lochtreig, 700*l.*; Dalerombie and Brin, 600*l.*; Dalmouchter, 500*l.*; Farralyne, 700*l.*; Fasnakyle, 790*l.*; Flitchity, 700*l.*; Gaick Deer Forest and Ruthven, 2000*l.*; Glenreannich, North side, 785*l.*; Glenfeshie, 2500*l.*; Glenfeshie (another part), 800*l.*; Glenmore Deer Forest, 945*l.*; Glenmoriston, 1500*l.*; Glenquoich Forest, 1800*l.*; Glenshier, 850*l.*; Glen Strathfarar, 8000*l.*; Invereshie and Invermarkie, 1300*l.*; Inverlair, 500*l.*; Kinloch Deer Forest, 1750*l.*; Kinrara, 540*l.*; Dalnavert, 540*l.*; Kinveachy, 500*l.*; Laggan, 500*l.*; Mamore, 650*l.*; Mealmore, 750*l.*; Meoble, 750*l.*; Monalia, 500*l.*; Ness Castle, &c., 500*l.*; Pitmain, 750*l.*; Portclair Deer Forest, 650*l.*; Rothiemurchus, 2000*l.*; Strathmashie and Dalchully, 810*l.* In *Nairnshire*, Dunmaglass, 650*l.* In the county of *Perth*, Auchleeks, 730*l.*; Auchlyne, 650*l.*; Auchterarder, 800*l.*; Bamff, 960*l.*; the Barracks, 800*l.*; Clunea, 550*l.*; Dalclathie, 800*l.*; Dalnaspidal, 820*l.*; Drumour, 1700*l.*; Edinample, 500*l.*; Fealar, 1750*l.*; Ferntower, 525*l.*; Finnart, 800*l.*; Glenbruar, 700*l.*; Glenloch, 600*l.*; Glenlyon, 500*l.*; Glenquach, 550*l.*; Invergeldie, 700*l.*; Inverchrokie, 625*l.*; Kilbuyde, 760*l.*; Kinfauns Castle, 500*l.*; Kinnaird, 550*l.*; Lochearnside, 500*l.*; Loch Kennard, 915*l.*; Lude and Shinigag, 1300*l.*; Meggernie, 900*l.*; Mouzie, 600*l.*; Morenish, 500*l.*; Marthly, 600*l.*; Remony, 500*l.*; Rohallion, 800*l.*; Strathyre, 500*l.*; Suie, 550*l.* In *Ross-shire*, Amat and Corriemulie, 500*l.*; Auchnevie Forest, 600*l.*; Brahan, 550*l.*; Clunie Forest, 1000*l.*; Corriehallie Forest, 850*l.*; Coul, 750*l.*; Coulin Lodge, 500*l.*; Craigdarroch, 550*l.*; Diebidale, 1000*l.*; Duchallie, 500*l.*; Fannich and Aultchoniier Deer Forest, 900*l.*; Flowerdale, 800*l.*; Gildermorie, 1400*l.*; Inverewe, 500*l.*; Killilan, 520*l.*; Kinlochewe, 1650*l.*; Lews Castle, &c., 600*l.*; Louberoy, 800*l.*; Mungusdale, &c., 600*l.*; New Dundonnel, 500*l.*; Novar,

nothing to speak of in the shape of a deer forest under a rental of a thousand pounds. In the county of the Duke of Argyll there is a shooting which brings about five times that amount; and an American sportsman, if I am not misinformed, rents a deer forest in Inverness-shire for which he pays eight thousand pounds per annum! It may gratify our American brethren to know that that rent is the 'tallest' thing in the way of sport which is done in Scotland.

'And what shall we obtain for our money, supposing we come?' will doubtless be asked by intending sportsmen. To such a question there is but one answer. Those who come in a money-grubbing spirit will sustain a loss. No profit can be made by renting a Highland deer drive, except it be a profit of the imaginative kind, such as I have endeavoured to picture on a preceding page. As a matter of fact, every stag that a man or his friend brings down costs fifty pounds sterling. All that may be fairly expected, therefore, as the outcome of a rental of, say twelve hundred pounds, is two dozen stags or other deer. There will doubtless be a run of small game, a bag of fifty or sixty brace of grouse in the course of the season, a hundred mountain hares, and a supply of trout from the lakes and rivers of the estate. That is all. As has already been explained in 'Baily,' there is no commerce in red deer that is worthy of mention; I question if all that is sent to market will bring as much as a thousand pounds per annum. In Glen Strathfarar, the 'tall' shooting which has just been mentioned, only one hundred and thirty stags have been bagged this year, the heaviest of which did not weigh eighteen stone after it had been broken and emptied, and the whole might represent a commercial value of probably two hundred and fifty pounds. Very few of those fine antlered heads which are the chief reward of a deerstalker's prowess have been seen during the present season, but that is an infrequent occurrence; year by year the bond which is implied as to the supply is duly implemented, and a stag for every fifty pounds of rent paid is obtained. Our American and French friends could not do better than at once press on to Perth, where they could pause for a time and survey the scene. Mr. Paton, of the fair city, or Mr. Snowie of Inverness (Hugh, alas! is dead), will coach them in all their needs; and as railways branch into the distant moorlands and forests, they can see and examine for themselves, and not purchase a pig in a poke. Happily, there is nowadays little of what may be called moor swindling. No factor of property or agent of a proprietor will knowingly let a barren moor or a depopulated deer forest; and the men who used to make a trade of harrying the heather have been spotted, and against their name has been placed a black mark, which will effectually prevent

705*l.*; Patt Riochan, &c., 1000*l.*; Soval, 600*l.*; Strathannock, &c., 1000*l.*; Strathvaich, 1080*l.* In *Sutherlandshire*, Altnaharrow, 850*l.*; Badanloch, 675*l.*; Borrobet, 525*l.*; Lairg, 1067; Mudale, 500*l.*; Reay, 1675*l.*; Torrish, 500*l.*; Tressady, 750*l.* These are but a selection, there are hundreds more at similar rentals, as any of the agents, such as Paton or Lyall, will be prepared to show.

them from again being able to continue their evil practices. Many a moor was so impoverished by the kind of swindlers to whom I have been alluding that it took years before it again became the valuable property which it once had been. I may allude here to a case which occurred some fourteen years ago, where a moor was taken by a fellow who was in league with some poulterers. Assisted by half a dozen companions he shot the heather so bare in six weeks that three years elapsed before it was again worth its former amount of rental. Another case of moor swindling occurred more recently. A Highland proprietor having, as he thought, left his moors in good hands, went with his family for a six months' continental tour, and during his absence every bird upon his heather was bagged. Most unfortunately, he was not made aware of the fact in time to prevent his letting the moor to another tenant, with the result of a series of very disagreeable communications on the subject as well as no end of publicity, the enraged lessee, thinking he had been wilfully swindled, taking no pains to hide his grievance. I could detail a number of similar cases, were it necessary to do so, as a preventive and warning; happily it is not. Among all good and true sportsmen the old adage of 'honesty is the best policy' is generally recognised, and the man who is lessee of a moor or forest this season keeps before him the necessity of doing as he would be done by, not knowing where he may be seeking sport in a year or two. A good deal of trouble has of late years been taken to improve the breed of the Scottish wild deer by the importation of new blood, it being generally recognised that 'breeding in' is a fertile source of weakness to both beast and bird. The Dukes of Sutherland and Portland must both be commended for what they have achieved and attempted in the way of an infusion of new blood in the deer forests. They are doing all they can to improve the breed of red deer in their respective counties, and it is gratifying to know that our good Queen takes great interest in the Highland deer, and has contributed several fine stags from the deer paddocks of Windsor Forest.

I am not writing just now an essay on the art of deer-stalking, having lately contributed such a paper to this magazine; all I wish to say on that part of the subject to would-be deer-stalkers from France or America is, that they will find this work ready to their hand. To stalk a red deer is, in the Scottish Highlands, about the hardest work a sportsman can engage himself to perform; it is vastly different from hunting a carted stag over the well-cultivated fields of an English county. The red-deer venison of the Highlands is not greatly esteemed for table purposes by professed epicures, but a friend told me, a few seasons ago, that its flavour had improved, and that many good judges now preferred it to a haunch of fallow-deer cut from one of a herd of tame animals. At all events no idea of making commerce out of the Scottish red deer has yet begun to be entertained. The man who leases a deer forest must not only have a long purse, but must be really and truly a sportsman; no thought of any reimbursing of his expenses can be present to him, and when

he provides his friends with a stag, he simply makes them a present of a fifty-pound note. It will be understood, therefore, that to stalk the deer in the corrie of Inverness is not fated to be the recreation of every man. The deer-stalker is a very king among sportsmen.

Talking of deer as venison—that is of its food qualities—reminds me that Margaret Sim has published her cookery recipes. ‘And who is Margaret Sim?’ will be asked. Mrs. Sim has been cook and housekeeper at Rossshdu, on Loch Lomond, for many a long year; and some of the readers of ‘Baily,’ when on a visit to the Colquhouns, may have enjoyed the good things which she provided for the table. I cannot resist quoting one of her preparations; it is a venison pie, for which the following is a recipe: ‘Cut a neck or breast into small steaks, rub them over with a seasoning of parsley, shallot, and a sprig of thyme minced very fine, add grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt; roll the pieces of venison separately in the herbs, fry them slightly in butter, line the sides and edges of a pie dish with puff-paste, place the pieces of venison in the pie dish, add about half a pint of rich gravy made from the trimmings of the venison, add half a glass of port wine and the juice of half a lemon, cover the dish with puff-paste, and bake it nearly two hours in a moderate oven; when nearly done, open it a little at the top or side and pour a little more gravy into the pie before closing it up.’

With this *bonne bouche* I take my leave of ‘Baily’ for this year, in the hope that what has been said in the preceding pages will induce an invasion of the Scottish Highlands by an army of French and American sportsmen.

ELLANGOWAN.

A BATTERED PORTMANTEAU.

I.

IT is large, travel-stained, dingy, yet solidly and well made, and cost much money in the days when it was young. Since then it has accompanied me on many a toilsome journey by rail and road, and I love that old portmanteau with a love that is not unmixed with fear. For, in its time, it has been a care and cost to me as well as a useful servant. Porters and cabmen and hangers-on, who wait for a job round doors of stations at race times, have groaned under its weight, and sought additional remuneration because of the burden laid upon them. It is of a build unfitted for being slipped under railway seats, and if placed on end in the carriage, with a hurried plea that it takes up next to no room, swells a very Daniel Lambert of portmanteaus, occupying so much space that its owner quails before the angry glances of fellow-travellers, and is fain to appease them by relegating it to the luggage-van. Now and then, when time has pressed, and assistance at a station has been lacking,

its owner has made shift to bear it some hundred yards or so, in deep distress of mind and body, and amidst the imprecations of bystanders bruised by its corners. At such times has he, over and over again, declared that its tyranny was no longer to be endured, and that the time for final separation had arrived. But recollections of its good qualities have ever stepped in and prevailed, and we remain companions still, known and, I fear, disliked, of fly-drivers, of railway employés, of hotel porters, of female domestics, of landladies (whose staircase paper the portmanteau maltreats), in many towns of this great horse-racing land. Still its virtues are numerous. Used as a writing-desk, a great deal of 'copy' has been produced on its least dented end, as together we rolled townwards behind a smooth-gliding engine. It forms an admirable table for luncheon or for chance snacks, and has done excellent duty when cards have relieved the monotony of a long journey. Once it was converted into a species of fortress, when its proprietor found himself abandoned in a bedroom (at Maidstone) to all the bugs in Kent, which had assembled there at assize time.

The soiled brown coat of this faithful comrade is patched in many places with various coloured labels, addresses, names of towns, names of hotels, and undecipherable inscriptions in chalk. As I gaze on these records of our mutual wanderings, I fall a-thinking, and straight am borne in fancy far from any London room. Old faces look out of shadowland, and voices, half forgotten, sound once more.

'Chester, *vid* Crewe.' So runs one half-effaced label. The cue is sufficient. Away we glide on a sunny May morning, past fields still and deserted, the smoke from our engine drifting in light clouds over the buttercups and daisies. Past canals and towing-paths, past old-fashioned towns, whose names smack of hunting story, or remind of Boniface and his 'ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire.' We leave behind us lordly parks, and fast-running, trout-holding rivers, and a picturesque ruined castle that seems incomplete without a background of dark pines and a German legend. Anon, we have reached our quarters in quiet Nicholas Street, and lounge down to Chester walls before dinner for one stroll round the Roodee, and a glance at the broad river, at the pretty villas on the hill beyond it, and the softly outlined Welsh hills in the distance. The blossom on the fruit-trees is struggling out, although still rather retarded by cold spring winds; the furze bushes are bursting into blaze; the long grass at the Dee turn by the railway arches is thickly speckled with daisies; whilst swifts are coursing in wild, screaming flight about the noble span of the Grosvenor bridge, and the air is full of the joyous sounds of early summer. On the opposite bank of the Dee lie net-covered boats, suggestive of the noble fish that will figure on many Chester tables, and in many forms, during the next three or four days. Later on, the town idlers and lads released from business come thronging down to enjoy the evening sports and licence of the Roodee. The booths and shows in the centre of the course are crowded with visitors; smoke rises from steam roundabouts; there is a jingle of music, and a crack and clash from rifle

stalls, as gradually lights flare up and wax brighter in showland, and dark and darker look the Dee-side trees behind. What recollections, some pleasant, some full of bitterness and disappointment, are called up by mention of the round, lively, inconvenient race-course! It is almost inconceivable that, on one occasion, forty-three horses took part in the Cup race, without loss of life, either to beast or rider. What a history could be written of that one renowned contest from the commencement of its great days—the era of Heseltine's successes and Tom Dawson's failures—down to that memorable year when poor Wells's shattered nerves would not permit him to go near his opponents on Rosicrucian, and the backers of that beautiful horse almost wept with anger and disappointment as they saw anticipated gains so vexatiously reft from them. Never, perhaps, were the inhabitants of a particular district so unanimous in their fancy for a Chester Cup horse as the East Riding folks in 1851. Such was the faith in Nancy that a noted London list keeper received in a single morning one hundred and ten letters, containing notes, coin, &c., to the amount of 700*l.*; and in each case the money was to back the filly whose then tiny rider was a stranger to the dread that Wells not unnaturally felt of the Roodee, and got the hope of Beverley home half a neck in front of Black Doctor. Betting at night in the town is now a thing of the past. With its discontinuance has departed the opportunity of studying a good deal of queer racing character. The old taverns, too, no longer seem to have their little exclusive knots of cigar-and-brandy-and-water gossips at night. A younger and far inferior class of race-goers is rapidly taking the place of men of a school that was in its way an interesting and respectable one. Their curious anecdotes and quaint jokes have given place to the senseless or foul conversation of a younger generation, and it is sad to think of what ill materials a vast majority of race-town visitors must in a few years be composed. Race evenings at Chester are nowadays far too quiet for most who attend the meeting, and there is small chance of any one receiving a Derby tip there under such circumstances as once befell a Chester tradesman. It happened in the spring meeting of 1844, when a chief agent in the Running Rein fraud got cleaned out at hazard. Looking round on the bystanders, he exclaimed: 'Who will lend me fifty?' There was a moment's pause, and then a tradesman of the place (quite unknown to him) stepped forward and handed over the money. The Jew did well with it, and next morning called on his new acquaintance and restored the fifty. He was grateful, moreover, and wishing to make some return for the kindness shown him, advised the generous lender to back Running Rein for the Derby. 'Oh!' said the trader, 'but I don't think he's good enough.' 'Not good enough!' was the reply; 'not good enough, eh? S'help me 'Gott, though, he's old enough!'

I don't believe the story, but I remember where I stood in Chester streets when it was told me.

'Think not, O reader, that we're laughing at you;
You may go to Kioff now, and see the statue!'

All that is left of a manuscript address, evidently pasted on to the portmanteau by amateur hands, runs as follows: '—urn by the 'sea.' But the remainder is readily supplied. It is a record of one of the few holiday seasons of the racing year, when some north-country courses are visited, with less view to business than to relaxation; and days of much-needed idleness are spent within ready rail reach of Redcar and Stockton grand stands. Then does the portmanteau shut in a goodly load of mellow cigars—Francisco Roger's best—for a mighty smoker is the traveller, and eke a dainty one, who wots well what manner of weeds are purveyed in small country towns 'by the sea.' Then does it lack its customary collection of sheet calendars, and its Stud-book, so intricate and uninteresting to all save the initiated; for there is no work to be done, and nothing that may remind of it shall accompany us in our northern rambles.

Ah! those pleasant afternoons that are spent on the beautiful course but a rifle-shot from the sounding German Ocean. Cheery Yorkshire characters are to be met in and about the weighing-room over which Mr. Ford presides; and what jovial memories arise of the luncheon tent in Redcar inclosure, and of the hospitable gentlemen who provide the capital fare that awaits their guests. It was from Redcar grand stand that I watched a two-year-old race a few seasons back, and straightway dreamt a day-dream about its winner. 'By this youngster,' I thought, 'green as he has just run, shall the 'racing glory of Yorkshire be revived. This bonny brown 'Newmarket triumphs await, in Middle Park Plate and Two 'Thousand. And when the great day of battle comes on Epsom 'downs shall his name be chorused from a hundred thousand throats.' It so befell that not many yards away from me stood a great master of the trainer's art, and through his mind were passing similar thoughts. He was a sturdy, erect old gentleman, with firm lips, grey whiskers, and iron-grey hair. He wore check trousers and an old-fashioned shooting-coat with rather wide pockets, and handled a double gold-eyeglass when he was not busy with a snuff-box. No more experienced man in his business ever looked down a handicap; and, from the days of Blue Bonnet to those of Pretender, this was known to all horse-racing Britain. So when, by-and-by, word reached me that the great master had also looked into the future and predicted fame for the brown, hope waxed high indeed; and I despatched missives to friends who love a race-horse, warning them that I had seen one of great price in the north country, before whose powers southern steeds would go down sorely discomfited. And the time came when winds blew chill on Newmarket, and the ring of breechloaders told the doom of the frequent pheasant. Once again I looked on the shapely brown, by that time a two-year-old of high repute, as he paced the Birdcage, and an hour later saw him return to it—oh, my prophetic soul!—a Middle Park Plate winner. Only to this extent, alas! was fulfilled my dream on pleasant Redcar racecourse. Poor Beauclerc was coughing ere

achieving his great victory that afternoon, and would not have run at all had the race been fixed a day later. Misfortune dogged him, too, in the following season; and, although far away the best of his year, Epsom grass never sank beneath his hoofs; and men hoped against hope who looked for his colours in front at the finish of the St. Leger race.

So much for Redcar, to whose sandy shore have been borne the screams of generations of children, writhing disconsolate in the merciless grasp of sturdy bathing women. Five miles off, Whitby way, lies Saltburn-by-the Sea, delightful resort for men weary of the bustle and trouble and turmoil of business life. How many times have the portmanteau and I found ourselves centre of a little throng of rough but, here at least, hearty welcomers, as, with heart already the lighter for a glimpse of Huntcliffe and Hazelgrove, I leapt eagerly into the long-station platform. At Saltburn can be healed wounds inflicted by Goodwood—or, more probably still, by Brighton and Lewes—as the sufferer reclines above high-water mark, and listens to the wave lap, and the mew of gulls, or seeks the odorous woods, where there are no sounds beyond such hum of small life as comes from trees on a hot summer's day. Delay but a few minutes the morning visit to the stationer, and you are newsless for the day. For papers are not profitable in proportion to would-be readers, and the vendor, not long proof against the importunity of men who have marked for their own the "Yorkshire Post" or "Newcastle Chronicle," placed on one side for the behoof of a laggard who keeps his 'Zetland' couch, regardless of clanging gong sound. How pleasant to regard as a light evil such loss of the morning news-sheet! How pleasant to dismiss as of no moment the rest return of yesterday's running at Egham, or Ebor Handicap scratchings! What true happiness to scrawl prophecies on the sandy beach with a broken razorshell, conscious that the North Sea will presently wipe out the words and all chance of such shock as sometimes smites one who turns over a newspaper file, and comes on his ignominious prediction of a horse that finished thirteenth! What sweet solace for months of weary wandering from race-town to race-town, for cares by day and nightly evil dreams, the fell offspring of those cares, can be found on the slope of the little hills above the beach! I remember delightful August mornings there when the tide had well turned, leaving a long strip of sands between cliff and sea. A warm summer breeze blowing; the white waves spending their force with a soft hiss, leaving here deposits of weed and nun-shells, and there long shallow pools, in which the gulls will presently disport themselves. The grey houses and spire at Redcar seem close at hand in the clear atmosphere, although he who thinks so and essays to walk by the shore will be leg-weary and athirst by the time the pier is reached. To the right, grand, rugged Huntcliffe towers above the shingle, just appearing at his foot as the tide recedes, and little white breakers still cover the places where folks who do not dread slippery rocks and strong-smelling seaweed will presently come to seek for ammonites. I remember,

too, calm Sunday evenings in the fields above Marske Mill, when the brawling beck made pleasant music in the hollow, the cushat cooed sadly in a distant wood, and faint fell the chime of village bell. I love at such still evening times the great open-air church, free to all, where birds sing the hymns and the wind preaches a sermon; and my heart is ever sore when Saltburn's sands and slopes and thickets must be left behind, and it is time to travel on to York.

'Great Northern Station Hotel, Lincoln,' runs another inscription on my portmanteau, recalling the youth of the racing year, and the first encounter of the season, with scores of faces that had been missed since the dark afternoons at Shrewsbury or Warwick. It recalls, too, cheery dinners in train-shaken houses, and dreams of Brocklesby successes broken by the roar and rush of passing engines. As I read it arise visions of the noble cathedral towering high above the flat lands, and recollections of strolls from its precincts down the fields leading to Carholme, not unfrequently to the accompaniment of a light snow-fall. Mention of Lincoln reminds me of fish-mongers' slabs spread with huge halibut, objects of amazement to south-country visitors, and of the butter-market with its placards and evening sale of 'hot peas,' and other viands, tempting and toothsome enough, no doubt, to the cold, ragged, and hungry camp-followers of the Turf army, who in some mysterious way contrive to attend the majority of important race meetings, how and for what purpose it is hard to say. And oh! what dismal memories of shivering hours on the bleak stone stand, only to see some cherished 'good thing' for the Lincolnshire Handicap running in hopeless difficulties a quarter of a mile from home, does the label of Mr. Bisserot's hostelry bring back to me.

What can I remember in connection with the label of 'Newbury?' Surely it bears witness to no racing expedition. Was it to catch big Kennet perch that I travelled to Newbury, or did quest for the scarce fritillary take me at some sweet April time to a Berkshire meadow? Oh! of course, it must have been one of those hurried excursions that my old ally and I made to a coursing meeting, when the meet was Beacon Hill or Sydmonton Downs. Certainly, I recollect well that brisk, clear February morning, as my comrade and I paused high on the steep hillside, and felt our spirits rise with each five minutes passed in such keen, crisp, bracing atmosphere. No one stood near us. Our companions were far below on the flat coursing land that lay between the mighty hill on which we halted and that which faced it. There was something almost awful in the huge expanse of sky visible at such an elevation, and something solemn and mysterious in the silence, complete for a time, and then only broken now and again by the caw of rooks, as they swept close past the face of the hill, almost brushing the turf. Presently the cheery voices of field-stewards and judge were borne upwards through the clear air to the spectators on the short turf, strewed, I remember, with thousands of snail-shells. Then came the dull tread of horses' hoofs, as some farmers rode over the brow of the height, and making

out the whereabouts of the coursing party, quite coolly and without pause commenced a descent that to town-bred brains would seem difficult and dizzy. When we joined the little group below greetings were exchanged with acquaintances of a former coursing meeting, good fellows all, with broad, cheery, honest faces, and hearty talk. Then we shook hands with our old friends the famous trainer, and the great jockey who rides, white-haired race-goers say, more after the fashion of Sam Chifney than any one who has since worn silk. Some one was over for the day, too, from Danebury, and our talk was often of horses as well as of the greyhounds that strained in the slips hard by. Hares were in plenty; rare straight-backed ones, too, when once they reached the hill, as Mr. Smith's fawn dog and Mr. Brown's black-and-white bitch found to their cost. What noble appetites we had when luncheon time came, and the well-known caterer's cart was drawn up side by side with vehicles from Newbury and Kingsclere, all well provisioned with such capital country fare as would tempt stomachs far more dainty than those belonging to the merry coursing party. Tooth-somely baked and right savoury pies, and cold loin of delicately browned pork, crisp as to crackling, and white as milk within. Honest farm-house sausages, too, and—never-failing contribution of one genial friend—cheese, ripe, rich, and hunger-exciting, produce of a far northern county, and bearing a name that reminds of a gallant Derby winner under the black jacket of Streatlam. And oh! the home-brewed ale! bright, pale, sound, soft, strong; with a delicious sharpness, too, and clean to the mouth as a child's kiss. Men who moaned most about liver and bile could never resist it; and even the worthy archæologist, whose talk was equally charming whether flint treasures or greyhound puppies were his theme, could not struggle against temptation when a horn, brimming with that noble drink, was pressed upon him as the crowning delight of the midday meal. Ah, happy hours! Ah, pleasant Kingsclere! I lie back in my arm-chair, and once more in fancy scale Cottington's Hill, with its lovely view over many counties. Once more I rest in the soothing shade of the beech avenue, whither the good people of the little town repair and cool themselves in the breeze that blows there even when the valley folk are sweltering under a broiling August sun. The well-house with its abyss, awesome though boarded over; smiling Wolverton Park; the glimpse of far-off Weathercock Hill, renowned in the annals of Russley—it seems but yesterday I saw them all. Pleasant, old-fashioned Kingsclere! Yet in my ears is the bubbling of your trout-holding brook, as it hurries from mill to meadows; and I think of peaceful summer evenings, when your curfew bell was telling of another day's work done.

Many coloured labels, some nearly obliterated, some only recently affixed, still remain. But enough has been written to-day; and, truth to tell, the memories awakened by my old travelling companion are not all pleasant. How few are left of the merry troop in whose company I once went a-racing. How changed is everything

connected with the sport since the brave days when, by one all eagerness and enthusiasm, the crowded streets near Doncaster station were traversed for the first time. I never lose a night's rest now by pondering over the chances of the great race close at hand. I am generally content, too, with such reports of morning gallops as comrades bring with them to the breakfast-table, what time the Dee fish, or Newmarket mutton, or York muffins vanish before appetites keen-sharpened by fresh air breathed at unaccustomed hours. Can it be that Turf company is not the cheery company it was of old? that Turf jokes are poor and pointless nowadays compared with those which were wont to be cracked? Is it possible—tremendous thought—that the Derby is rather a nuisance, the journey to Goodwood fatiguing, and two—well, say three days' racing at Ascot quite enough for any reasonable being? What can all this mean? Am I hipped, or bilious, or soured by a bad Cesarewitch? Or does the looking-glass tell me every morning a solemn and unpalatable truth? Impossible! Grey hair is a family characteristic, and each and all of us looked fifty when not so very much more than half that age. Here! have that portmanteau removed, and put more coals on the fire. The autumns are far earlier and colder than they used to be. I won't walk down to the club to see the tissues. Time enough to know winners when the 'Evening Standard' arrives. And—although I'm just as fond of racing as ever—I won't go to Sandown to-morrow unless the day's particularly fine.

S.

DEER-COURSING IN PARKS.

AMONGST those sports that have almost died out from our midst, such as wild-deer hunting, falconry, and so forth, is deer-coursing in parks, and although it was in great favour with our ancestors, it is only heard of occasionally in the present day; as where the deer are still kept up, the rifle is oftener used than the rough hounds for their capture. Nevertheless, where the park is a large one, to give scope for the efforts of dog and deer, a great deal of very fine sport might still be seen in coursing, or running, deer. There are few, we presume, who are not conversant with descriptions of deer-coursing in the Highlands of Scotland, which has been so graphically written by more than one author on the sports of the North, so that we seem to see Buskar and Bran racing from the slips, and are able to follow every phase of the course until the stag is pulled down, or, having reached some rock or lake, turns on his assailants and holds them at bay, in those glorious altitudes with which Landseer has rendered us familiar. That is the perfection of the sport, which only the strong and active, who are able to bear the fatigue of deer-stalking, have any chance to see, for no horseman could follow across the ground where this desperate race for life takes place. These courses may be seen now, in a few instances, in as great perfection

as in the days of which Ossian sung; and, moreover, the same noble race of hounds, which was so nearly extinct a few years ago that deerstalkers had recourse to various crosses to supply their place, are again become far more common, and we believe can be found in many kennels of pure lineage. The deerhound is, no doubt, a descendant of the old Irish wolfhound, which the best authorities consider identical with the Highland deerhound, and which probably was (perhaps we should not say numerous) but pretty fairly distributed over the British Isles, and used for coursing deer and wolves, where wolves remained. When these pests of the fold became extinct, it is probable that deerhounds were bred smaller than when they might be called on to pursue either kind of game. Mr. G. Graham, no doubt the highest authority on the breed, thinks that even now, from the remaining stock, it would be possible to breed them up to the original size again, and surely the experiment would be worth trying. It has often struck us that fine sport may be had in France with some of these big deerhounds, in wolf-coursing, where the wolf breaks from one covert to another, and it is almost useless to follow him with slow hounds unless he is wounded, as at a certain pace he can go on for ever. This sort of chase is in vogue now in Russia, and was, we shall presently show, resorted to in deerhunting by our ancestors. Deerstalkers can, however, scarcely be expected to participate in the movement for increasing the size of these hounds, as it is well known that a smaller dog not only escapes the antlers of the deer better when 'set up,' but, as may well be conceived, does himself less injury amongst the rocks and crags he has to traverse in the Highlands, where, so long as there is sufficient power to hold a deer when caught, the less weight the less chance of injury there is. Stonehenge considers them to be 'identical with the rough Scotch greyhound, 'but being kept for a particular purpose, they differ in their mode of 'running from those dogs. No one can say, looking at the two 'breeds, which is the greyhound and which is the deerhound; but 'the moment they are slipped at hare or deer, a remarkable difference 'in the style of going is apparent, which detects the courser of the 'hare from the deer. They are equally fast; but the deerhound 'gallops with his head in the air, and his body, raised off the ground, 'ready for a spring at the throat or the ear, or even the thigh of his 'prey; while the greyhound, with his head close to the ground, lies 'down *ventre à terre*, and he is also prepared to pick up his prey, 'not pull it down. This difference is so remarkable that I am 'assured by Mr. A. Graham, the greatest authority on the subject 'of rough greyhounds, that in their ordinary play you may at once 'detect the two varieties, though in kennel it would be utterly 'impossible.' If they are of the same breed, we think there is little doubt but the rough greyhound used for hare was descended from the deerhound, and not the deerhound descended from the greyhound, as in early days coursing the deer was in much greater repute than the hare. The following are the dimensions of Buskar,

a hound of the old breed, the property of Captain McNeil, of Colonsay : height, 28 inches ; girth, 32 inches ; running weight, 85 lbs. ; of a black muzzled red or fawn colour. Some of the ancient size would appear to be regained, for Idstone, in his book of 'The Dog,' published in 1872, speaks of them as follows : 'A dog of good proportions should stand 30 inches at the shoulder-blades, and girth 34 inches. His forearm should be 8½ inches, and his weight 100 lbs. or more,' and says that at a show in London, in 1863, over forty were exhibited. Scroope resorted to mongrels, because in his day he could not get the true breed. Idstone also says, 'Sir George Gore had a dog 34 inches in height.' This is nearly up to the ideal standard of the wolfhound, in fact larger than the average Captain G. A. Graham allows them. Whether known as wolfhound, deerhound, or greyhound, he is a noble dog, and a very old verse, when translated, thus describes him :—

'An eye of sloe, an ear not low,
With horse's breast, with depth of chest,
With breadth of loin, and curve in groin,
And nape set far behind the head ;
Such were the dogs that Fingal bred.'

He was very popular with the nobility, and considered a valuable present, as in the old romance of 'Sir Eglamore' a princess tells the Knight she will give him a greyhound :—

'Sir, yf you be on huntinge found,
I shall gyve you a good greyhounde,
That is dun as a doo ;
For as I am trewe gentylwoman,
There was never deer that he at ran,
That myght yscape him fro'.'

Thus we see that deer-coursing was a favourite sport in those early days, and a good dog so much prized as to be considered an acceptable present amongst those of high rank. This perhaps may tend to show that he was a good greyhound hunting 'at force,' or in the open, as we know from old records and illuminated manuscripts that ladies so pursued the sport, as also did the gentlemen, for does not Robert Greene, in his 'Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,' make Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, say—

'Why looks my lord so like a troubled sky,
When heavens bryght shine is shadowed with a fog ?
Alate we ran the deer, and through the launds,
Stripped with our nags the lofty frolic bucks,
That scudded 'fore the teasers like the wind ;
Ne'er was the deer of Merry Freshingfield
So lustily pulled down by jolly mates,
Nor shared the farmers such fat venison,
So frankly dealt this hundred years before ;'

Nor have

'I seen my lord more frolic in the chase,
And now changed to a melancholy dump.'

Sir Walter Scott, who was a sportsman, also introduces deer

greyhounds in 'Queenlo Hall,' which are slipped at the stag as he breaks covert, after having been unharboured by what in the present day would be termed the 'tufters.' On occasions, however, when the exertion of following the deer, chased 'at force,' was to be avoided—in the case of ladies who were, perchance, not equal to a burst across country, and the park was too large, with, perhaps, no convenient 'paddock' (which term will be explained later on) at hand—the game was either inclosed with nets after the old, old custom, and then, being roused, driven either within reach of their arrows, or coursed past them with greyhounds; and here we get the first intimation of deer-coursing in parks, as opposed to running deer down in the open, as is still done in Scotland even with a 'cold hart,' as one not previously wounded is termed.

These grand 'battues,' rather than chases, perhaps we should call them, were attended with much pomp and ceremony, especially when instituted for the delectation of royalty. Thus we find in the 'Squire of Low Degree'—a poem not so old as the 'Sir Eglamore,' but supposed to be more ancient than the works of Chaucer—the King of Hungary says to his daughter—

'To-morrow ye shall on hunting fare,
And ride, my daughter, in a chare;
It shall be covered with velvet red,
And cloth of fine gold all about your head;
Your pomelles shall be inlaid with gold,
Your chains enamelled many a fold.'

Grand as was to be the chare, chariot, or whatever the conveyance may be called, equally so were the steeds destined to draw it:—

'Jennettes of Spain that ben so white,
Trapped to the ground with velvet bright.'

Then she was to be so placed that he could say—

'Hert and hind shall come to your fyst.'

As well as that she shall have

'A lese of greyhounds with her to strake.'

The horn-blowing and such matters we pass by without much loss, as they little concern our purpose.

To come to a later account, we find from Strutt's 'Sports and Pastimes of the English People' that—

'When the King should think proper to hunt the hart in the parks or forests, either with bows or greyhounds, the master of the game, and the park-keeper, or the forester, being made acquainted with his pleasure, was to see that everything was provided necessary for the purpose. It was the duty of the sheriff of the county wherein the hunting was to be performed to furnish the stabling for the King's horses, and carts to take away the dead game. The hunters and officers under the forester, with their assistants, were commanded to erect a sufficient number of temporary buildings (called "tristes" or "trestes" in the MS., and might be temporary stages)

‘ for the reception of the royal family and their train ; and, if I understand my author clearly, these buildings were directed to be covered with green boughs, to answer the double purpose of shading the company and the hounds from the heat of the sun, and to protect them from any inconveniency in case of foul weather. Early in the morning, upon the day appointed for the sport, the master of the games, with the officers appointed by him, was to see that the greyhounds were properly placed, and the person nominated to blow the horn, whose office was to watch what kind of game was turned out, and, by the manner of winding his horn, signify the same to the company that they might be prepared for its reception upon quitting the cover. Proper persons were then to be appointed at different parts of the enclosure, to keep the populace at due distance. The yeoman of the King’s bow, and the grooms of his tutored greyhounds had charge to secure the King’s standing, and prevent any noise being made to disturb the game before the arrival of his Majesty. When the royal family and the nobility were conducted to the places appointed for their reception, the master of the game or his lieutenant, sounded three long mutes or blasts with the horn, for the uncoupling of the hart hounds. The game was then driven from the cover, and turned by the huntsman and the hounds so as to pass by the stands belonging to the king and queen, and such of the nobility as were permitted to have a share in the pastime ; who might either shoot at them with their bows or pursue them with their greyhounds at their pleasure. We are then informed that the game which the king, the queen, or the prince or princesses slew with their own bows or particularly commanded to be let run, was not liable to any claim by the huntsman or their attendants ; but of all the rest that was killed they had certain parts assigned them by the master of the game, according to the ancient custom. This arrangement was for a royal hunting, but similar arrangements were made on like occasions for the sport of great barons and dignified clergy. Their tenants sometimes held lands of them by the service of finding men to enclose the grounds, and drive the deer to the stands whenever it pleased their lords to hunt.’

In this we have a very decided forerunner of the battue as practised on the continent for all kinds of game up to the present day, and the deerdriving, which has been the means of assembling the disaffected clans against the lowland power in our own northern regions over and over again, as well as the modern deerdrive, instituted on more legitimate principles. Good Queen Bess was rather inclined towards this kind of sport, when not in the humour to mount her horse and see a stag fairly pulled down in the open, and would both watch the coursing of deer in ‘ a launde ’ having ‘ fair law ’ with greyhounds, or do them to death, with quarrel, or arrow discharged by her own royal hands in a paddock. Like the Waterloo Cup in the present day (although probably by no means to such heavy amounts), deer-coursing was made the means of laying

wagers ; and in order that these might be the better and more easily decided, an improvement was sought on the old method of lying in wait for the game in the 'launds,' or driving them into a space enclosed with nets, and a 'paddock,' as it was called, was the result. This was almost as elaborate an affair as a racecourse, and somewhat reminds us of Newmarket Heath in old days, with its betting-posts, stands, and rubbing-houses, different courses, and so forth, many of which now live only in the memory of old *habitués*, as they have long since given place to modern requirements. This was the fashion of a deer paddock, as described in Daniel's 'Rural Sports,' and the manner of coursing therein :—

' In ancient times, three several animals were coursed with greyhounds—the deer, the fox, and the hare. The two former are not practised at present, but the coursing of deer formerly was a recreation held in high esteem, and was divided into two sorts—the paddock, and the forest or purlieu. For the paddock coursing, besides the greyhounds, which never exceeded two, and for the most part of one brace, there was the teaser or mongrel greyhound, whose business it was to drive the deer forward before the real greyhounds were slipped. The paddock was a piece of ground generally taken out of a park, and fenced with pales, or a wall ; it was a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile in breadth, but the farther end was always to be broader than that which the dogs started from, the better to accommodate the company in seeing which dog won the match. At the hither end was the dog-house (to enclose the dogs which were to run the course), which was attended by the men, one of whom stood at the door to slip the dogs, the other a little without to let loose the teaser, to drive away the deer. The pens for the deer intended to be coursed were on one side, with a keeper or two to turn them out ; on the other side at some distance, stood the spectators. Along the whole course were placed posts : the first, which was next the dog-house and pens, was the law-post, and was distant from them one hundred and sixty yards ; the second was a quarter of a mile ; the third, the half mile ; the fourth the *pinching*-post ; and the fifth marked distance in lieu of the post was the ditch, which was a place made so as to receive the deer, and keep them from being further pursued by the dogs. Near to this place were the seats for the judges, who were chosen to decide the wager.

' As soon as the greyhounds that were to run the match were led into the dog-house, they were delivered to the keepers, who, by the articles of coursing, were to see them fairly slipped, for which purpose there was round each dog's neck, a falling collar which slipped through rings. The owners of the dogs drew lots which dog should have the wall, that there should be no disadvantage. The dog-house door was then shut, and the keeper turned out the deer. After the deer had gone about twenty yards, the person that held the teaser loosed him, to force the deer forward, and when the deer was got to the law post, the dogs were let out from the dog-

‘house, and slipped. If the deer swerved before he got to the ‘pinching-post, so that his head was judged to be nearer the dog-house than the ditch, it was deemed no match, and was to be run ‘again three days after; but if there was no such swerve, and the ‘deer ran straight until he went beyond the pinching-post, then that ‘dog that was nearest the deer (should he swerve) gained the ‘contest; if no swerve happened, then that dog which leaped the ‘ditch first was the victor. If any disputes arose, they were referred ‘to the articles of the course, and determined by the judges.’

The account of coursing in forests and purlieus does not differ from what we have before said on the subject. Slow hounds drove out the game, when the greyhounds were either held or slipped, as it was a ‘warrantable deer or not.’ If slipped at too great a distance, or he was otherwise deemed an overmatch, it was allowable to waylay and course him with another brace. In coursing upon the lawn, the keeper lodged a deer, and then, with a fair knowledge of venerie, the course was reduced almost to a certainty.

This sport is seen in the present day nowhere in greater perfection than at Eridge Castle, Kent, the seat of the Marquis of Abergavenny, who has a very fine kennel of deerhounds; and lucky may those think themselves who have the honour of an invitation to witness one of our most ancient sports. There are so many requirements for its pursuit, that it falls to the lot of few men to be able, as the Marquis is, to show their friends such a sight. First, a large park is absolutely necessary—that at Eridge Castle is 2000 acres, and of a particularly wild, forest-like description, with heathy hills, scrubby underwood, fern, gorse, and trees of many descriptions, yew, beech, &c., in fact, such now it was in the days of the Saxons, in its uninclosed state; and, to make it a perfect paradise for deer, no less than seven lakes: secondly, to see it in perfection, a herd of red deer is necessary, as, although the fallow bucks can and are coursed, they form a far less noble quarry than the red deer, and show less exciting courses; and, lastly, a kennel of deer greyhounds must be kept, and these are very expensive dogs; so it will be manifest that deer-coursing is a sport only to be indulged in by men of wealth and position. There is perhaps less excitement than in the Highlands, but here as horses can be used many enjoy the sport who would have no chance to see it there, and the pleasure of a good gallop on the grass is added. As it will be seen, also, a really good horseman, well mounted, is wanted. We believe the Marquis usually invites a party of friends and neighbours to see the sport when he wishes deer taken, and these having lunched at the Castle, proceed to join the keepers, all dressed in Lincoln green, who have the hounds in leashes. The deer having been found, the park keeper selects the stag which is to be taken, and then he, with those horsemen who care for such work, proceed to ‘ride him out from the ‘herd.’ This is by no means an easy task, as he appears to know that his safety lies in keeping with his companions, and at the pace red deer can go, nothing but the best of horses and the most skilful

horsemanship could accomplish the feat, though an incident that Scroope quotes in his work on deerstalking quite puts it into the shade, and sounds rather like the tales of Munchausen. As it is from the 'Antiquarian Repertory,' perhaps we may give it some credence. It runs thus: 'In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, John Selwyn, under-keeper at the park at Oatlands, in Surrey, was extremely famous for his strength, agility, and skill in horsemanship; specimens of which he exhibited before the Queen at a grand stag hunt at that Park; where attending, as was the duty of his office, he, in the heat of the chase, suddenly leaped from his horse upon the back of the stag (both running at the same time at their utmost speed), and not only kept his seat gracefully, in spite of every effort of the affrighted beast, but drawing his sword, with it guided him towards the queen, and coming near her presence, plunged it in his throat, so that the animal fell dead at her feet. This was thought sufficiently wonderful to be chronicled on his monument, which is still to be seen in the chancel of the church of Walton-upon-Thames, in the county of Surrey. He is there represented on an engraved brass plate, sitting on the back of a deer at full gallop, and at the same time stabbing him in the neck with his sword.' Perhaps it is as true as a great deal that is put on monuments. Gilbert White, in his 'Natural History of Selborne,' describes the scene of the yeoman prickers separating stags from the herd, when the deer were removed from Walmer Forest to Windsor in the last century, and says: 'I saw myself one of the yeoman prickers single out a stag from the herd, and must confess that it was the most curious feat of activity I ever beheld.' Thus it will be seen that to single a stag from the herd is no play game, while even to approach them within a couple of hundred yards is no easy matter, as they are quickly away in the wooded portions of the park, and the pace must be made very strong indeed to head them unless some of the party can make a lucky nick. However, determined riding accomplishes the feat, and after a time a stag or hind, as the case may be, is singled and ridden out from his companions. In the meantime, one or more keepers on horseback have followed the operation with hounds in slips, for these noble dogs are trained (at any rate some of them) to gallop by the side of a horse and keep well away from him, and as soon as the deer is driven from the herd he is slipped, and they go across the green sward at the pace of racehorses. In the Highlands, the deer, if possible, chooses an oblique course down hill, as going in that form is his *forte*, but, of course, in park coursing, he cannot get such advantages as in his native heather; hence one good dog is often a match for him. When the deer is to be taken uninjured, as is generally the case, it is absolutely necessary to ride well up to the dog, and at the pace it is no easy matter, as although it may appear nothing to gallop over plain turf, there are soft places, rabbit-holes, &c., which at times cause the most awful falls, and nothing is so dangerous as when a horse from any accident rolls over in the gallop; nothing that happens at the worst fences can for a moment be

compared to it. Then the stag, in selecting his course, in nowise considers the convenience of the horsemen, and where he goes those who would see it must follow; thus they dash at headlong speed, up and down steep hills, through watercourses, under low boughs of trees, between thickets, and through such places, generally, as require great nicety of hand and eye, as well as nerve, on the part of the horseman to avoid coming to grief. When there is a chance another hound is often slipped, if necessary. The chases are of very unequal length, some being much longer than others. When run up the hounds are whipped off, and the deer secured generally uninjured, such is the command obtained over the hounds, and so boldly are they ridden to. Occasionally the deer 'soils' in a pond or pool of water, and there stands at bay, fighting desperately with hoof and antler. Then a boat and rope are brought into requisition, and the hounds being restrained, by its aid he is secured. It would not be practicable, however, to secure them in this way unless they were thoroughly blown by the pace, for a stag at all fresh is a desperate enemy to encounter, and they occasionally turn on the hounds when old and savage before they are much distressed; those with the Devon and Somerset staghounds, that soil quickly and while they are fresh, often take a very long time to kill, as unless the hounds should pull them down, no one dares go into them while they are fresh. But the pace a greyhound presses a deer quickly blows him if he runs and is at all heavy, and when blown he is not so dangerous as when fresh. The hinds run longer than the stags, as they do in hunting, and often give very long chases before they are taken. When one deer is captured another is ridden out from the herd, and so the sport goes on until the requisite number is captured, or horses and hounds have had enough.

It is a sport worthy of kings to see a grand old hart, his antlers well laid back, going at speed across the green sward, with a brace of these noble hounds in full chase, and striving to catch their game by her throat or hock, which they seldom do until it is beaten, and one that once seen will never be forgotten. We should say that the sport takes place in May and November when deer are taken to be put into the deer-house and fatted for killing, or occasionally one is caught for a present. Sometimes when a brace of dogs are slipped they divide on different deer, and two hunts may be seen at once. The hinds, as a rule, show the most sport and run farthest.

ARSCOTT OF TETCOTE.

WE make no apology for introducing to our readers a hunting song of the eighteenth century, under the above title. No excuses are needed for some of its lines, which in a rhythmical point of view are undoubtedly faulty; but they belonged to what is now called an uneducated age, and must be judged on their own merits. The song, which in an imperfect state used to be sung by the old Devonshire

squires, was lost for a number of years, and was then resuscitated by the Rev. R. S. Hawker, of Moorwenstow :—

On the ninth of November, the year fifty-two,
Three jolly fox-hunters, all sons of the blue,
They rode from Pencarrow, not fearing a wet coat,
To take their diversion with Arscott, of Tetcote.

He went to his kennel and took them within,
'On Monday,' says Arscott, 'our joys shall begin.'
Both horses and hounds, how they pant to be gone,
How they'll follow on foot, not forgetting Black John.*

When Monday was come, right early at morn
John Arscott arose, and he took down his horn,
He gave it a flourish so loud in the hall,
Each heard the glad summons and came to the call.

They heard it with pleasure, but Webb † was first dressed,
Resolving to give a cold pig to the rest ;
Bold Bob and the Briton, ‡ they hastened downstairs,
It was generally thought they neglected their prayers.

At breakfast they scrambled for butter and toast,
But Webb was impatient no time should be lost ;
So old Cheyney was ordered to bring to the door
Both horses and hounds, and away to the moor.

'On Monday,' says Arscott, as he mounted his nag,
'I look to old Black Cap, for he'll hit the drag.'
The drag it was hot, but they said it was old,
For a drag in the morning could not be so cold.

They pricked it along to Becket and Thorn,
And there the old dogs they set out, I'll be sworn ;
'Twas Ringwood and Rally, with capital scent,
Bold Princess and Madcap—my eye ! how they went !

'How far did they make it ? How far went they on ?'
'How far did they make it ?' said Simon, the son. § [Word !'
'O'er the moors,' said Joe Goodman, 'hark to Bacchus the
'Hark to Vulcan !' cried Arscott, 'that's it by the Lord !'

* The last of the Jesters. He lived with the hounds and ran with the hounds ; and rare was the run when Jack was not in at the death. His office it was by many a practical joke to amuse Mr. Arscott's guests ; among them swallowing live mice, and sparrow mumbling had frequent place. 'There they go,' shouted John when the fox was found, and the dogs went off in full cry, 'there they go, like our madam at home in one of her tantrums.'—Records of 'the Western Shore,' by Rev. R. S. Hawker.

† Webb, of Bennetts, a neighbouring squire.

‡ J. Tickel, of Whitstone.

§ A whipper-in, so called by Mr. Arscott.

'Hark to Princess!' says Arscott, 'there's a fresh tally-ho!'
The dogs they soon caught it, and how they did go!
'Twas Princess and Madcap, and Ringwood and Rally,
They charmed every hill and they echoed each valley.

From Becket through Thorn, they went on their way,
To Swannacott Wood, without break or delay;
And when they came there, how they sounded again!
'What music it is,' said the glad Whitstone men.

In haste came up Arscott: 'Oh, where are they gone?'
'They are off to the cliffs,' then said Simon, the son;
Through Wike, and through Poundstock, St. Genys they went,
And when Reynard came there he gave up by consent.

So when Reynard was dead, we broke up the field,
With joy in our hearts that we made him to yield;
And when we came home we toasted the health
Of a man who ne'er varied for places or wealth.

When supper was ended, we spent all the night
In gay flowing bumpers and social delight;
With mirth and good humour did cheerfully sing,
A health to John Arscott, and God save the King!

JOHN FRICKER,

HUNTSMAN TO THE TEDWORTH.

WE present our readers this month with a portrait of John (or, as he prefers to be called, Jack) Fricker, the huntsman of the Tedworth. Born in the year 1827, when eleven years old he went into the racing stables of the late Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith. At the end of two years he was entrusted with the care of the 'Old Squire's' third horse on hunting days. Two years more and he was appointed third whip under Dick Burton, when the kennels were at Penton. After a time Carter became huntsman, with Will Cowley to assist him, and Jack became second, and, in due course of time, first whip. When Carter gave up in 1863, Fricker took his place, and for fifteen seasons has carried the horn with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his field, no easy task in a bad scenting country, and the best part of it lying wide of the kennels; people being apt to forget that at the time of meeting, when the field are just beginning their day's amusement, the hunt servants have very often already done almost a day's work.

Every inch a "hound-man," Jack is up and about every morning between five and six o'clock, and has his reward in the unrivalled condition of his pack; as he says: 'If they ain't fit to go I know 'who to blame.' Jack can send a thoroughbred along over the downs as hard as hounds can race, which is saying a good deal; but

perhaps he is never so happy as in a good hunting run over the flints of Facombe and Coombe; always with his hounds, to assist them if necessary, but for the most part letting them alone, he accounts for many a stout, wild, hill fox; pity 'tis that so many a 'toe-down' should be the result among his hardest working favourites. From the above short sketch it will be seen that Fricker is all over a Tedworth man, and as such has justly gained the respect and esteem of all classes, from the highest to the lowest.

CRICKET.

THE SCHOOL AVERAGES.

DURING the two last seasons Public School Cricket has, it is sad to reflect, been seen under anything but favourable circumstances. Wet weather and treacherous ground marked 1878 as a summer far from enjoyable for cricketers, and it would certainly have been a task of some difficulty to persuade any one but the worst of cynics that the very next year the same ill-luck, to a much more aggravated extent, would befall those who look forward to our national game as their sole recreation of the summer months. It would appear superfluous to recall the miseries of 1879—grounds from the 1st of May until the very last day of August rarely, if ever, freed from the effects of the almost interminable rain, matches week after week spoiled, some even never able to boast the delivery of a ball, in fact, cricket everywhere and of every kind, first-class matches as well as the more humbler games of Saturday afternoons, all marred, if not altogether ruined, by the hostility of that pluvial deity whose watering-pot was truly inexhaustable—but an analysis would obviously be incomplete without reference to attendant circumstances. And among all the sufferers by the floods of 1879 no class was more entitled to genuine sympathy than those who shared the responsibility of public school cricket. There was a very brief spell of fine weather towards the end of July in the shape of a few days of summer-like weather, but before that time most of the best matches had been played, and from May the first to the middle of July, which period may be considered to embrace the Schools cricket season, there was hardly a day altogether without rain. Under such disagreeable circumstances it was hardly to be expected that the records of the year would be able to show a favourable contrast with some of its more favoured predecessors, and indeed it speaks highly for the general excellence of the various School elevens that the statistics, especially of the batsmen, were not worse, considering that the ground never was in a condition to allow of any preparation. The advantages of practice are self-evident even for seasoned players, but to school-boys, whose style is still immature, who need to be formed by proper tuition and example, careful practice is a real necessity, and it was this lack of opportunity which was accountable for the want of

decision so manifest in some of the more important public school contests of 1879. Indeed the influence of the continued wet weather was so prejudicial, and the cricket, in consequence, so utterly unreliable, that it is difficult to enter on a comparison of the various school elevens with a feeling of confidence. The great contest of the season between Harrow and Eton at Lord's was left drawn in a most interesting phase, chiefly owing to reduction in the hours for play, and a waste of time which never ought to have been sanctioned by the authorities, and at the finish there was so little to choose between the rival elevens that we can safely leave it with the common expression that it was 'anybody's match.' Eton was able to defeat Winchester by no very crushing majority, and Rugby could place in the field an eleven far too big and powerful for their puny antagonists of Marlborough, though the latter made a plucky fight to the best of their ability. The Marlburians had some little compensation for their defeat at the hands of the Rugbeians in a victory over Cheltenham, and a most exciting finish between Cheltenham and Clifton gave the former an extraordinary win, the Cheltenham captain bowling the tenth wicket of Clifton in the second innings with the very last ball of the match. Westminster this time had an eleven on paper superior to that of Charterhouse, and it certainly seems strange that of late years the latter school has done so little towards the supply of first-class amateur cricketers. A general glance at the figures in the batting columns would seem to suggest a falling off by contrast with former years, but making allowance for the unfavourable conditions against which batsmen had to contend, they may fairly be considered good in some special cases. Such an average as that of Mr. A. G. Steel at Marlborough in 1877, when he showed more than 42 runs per innings, could not be expected, but those of Messrs. C. T. Studd of Eton, C. F. H. Leslie of Rugby, T. G. H. Moncrieffe of Harrow, E. O. Powell of Charterhouse, H. C. Benbow of Westminster, A. W. Kemble of Cheltenham, and W. C. Johnston, are satisfactory enough to show that under more auspicious circumstances there would have been little to argue a deterioration in public school batting. The largest number of wickets during the season falls to the Cheltenham captain with a very good total of 94, but the best average of all is that of C. V. Wilks, a Westminster, who, to judge by the success that has marked his bowling during the two last seasons, ought to be of use next summer to the Oxford eleven. C. A. S. Leggatt again makes an excellent show for Rugby, and C. F. H. Leslie for the same school, the brothers Ramsay for Harrow, P. J. de Paravacini and C. T. Studd for Eton, L. M. Richards for Charterhouse, Talbot for Winchester, F. M. Reynolds for Clifton, and E. Hardwick for Marlborough, all come out well, as will be seen. Marlborough indeed had a very promising slow round-arm bowler in Hardwick, and considering that he delivered altogether 1266 balls for 443 runs and 58 wickets, it is a matter for regret that he is not going up to either university. In the majority of cases the averages would serve to show that the batting was very uneven, and

in this department Marlborough, Westminster, and Charterhouse make the worst show. Rugby had two good batsmen at least in C. F. H. Leslie and F. W. Capron, but most of the elevens were apparently afflicted with a tail, and chiefly owing to the reasons already advanced the figures generally are under the usual standard. As far as one can judge, Eton, Harrow, and Rugby were fairly evenly weighted, and Westminster, who certainly had a better eleven than for some years past, were said to be a good hard-working all round team, though most of their strength must undoubtedly have laid in their bowling. Perhaps the best all round players were the Eton and Rugby Captains, C. T. Studd and C. F. H. Leslie, and the former has already proved that in bowling at least he will be a useful addition to Middlesex County. An excellent field, a very fair bowler, and a fine and punishing hitter, Leslie should ripen into a first-rate player, and as it is said that he remains at Rugby for another year there would appear to be little risk in predicting for him the highest school honours of 1880. These few introductory remarks represent a careful analysis of cricket played under decided difficulties, and in referring for other details to the tables that follow we have to thank the captains of the various schools, to whose courtesy we owe the figures necessary for the preparation of our annual article.

THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Not outs.	Runs.	Highest Score.	Average.
C. T. Studd	14	1	346	112*	24.7
Hon. M. B. Hawke	14	0	120	37	8.5
P. J. de Paravicini	15	2	220	94	14.6
S. W. Cattle	18	0	183	32	10.1
A. C. Cattle	13	1	171	63*	13.1
R. W. Byass	7	1	68	26	9.7
P. St. L. Grenfell	15	1	121	24	8.0
A. Polhill-Turner	7	5	74	20	10.5
F. W. Bainbridge	7	1	57	18	8.1
W. L. Hitchcock	13	4	142	21*	10.9
A. E. Newton	5	3	31	13*	6.2

* Not out.

THE ETON ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	No-balls.	Runs per Wicket.
C. T. Studd	191	103	165	19	0	0	8.6
P. J. de Paravicini	177	91	191	27	0	0	7.0
A. C. Cattle	48	20	60	9	1	1	6.9
A. Polhill-Turner	22	6	28	7	0	0	4.0

Eton was more fortunate than in 1878, when the eleven was almost entirely composed of new choices, as six members of the previous

year were left to form the nucleus of the team of 1879. With the exception of G. B. Studd, who was elected to the last place in the Cambridge University eleven, no one of any great value retired, so that the captain had few difficulties to contend with in respect to his men last summer. No batsman of superlative merit has appeared at Eton since the captaincy of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, and judging only from the form of the Harrow match, all round the eleven was below the average. The fielding was by no means up to the highest public school standard, and the wicket-keeping certainly not brilliant. Some very good defence by S. W. Cattley in the second innings against Harrow relieved the tameness of the Eton batting in that match, and even assuming the form generally to have been much superior to what was seen on the heavy wickets at Lord's, the improvement would hardly atone for the obvious weakness of the eleven in other departments. P. J. de Paravacini, though unsuccessful against Harrow, performed creditably both with bat and ball during the season; but with the exception of C. T. Studd, who will be a useful all round man for Cambridge University, and S. W. Cattley, who is likely to be of service to his county, Surrey, there was very little sign of talent, and the fielding at Lord's was quite as bad as in 1878, than which there can be no heavier censure.

THE HARROW ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Number of Times not out.	Total Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
J. H. Stirling	13	1	195	57	57	16·2
T. G. H. Moncrieffe	14	2	250	69	69	20·8
M. F. Ramsay	11	1	65	31	31	6·5
R. Spencer	13	0	195	91	91	15·0
D. H. Barry	14	1	164	34	34	12·6
J. Dunn	11	0	182	42	42	16·5
M. C. Kemp	13	4	109	29	30	12·1
Hon. F. de Moleyns	13	2	150	48	48	13·6
E. A. J. Maynard	12	1	88	22	22	8·0
F. W. Stancomb	8	1	113	36	36	16·1
R. C. Ramsay	10	6	36	16	22	9·0

THE HARROW ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Balls.	Number of Maidens.	Number of Runs.	Number of Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.
T. G. H. Moncrieffe	145	8	62	3	20·6
M. F. Ramsay	1039	100	294	31	9·4
R. Spencer	265	25	75	6	12·5
D. H. Barry	40	1	13	0	0
E. A. J. Maynard	779	45	254	28	9·9
F. W. Stancomb	12	1	7	1	7·0
R. C. Ramsay	679	74	174	24	7·4

Only four of the Harrow eleven of 1878 were left for the following season, and the task of completing the team under the difficulties of ground and weather last summer was not an easy one. Fortunately for the Harrovians J. H. Stirling's captaincy was marked by considerable judgment, and some fair cricket was shown, though the play at Lord's was hardly up to their previous public form. The excellent batting of T. G. H. Moncrieffe was not only the feature of, but quite saved, the match against Eton, and although his bowling did not show as favourably as in the previous year, all round he might fairly be described as one of the best public school players of the season. Much of the success of the Harrovians was due to the excellent bowling of the brothers Ramsay, and besides there was more than one change, though not perhaps of the highest quality. The wicket-keeping of M. C. Kemp was much above the average, and in fielding the eleven generally were hard working and sure, though there was no particular individual brilliance. Harrow has no doubt been better represented in previous years, but there have been many worse elevens to do duty for the school, and had there been a little more batting towards the tail of the team they would have been quite up to the usual standard.

THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Total Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average Runs.
C. J. Weatherby	12	0	95	20	20	7'11
G. F. W. Cole	11	0	152	41	41	13'9
J. L. Kaye	12	0	131	23	31	10'11
A. T. Thring	10	0	72	36	36	7'1
Mansfield	11	1	97	23	25	9'7
C. L. Hickley	9	2	29	14	14	4'1
Sweet	12	1	171	68	68	15'6
Talbot	10	3	7	3	3	1'0
Stobart	12	1	106	30	30	9'7
Wade	11	3	200	44	49	25'0
Lea	13	2	117	29	29	10'7

THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No-balls.	Average Runs per Wicket.
C. L. Hickley	639	258	23	23	0	0	11'5
A. T. Thring	774	226	58	21	1	1	10'16
G. F. W. Cole	529	177	46	16	17	1	11'1
Talbot	817	296	44	34	0	0	8'12
Lea	238	113	10	6	3	0	18'5
Wade	221	54	13	6	2	2	9'0
Stobart	315	133	21	18	0	0	7'7

Winchester lost six of its eleven of 1878, but some fair cricket was shown during the season, if, according to appearances, the Wykehamists were hardly up to the standard of the previous season. C. T. Weatherby, the Captain, whose play in 1878 had led to great hopes, showed a falling off, and generally there seemed to be need of improvement in the batting department, as the figures will show. Fielding has always been one of the strong points of a Wykehamist team, and in this respect the eleven of 1879 were in no way behind their predecessors, their excellence in the field contributing greatly to the success of some of their bowlers. The retirement of two such batsmen as A. W. Moon and G. G. Gutters was very inadequately filled, but C. L. Hickley, whose medium pace left-hand round arm delivery gave such signs of promise in 1878, fully confirmed that form, and in addition to two of the old choices, G. F. W. Cole and A. T. Thring, both of whom came out with a very creditable average, a new bowler likely to be very effective appeared in the person of G. J. Talbot, who had almost as creditable a summary as the best public school bowlers of the year. There was certainly no phenomenon in the Winchester eleven, but their bowling was quite equal to that of most of the other schools, and if for nothing else it could claim precedence in some instances on the strength of its variety.

THE RUGBY SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
C. F. H. Leslie	25	4	509	84	94	24·2
F. W. Capron	26	3	483	71	71	21·0
C. A. S. Leggatt	24	2	466	80	80	21·1
C. E. Cobb	21	1	103	18	18	5·1
F. H. Bowden-Smith	13	0	70	10	10	5·3
H. W. Cave	21	2	171	25*	25*	9·0
F. J. Hirst	22	3	104	44	44	5·4
W. P. Ward	19	1	147	34	34	8·1
H. L. Fowler	10	4	73	16*	19	12·1
E. H. Kempson	15	1	114	21*	37	8·1
S. H. Walrond	19	6	86	11	13	6·8

* Not out.

THE RUGBY SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
C. A. S. Leggatt	2686	206	829	85	9·7
S. H. Walrond	836	54	265	22	12·0
C. F. H. Leslie	1808	172	592	60	9·7
H. L. Fowler	572	42	193	9	21·2

Six of the Rugby eleven of 1878 retired before the commencement of last season, but with the exception of their best bowler, F. D. Gaddum, there was no vacancy that could not be fairly filled, and there were still three excellent all-round players left in C. F. Leslie, F. W. Capron, and C. A. Leggatt. After them the batting was not particularly good, but in bowling they were fairly strong, and in addition to C. F. Leslie and C. A. Leggatt, who took more wickets than any other school bowlers of the day, the Rugbeians had a very useful new slow-round bowler in W. H. Walrond. In C. F. Leslie 'Rugby' had, if not the very best, certainly one of the first all-round players of 1879, and with his undeniable powers of hitting, at times effective bowling, and activity in the field, he should develop into one of the finest amateur cricketers. F. W. Capron, as batsman, fully confirmed his promise of the previous year, and C. A. Leggatt with Leslie contributed chiefly to the successes of the eleven. S. H. Walrond is a slow-round arm bowler, very straight, with good pitch, and plenty of work, but he was eclipsed by the brighter lights of Leslie and Leggatt, or he might have come out even more favourably.

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Times not out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
E. O. Powell	18	2	328	86	20·8
C. W. Wright	18	0	189	37	10·9
G. W. Searle	12	2	30	7	3·0
C. Twist	18	2	189	46	11·3
E. L. Damer	17	0	143	40	8·7
L. M. Richards	12	2	38	12*	3·8
P. M. Walters	18	0	136	31	7·10
L. Owen	14	2	45	15	3·9
H. G. Sapte	13	1	62	10	5·2
W. Lea	16	2	86	20	6·2
J. Vintcent	7	3	8	4	2·0

* Not out.

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Runs.	Maiden Overs.	Wickets.	Wides.	No-balls.	Average.
C. Twist	780	264	39	26	11	4	10·19
L. M. Richards	1401	459	86	58	2	2	7·57
L. Owen	866	288	51	20	3	3	14·14
H. G. Sapte	16	5	0	2	1	0	3·0
W. Lea	627	176	45	14	5	0	12·13
J. Vintcent	650	174	49	14	0	0	12·6

Charterhouse was in the unenviable position of having only one member of its eleven of 1878 left for last season, and its Captain, E. O. Powell, had no easy task with ten places to fill. The departure, too, of an excellent bowler, such as was F. C. Morrison, made matters even less hopeful, and the difficulties under which the Carthusians had to labour will account for their poor show, although it must be admitted that Charterhouse cricket has not been in the most flourishing condition of late years. E. O. Powell set an excellent example, and his scoring was very creditable throughout, but otherwise the batting was very weak, and the eleven had to endure defeat in both their school matches during the season. Charterhouse cricket needs more than one reform before it can be certain of any permanent improvement, and the eleven would have fared badly if placed against most of the public schools of 1879. In bowling, L. M. Richards made as good a show as any bowler, excepting C. V. Wilks, of Westminster, but except C. Twist, who was in some measure successful with both bat and ball, there was nothing above mediocrity, and this term might be used to express the general cricket of the school last summer.

THE WESTMINSTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.*

NAMES.	Innings.	Not outs.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
H. C. Benbow	10	2	165	40*	20·5
C. V. Wilks	10	0	65	27	6·5
W. F. G. Sandwith	9	1	96	28	12·0
R. S. Owen	10	2	37	19	4·5
G. Dale	10	1	102	30*	11·3
F. W. Janson	10	1	71	18	7·8
H. S. Westmorland	10	1	64	20	7·1
A. B. P. Boyd	9	0	72	29	8·0
G. H. W. Reece	7	1	51	18	8·3
J. H. Titcomb	8	2	24	13	4·0
F. C. Ryde	5	1	18	8	4·2

* Not out.

THE WESTMINSTER ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
C. V. Wilks	198·3	77	314	47	6·32
F. W. Janson	99·2	30	219	17	12·15
H. S. Westmorland	123·2	23	297	25	11·22
R. S. Owen	25·0	12	37	3	10·7
J. H. Titcomb	27·0	6	73	5	14·3

Janson bowled 7, and Owen 1 wide.

Westminster was lucky in having seven of its old choices left for last season, and all round there was a perceptible improvement on

their show in 1878. The school had a hard-working eleven, and was better represented perhaps than it has been for some years, though the statistics are not altogether of the highest order. C. V. Wilks, who had such an excellent average in 1878, fully sustained his reputation last summer, and as he bowls a good pace with great break from the off, he should be of some use to Oxford University if he only keeps up his school form. H. Westmorland was fairly successful as a slow bowler, and with a little more care F. W. Janson might have been of great assistance to the eleven, though his delivery is rather too low ever to prove really dangerous. H. C. Benbow was the only batsman to make a fair show, and in this department the Westminsters undoubtedly wanted more strength, though their bowling and fielding made up in a small measure for this defect. The three chief matches, to wit, those against Charterhouse School, M.C.C. and Ground, and I. Zingari, were won, but all the remaining five were lost, so that the summary would argue a decided weakness somewhere, evidently in the batting. We are glad to see that the Westminsters have taken the hint we offered last December by the omission of scores made in school games from these averages, and we are thus enabled for the first time to enter into a fair comparison between their doings and those of the other schools.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Total Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
E. Peake	14	0	127	41	9'1
H. Leach	12	1	151	32	13'8
C. L. Booth	14	1	79	15	6'1
C. Hitchcock	12	0	200	56	16'2
H. E. Stanton	3	0	22	20	7'1
C. S. Bengough	13	2	117	21	10'7
H. D. P. Kitcat	13	2	128	21*	11'7
H. G. C. Hardwick	9	4	40	16	8'0
H. J. Glennie	13	0	89	14	6'11
R. E. Hill	12	2	47	9	4'7
J. B. Challen	11	0	80	15	7'3

* Not out.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	Averages.
E. Peake	1055	437	61	32	3	13'2
H. G. C. Hardwick	1266	443	118	58	0	7'3
H. J. Glennie	376	125	25	10	0	12'5
R. E. Hill	399	176	27	11	0	16'0
J. B. Challen	535	270	27	11	0	24'6

H. G. C. Hardwick, winner of average fall for 1879.

Marlborough had only three of its eleven of 1878 left for the following season, and altogether its figures were not of the most promising kind. An unexpected collapse of the Cheltonians in their second innings gave the School a victory in the match with Cheltenham, but at Lord's against Rugby the Marlburians made only a poor show, and their batting, excepting a brief stand by C. Hitchcock and H. D. Kitcat in the second innings, was of the tamest character. In this respect their figures contrast very unfavourably with those of the previous year, and all round they appeared to be below the standard of 1878. E. Peake, the Captain, had almost, to a fraction, the same bowling average as in the preceding season, but by far the best show in this department was that of E. Hardwick, and for a slow round-arm bowler his performance was really excellent, challenging comparison with the most successful school champions of 1879. Marlborough could hardly be considered to have had a strong eleven, and there was certainly no bright particular star, an A. G. Steel, to bring the school into fame as in 1876 and 1877.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Times not out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
A. J. Forrest (Capt.)	20	3	153	31*	31	9'0
F. G. Oliver	20	2	227	50*	50	12'6
G. Francis	20	1	247	50	50	13'0
W. C. Tonge	19	4	184	39*	51	12'2
H. Clowes	19	0	181	44	44	9'6
A. W. Kemble	20	1	392	53*	61	20'6
R. A. Glass	19	0	146	49	49	7'6
D. M. Jenkins	17	4	46	14*	14	3'5
H. P. Cooke	17	2	116	22	29	7'2
C. R. Brown	16	2	76	27	27	5'4
T. J. Llewellyn	15	1	36	9	10	2'4

* Not out.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	No-balls.	Average Runs per Wicket.
A. J. Forrest	2383	218	749	94	5	4	7'6
D. M. Jenkins	1417	137	508	48	1	4	10'5
T. J. Llewellyn	598	49	293	22	7	0	13'3
R. A. Glass	505	22	256	14	2	0	16'8
C. R. Brown	224	12	105	4	2	0	26'2

Cheltenham had only five vacancies to fill to complete its eleven of 1879, and with no mean bowling and excellent fielding, the Cheltonians made a very fair show, which would have been considerably

improved but for the collapse which lost them the Marlborough match. In A. W. Kemble they had an excellent bat with very strong defence, and their batting all round was better than would appear from a glance at their statistics. A. J. Forrest, the Captain, a slow round-arm bowler, with a slight breakback, improved very materially, even on his creditable show in 1878, and his bowling throughout the season, considering his pace, was one of the most noticeable features of public school cricket in 1879. In F. G. Oliver and G. Francis Cheltenham had two good batsmen, though their style was hardly conducive to success on the slow wickets prevalent, and in D. M. Jenkins, a very fair medium pace bowler, with high delivery, who will probably be of material assistance to the eleven another year.

CLIFTON COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Times not out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
G. C. Harrison (Capt.)	8	0	56	29	7
W. C. Johnston	15	1	278	57*	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
F. M. Reynolds	11	3	58	12	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
H. S. Cooper	14	0	187	29	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. O. Vizard	15	1	93	29	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
B. D. Carey	13	1	167	55	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. F. Pinkey	13	1	174	43	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. Hoste	13	2	89	33	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. P. Richardson	14	4	47	12*	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
T. G. Bradshaw	10	1	117	34	13
A. J. Carstairs	6	0	47	24	7 $\frac{1}{2}$

CLIFTON COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
G. C. Harrison	630	56	221	24	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
F. M. Reynolds	1315	144	463	45	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
W. C. Johnston	1279	120	489	39	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
B. D. Carey	396	25	241	11	21 $\frac{1}{2}$

Clifton was almost as unfortunate as last winter in having only three of its eleven of 1878 to form the nucleus of its team in 1879, and the summary of the season shows results far from favourable. In W. C. Johnston the Cliftonians had an excellent all-round player, a steady bat, a useful slow bowler, and a fine field, but in batting the eleven were hardly up to the Clifton standard. The absence of the Captain, G. C. Harrison, during some of the earlier matches, owing to an accident, interfered in some measure with the cricket, but taken at its best there was undeniably much room for improvement. F. M. Reynolds was at times singularly successful with his fast bowling, and G. C. Harrison, a slow bowler, with a

great twist from the leg, came off so well late in the season as to justify the belief that with his assistance in the earlier contests the eleven might have made, on the whole, a fair show. The state of the ground was so unfavourable during 1879, that it has been difficult to estimate the batting merits of the school teams with any degree of accuracy, but making every allowance, it does not appear as if the Clifton eleven were by any means so strong all round as some of their predecessors.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—November Notes in Town and Country.

'Dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.'

So said or sang that milk-and-watery poet of the 'Seasons,' whose very name, from our schoolboy hours when we had to recite his blank verse, down to the present time, we have cordially loathed. Mr. Thomson, no doubt, was an excellent man, but when he wrote about 'the conquered year' he must have been thinking of Yorkshire wolds or Lincolnshire fens, and had perchance visions of some future Marianas in moated and wintry granges, and knew nothing about Piccadilly or Pall Mall. What these localities were in the 'dread winters' and 'gentle springs' of Mr. Thomson's day will be found in the pleasant pages of old London chronicles; what they are in our own Victorian era is more to our purpose.

'Dread winter,' then, 'spreads his latest glooms,' let us say, in King Street, St. James's, a quiet little locality well known to most of our readers. It is about 1.30 P.M. The intelligent foreigner who laboriously keeps clean one particular crossing in St. James's Square has for a time abandoned his post. He has learned to know the luncheon-hour at the Orleans Club, and he is now assiduously brushing the path from the bottom of Duke Street to the club door. The intelligent one has also learned that when men have lunched copiously and well there is a chance of much bronze, that may run into silver, and he is *very* careful about that particular crossing. He salaams vigorously to the various Pashas and Effendis who enter the hospitable portals. He knows what we may call the heavy-luncheon men well, and gives an extra polish with his broom when he sees them approaching. He has, alas! swept for the last time for some well-known 'Town House' men—the genial and pleasant Posno, Lionel Lawson, of the cheerful countenance, and the agreeable, if sometimes cynical speech—they are no longer to be found in coffee or card-room, exchanging the gossip and *persiflage* that passes in these days for conversation; and they will be missed, we hope, and their names often mentioned in the pleasant hours of social converse for which the Orleans 'Town House' is so celebrated. But the dead past must bury its dead. We are in the living presence of the luncheon hour, and the coffee-room of the little club—and perchance the ladies' room also—is soon alive with a pleasant clatter suggestive of good cheer. And here we might pause to tell of the comfort and luxury of the house, which, under Captain Wombwell's able management and taste, has become one of the most agreeable of the new clubs of London. Some considerable additions to and alterations in

the original house as it came into his hands have recently been made, and where the doors reopened the other day, after having been closed for about two months, the most fastidious member could have found no fault at all with what he there saw. He was not in the conventional club, large or small, with its leather ottomans and lounging chairs, its wealth of newspapers and current literature, its coffee and smoking-rooms made to a pattern, but in a charming little house, where he must have half expected the hostess to greet him, and the host to show him to his room. The quiet, subdued tints of the furniture and rich hangings; the soft piled carpets; the bright ladies' coffee-room, with its ferns and flowers, the little boudoir adjoining, the private dining-rooms upstairs: all are perfect, and throughout the club snugness—that thoroughly English peculiarity—reigns supreme. Nothing 'tremendous' there, O shade of poet Thomson! no 'latest glooms,' as far as we can discover, unless it be that the afternoon 'poker' has not gone exactly as we could wish. The appetite of the male coffee-room seems good; from the feminine one comes the sound of subdued and rippling laughter—and do we not know that women, like the birds, chirp when they have been well fed? As the afternoon draws on, and the fires burn bright, the card-room snuggery is the centre of attraction, and 'poker' and 'nap' occupy happy idlers until again the coffee-rooms begin to fill, and there is a *frou-frou* on the stairs, which we may perchance hear again later on when the gay crowd pours out of boxes and stalls at the St. James's, and mantled and hooded forms trip over the brief space that lies between theatre and club. And so much for 'dread winter' in King Street, St. James's.

It is not very 'dread' at the Lyceum either, where the latest interpretation of 'The Merchant of Venice' draws us with an irresistible force. Not the tragedy of our boyish days, when we remember being half frightened out of our poor little wits (it was at the Bath theatre) by Shylock, and thinking the whole affair very dreadful—which it really was. We wonder what became of that particular Shylock? He must have joined the majority by this time, poor fellow, and we trust he is forgiven. Another and a much worthier Shylock rises before our mind's eye in Gustavus Vasa Brooke—a fine and picturesque presence, a splendid elocution, and great dignity in the trial scene. He too, as Mr. Irving has done, made Shylock a gentleman—an idea which, if old criticisms be true, could never have entered the heads of a past generation of actors. Before Macklin's time, we are told that Shylock was regarded as a comic character; and there certainly was something horribly grotesque (perhaps he meant it to be comic) about our Bath friend's interpretation. But all this has passed away. We are at the Lyceum transplanted back to the old Venetian world, with its stately dames and noble signors, its revels and its frolic life, its loves and hates. 'The Merchant of Venice' is a drama full of romance, through which runs the tragedy of Shylock—a prominent feature, but still one to which the Lady of Belmont is not subordinate. For Mr. Irving, as a true Shakespearian scholar would do, has retained the last act; and impressive and absorbing as the trial scene has been, we can yet listen with pleasure to the high comedy of Portia and her friends. And it would be wonderful indeed if with such a Portia we could do otherwise. That Miss Terry looks the part, we need scarcely say. Whatever character that lady assumes—whether, as in Portia, she appears to have stepped down from the canvases of Paolo Veronese or Giorgione, be she the Olivia of the Wakefield Vicarage, or Lilian Vavasour of the Abbey—she is to the manner born. Every action is perfect grace, while her beautiful and sympathetic voice keeps her audience with her to the last. When to all this is added a

subtle and refined interpretation of the character, marked by delicate suggestions and poetical by-play, it is not surprising that, with her many artistic triumphs before our eyes, we place her *Portia* the first and foremost.

We have deferred speaking of *Shylock* until the last. In our humble opinion it is the most striking Shakespearian picture Mr. Irving has yet given us. He has risen out of himself as it were. He has put aside some mannerisms, he has conquered, or nearly so, some little physical defects, and the whole representation was a most happy one. If here and there his passion is somewhat in excess, we forget it in the dignified melancholy of the closing scenes. As we have above said, *Shylock* is made by Mr. Irving a gentleman, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, proud of race and religion, and his hatred of the Christian merchant a part of his creed. The trial scene is no doubt the grand one, and Mr. Irving's bearing throughout to his final exit is about the most impressive piece of acting we can remember seeing. The business of the scene, too, is admirable. The group of excited Jews who watch the proceedings with feverish interest, the horror depicted on their countenances when the sentence on *Shylock*, condemning him to deny his religion, is pronounced, together with the execrations of the crowd without, heard as he leaves the court, all this is very telling and effective. The play is not overlaid by obtrusive accessories of scenery and costume. Everything is good and appropriate, and we have Venice brought before our eyes with its lights and shades, its gaiety and gloom, but our attention never wanders from the action of the scene.

We are indebted to Mr. Irving for a very remarkable interpretation—perhaps, as a leading critic has said of it, 'superior to anything of its class' that has been seen on the English stage by the present generation.' This is high praise, but we think it is not excessive. That it will raise Mr. Irving's reputation even higher than it now stands is likely. In some places it disarms criticism, so grand and dignified is the spectacle the outraged Jew presents. That much study has been given to the character we can see at once. A lover and a scholar of Shakespeare, he has found the task an easy one, and the result is what all London is flocking to see. A reception so enthusiastic has rarely been given; and the success of '*The Merchant of Venice*' is a curious commentary on the words of that luckless lessee of Drury Lane, who said that '*Shakespeare* spelt ruin.'

But it was a very 'dread winter,' and there were a great many 'glooms,' and Thomson, at Shrewsbury, we grant you that. We felt the unkindness of the season very much there, we own. How is it that the old Shrewsbury form has departed? It was once famous for cakes and ale, for great fun and joviality, for good things both on the board and on the course. Though the master-spirit has gone who made Shrewsbury Races what they were, yet his sons have worthily caught his mantle, and in their turn cater for their patrons with the zeal and judgment characteristic of their father. Shrewsbury itself does not do much to second them, it must be confessed. 'Tis a vile lewd 'town,' with very inferior accommodation, and racing men do not enjoy themselves within its gates. Its hotels are not excellent, and its lodgings—well, well, we will, as the popular phrase goes, draw a veil over them. The capital of 'proud Salopia' has not very much to be proud of, unless it is the Town Hall, some beautiful old houses, and Redmayne's shop—which latter, as reminding us of Bond Street and civilisation, is always pleasant to look upon. Formerly we put up with bad accommodation and rough living for the sake of good times up on the common; but now that these have passed away, the discomfort of the town strikes us the more. It struck us very hard on the last occasion. The times were awful upon the course; and when we returned

to our temporary fireside no comfortable board awaited us, and no neat-handed Phyllis ministered to our necessities. We had no consolations. As we began badly, so we finished, and we shook the Shrewsbury mud from our feet without much caring if we ever trod its streets again. And we ourselves, who were so fond of Shrewsbury, and carried its banner in the van, so to speak; who were ready to fight for it against all comers, and hurl defiance at its enemies—here is a change for us! We could almost have wept. The racing had a good deal to do with it, of course. We are not going through the dismal catalogue of disaster, Mr. Baily. Even such a lamentable circumstance as 'The Van' being short of 'copy' could not drag that from us. Suffice it to say here that we pinned our faith on a real Breadfinder, as we fondly thought, on two separate occasions, and took nothing, so the bread cast upon the waters of Shrewsbury Handicaps and Shrewsbury Cups will not return to us after many days. It was a grievous thing to be second and third in the penultimate handicap of the season, and with good horses too. Then the unexpected victory of Rosy Cross! what dismay that caused—chiefly, though, to her owner and trainer, who did not fancy her even a little bit, and who saw the Lincolnshire Handicap of next year, in all probability, dashed from their grasp. But it was not only in the big events of the meeting that we found our loss. The little handicaps and the many nurseries resulted in disaster, and the jubilant scream of the bookmakers, as outsider after outsider came to the post, was painful to hear. The Messrs. Frail fortunately had curtailed a day, and got rid of the steeplechasing—which, as there are no steeplechasers, was a judicious movement. They also did not give us more than eight or nine races a day, which was a comfort. Under John Frail's *régime*, and in the good old days, we remember that we stood eleven like lambs. To be sure, most of the eleven came off; now if there had been that number, their fathers' sons would have had to do what popular belief credited those benefactors of their species, MM. Benazet, Dupressoir, and Blanc, with doing occasionally—sending their ruined patrons back to their families with a ten-pound note and a railway ticket.

But some of us managed to come to time at Warwick and Manchester and Kempton Park. 'Tis true,

'Our ranks were broken like thin clouds before a Biscay gale,'

but still we contrived to make a show. There were some regretted absences, and many temporary arrangements; there were also instances where there were no arrangements at all—which was a subject of more regret than the absences. There was also much virtuous resolution. In fact, the noble sentiments freely scattered about the paddocks and inclosures of Shrewsbury, Warwick, and Kempton Park would have done much for the repair of that place which we are told is paved with good intentions. The utterers of the sentiments, in the first place, never intended to come racing any more. Their occupations for the future would be strictly of a bucolic nature. A home farm, with pastures that might produce Birmingham and Islington prize-winners; a little fishing and shooting—these were to be their modest wants. They did not even mention hunting, some of them, so intent were they on putting on one side the noble animal and all his works. They uttered their sentiments with a calm dignity which was impressive. They did not abuse fortune, or rail at their 'cursed luck.' A grand melancholy was the characteristic of their confessions, and we listened, we hope, with a gravity suited to the occasion. It was altogether most touching.

It was true that by the time Warwick's three days had come to an end, we

did not hear quite so much about that retirement from the Turf as we did at Shrewsbury. When Fay's number, for instance, went up for the Hunt Cup Steeplechase, there was a certain liveliness exhibited by the occupants of the Stewards' Stand, and they were not quite so bucolic as they were at Shrewsbury. The Guy Welter, too, and the victory of Rosalind the same afternoon tended to raise their spirits; and if things had gone well on the next day, Tuesday, it would, perhaps, have been the old story of 'the devil was sick,' &c. But backers of horses, beyond all other things, are, as Mrs. Gamp remarked, 'born into a wale'; and they found their 'wale' that afternoon in Hermia, Red Hazard, and Gunnersbury; the last-named celebrated two-year-old causing great grief in a Hurdle Race. They were a little recouped by the win of Stitchery, Central Fire, and Frivola; but then Wednesday nearly undid it all again, when the Frivolity colt, Sign Manual, Redskin, and Stylites went to the wall. The last named finished at the tail of everything in the Welter Cup, for which he started a very warm favourite, and we venture to think he will not improve on this form.

Manchester was undoubtedly best of the late gatherings. There is plenty of money at Cottonopolis; there is a good stand, and the business arrangements are all well carried out. The ground in dirty weather is of a very upsetting character for backers of favourites, but there are always good fields, and this time there was good company, which—with all due deference be it said—we do not always see at Manchester. Lord Wilton entertained the Duke and Duchess of Teck at Heaton Hall, in addition to other noble dames and seigniors, and so the pleasant face of the Princess Mary, that in a racing way only beams on us at Ascot and Goodwood, lighted up the prosaic surroundings of Manchester. We hope H.R.H. enjoyed it; but it was more than some of the noble sportsmen and sportswomen could have done, for from the hour in which Lindrich won the Lancaster Nursery on the first day, down to the time when the frost finally interfered on the Saturday and put a stop to all further racing, there was nothing but a succession of ill-luck, for the two or three favourites that won were but as drops in the ocean. The great knock-down blow on the first day was the defeat of Master Kildare in the Manchester Cup. He could not act on the holding ground, and was beaten by Umbria; and as odds of 5 to 1 had been laid on Lord Hastings's horse, our readers can imagine the consternation it caused. Then there was the Lancashire Cup on the second day, to see which event an influx of noble sportsmen had left Warwick, and duchesses and baronets were alike buoyed up with hope. For either Avontes or Lord Clive were to win, and the money was dashed down with a freedom that foretold success. There was some very bad behaviour at the start, and the principal offenders were jockeys who ought to have known better. 'It was clear'—we quote an eye-witness—'that, whatever happened, C. Wood on Lord Clive, Archer on Avontes, and Snowden on Robbie Burns would be first from the post, for in every false start they were away in advance, while little Bell on the Rowan was equally conspicuous by taking a prominent position lengths in the rear of the others.' Major Dixon must have had a trying time of it; and we can only regret that the Stewards so feebly supported him on his reporting Wood, Archer, and Snowden for disobedience at the post. Wood was suspended for the rest of the meeting, a sentence which that young gentleman must have heard with much equanimity, seeing that he left the same evening to ride at Kempton Park. Archer and Snowden were severely reprimanded, we believe. What a farce it is!

But the race. Well, despite the praiseworthy efforts of Messrs. Archer and Wood, they neither of them won, which, except for the respective

owners of Avontes and Lord Clive, and their backers, must be considered a rather fortunate circumstance. Jim Snowden waited a bit. Perhaps Jim 'knew something,' and though he had apparently been in a great hurry in the breaks away, he was not in too great a one at the actual start. He waited to the distance, where there were only four in it—Concord, Humbert, Avontes, and Robbie Burns—and the latter, full of running, went to the front, and beat the outsider Humbert in a canter by a length. This, of course, was a very good performance, and sets us all thinking that Count de Lagrange was perhaps a very lucky man on the Leger day, when he found Robbie Burns amiss, or it is just on the cards that the long-necked one might not have pulled it off. But all these are vain imaginings, of course. Racing men are especially great at the what-might-have-been theory, and endless is the talk and disquisition about what would or would not have happened if so-and-so had got quicker on his legs—or had not got shut in—or had not been driven on to the rails—or had not been bumped, &c., &c. No doubt now and then there are false-run races, but as a rule the judge's decision would be the same if the race were run over again.

Friday's racing brought no relief, and still for backers was it the same old story. The big race of the meeting was the November Handicap, and there had been a good deal of speculation on the event, but, seeing they offered 5 to 1 on the field at the fall of the flag, no great favourite. There were two equal favourites, in fact—Belphebe and Chocolate—and next to them Adamite and Lansdown carried the most money. At one time there were indications that Prince George would be the trusted one of the latter's stable, for the old horse was said to have never been better, but two days before the race the market barometer pointed to Lansdown, who, we may say here, again failed to do what they expected of him. Lord Hartington had a double bid for the prize with Rylstone, and there were special reasons, as at Liverpool, why the heir of the Cavendishes would have much liked taking the prize. But as Liverpool would not have Rylstone, so Manchester cast her shoe over Belphebe. Not even the exuberant enthusiasm of that abode of virtue, Pomona Gardens, where a short time previously her noble owner had fanned the Liberal flame of Lancashire so eloquently—not all the shouting or all the cheers for the straw jacket could bring Belphebe to the front, and to the disgust of backers, Mars was seen with the lead at the distance, the old warrior finally beating Adamite easily by a length. The result was most unexpected. After his running in the Cup on Wednesday no one, not even his own stable, could fancy him. Mars has been certainly a heartbreaking sort of horse to his friends. He very nearly upset Touchet in the Lincoln Handicap (he started at 100 to 1 offered in vain), but since then he has failed to come to the front in any race he has run, as far as we can remember. He certainly was second to Umbria in the Autumn Handicap at Lincoln about three weeks previous to Manchester, but that is all. No doubt the horse is a rogue, and will only run straight when he chooses, which never happens when he is backed. This we think was about 'the last straw' (no allusion to Rylstone intended), and a timely frost coming in the night spared us that fifth day which the Manchester authorities, solely in the interests of sport, and with no thought of filthy gain, had arranged for our gratification.

And then came the snow. What a time must that have been at Kempton Park, where the remnants of a forlorn hope vainly strove against a ruthless fate, and stood the pelting of the pitiless storm like men. Circumstances did not allow us to be present at what is generally such a pleasant gathering, though we appear to have lost nothing by our absence, judging from the

returns and the melancholy recitals of our friends. It is a mystery to us now how the meeting was brought off, because with the snow lying thick in Hyde Park, we supposed it would have been thicker still at Kempton. But energy and determination, backed up by sweeping and brush-harrowing, will do much, and while we were plodding through the half-frozen snow of the Green Park, that 'gay deceiver' Gunnersbury was trying to win the Park Hurdle Handicap, which we need scarcely say he did not do. There were instruments of music in the Kempton Nursery, a sound of War Horns and a tinkling of Guitars, but the tinkling had to cave in to the trumpet note. What could a Guitar do against a War Horn? The esteemed owner of the former had a great following, especially among the members of 'the fourth,' and if Guitar had won, we are almost afraid to think what the consequences would have been. But as it turned out, we did *not* strike the light Guitar, who finished fourth to War Horn's first. Tom Cannon had a very good time all through the three days, and as it is just on the cards that we may not see that excellent jockey—a thoroughly good and straightforward man—in the saddle next year, we congratulate him most heartily on his success. We are speaking, or rather writing, without book, and know nothing of Cannon's intentions as to the future. But recent Jockey Club legislation points to the probability that as a jockey we have seen the last of one of the most brilliant performers of these latter days. We shall be glad to find that we are in error, and pleased to think that we shall see him again next year. Be that as it may, we desire now to pay a tribute, in which we feel confident our racing readers will join, to the career of one of the finest horsemen that ever crossed a saddle. We will leave to abler hands the history of his many brilliant performances on the turf. Our object now is to speak of the man as many of us must have found him, be they masters, friends, or acquaintances. Of perfect manners, neither forgetful of the station that was above him nor the one that was below, always cool and collected, bearing himself in any company with the ease of one who knew his position, there will be many, we feel sure, who will join with us in our tribute to Tom Cannon. As we have just said, we know nothing of his intentions, and perhaps we may see him next year in the early spring coming back to weigh in with his number upon the board. So may it be. All we can add now is in the well-known words:

'If we shall meet again, why, we shall smile,
If not, then this parting were well made.'

The Kempton November Handicap went the way of everything else, and another outsider won, amidst uproarious cheers from the Ring. At least St. Augustine came in first, beating Ragman easily; but on Gallon returning to weigh in, there came a fatal objection, or what looked like one at the time, though, from the subsequent action of the Stewards, it would seem as if there were still a doubt. St. Augustine had been ridden in a hood, and this Gallon had omitted to bring with him when he came to scale. Tom Jennings, standing by, had taken notice of the omission, and, quietly waiting until Ragman's jockey had passed the scale, lodged an objection on the part of Count de Lagrange to the winner, for breaking a section of the 34th rule of racing, which says: 'If a horse run in a hood or clothing, it must be put into 'the scale and included in the jockey's weight.' This seems clear, though at the same time it is to be wished that the framers of the rule had said what the penalty was to be for an infringement of it. That they meant disqualification we have no doubt, but—as in the case of many other of the rules—

they have not so expressed it. The Stewards of the Kempton Park Club have disqualified St. Augustine and awarded the race to Ragman; but, as if somewhat doubtful about the law, have allowed Sir Wroth Lethbridge to appeal to the Stewards of the Jockey Club; so the case is, as we write, *sub judice*. It is an unfortunate affair, and we sympathise much with Sir Wroth on his great disappointment; for to win a race fair and square, and then lose it by the carelessness of those you have trusted to see everything correct, is most provoking. Whatever be the result of the appeal—and probably a court of law will be asked to finally settle the case—out of evil may come good, and the somewhat loosely drawn-up rules of racing will receive a thorough overhauling. The old boast of O'Connell, that he could drive a coach-and-four through any Act of Parliament, is nothing compared to what might be done with a rule of racing. A Bayswater omnibus would demolish, we verily believe, the entire code.

And so we bring our racing tale to its sad ending. What a year it has been! A lot of bad horses; a roarer the winner of the Two Thousand, and the Derby taken by as moderate a performer—and there have been several on the Derby roll—as ever won that much-coveted prize. A year of disaster, from Lincoln Spring to Kempton November; a year in which money has been squandered like water, and which has seen a revival of what, not long ago, was considered an extinct animal, in the plunger. Not the plunger of what is called the Hastings era, but a much more insane person, utterly reckless and regardless of name and fame. From the ruck of bad horses, Wheel of Fortune among the young ones, Isonomy and Jannette among the seniors, stand prominently apart. Lord Falmouth's grand filly showed us at Ascot of what she was made when in the deep ground she beat a large field for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. That she would have won the Leger if she had kept well admits not of a doubt, but her mishap of course left it an open race; and though Rayon d'Or won it with the greatest ease, judged by the subsequent running of Robbie Burns he must be considered a very fortunate horse. But we are not going through what must be to many of our readers a thrice-told tale. Dwelling for a moment on the grand wins of Isonomy, in whom we have a horse that we may reasonably be proud of, and on the return to her younger form of Jannette we willingly close the somewhat dreary subject. There will be statistics in the weeks to come carefully and laboriously composed for those who care for their study. Winning sires, we confess, are interesting; about winning jockeys we do not care so much, and the riding of some of the winners we care about less. There is, or will be, much in these returns very suggestive to those who have steadily watched the racing game from March to November. How some of the jockeys won their races, and got to the top, or nearly the top, of the tree, perhaps some of us could tell, if the telling would do any good; but with supine stewards, and authorities of all sorts and kinds looking calmly on, we think we should be only wasting our readers' time and our own. But we may briefly say this—foul riding is steadily on the increase. Racing has become such a game, that the rider of the favourite must win by foul means if he cannot by fair. We challenge contradiction on this assertion.

But now a-hunting we must go, and we can only trust that our readers will find something to amuse them in the budget which, through the kindness of friends, we are enabled to set before them.

On Monday, November 3rd, according to ancient custom, the Quorn met at Kirby Gate, when of course there was a large field; but the most noted sportsman of all who were present was the Rev. John Russell, who had

come up from Devonshire expressly to see this meet, a feat not very likely to be imitated at the age of eighty-four by anybody else who was present, should they ever live so long. Mr. Coupland, still unable to ride, was in his gig. The crowd was enormous, and the road was quite blocked up with carriages and carts full of people out for the day. As soon as the hounds got to Gartree Hill they found a fox, who went away at once by Little Dalby nearly to Somerby, through the Punch Bowl, back by Gartree Hill nearly to Burton Village, into Stapleford Park, back to Little Dalby Plantation to Wheathill Spinney, where Tom Firr got up to his fox, and they went away with him on real good terms. The pace now became faster than it had been before, and in five-and-twenty minutes they ran up to him and rolled him over in the open between Pickwell and Leesthorpe, after a real good hunting run of three hours. Sometimes they went at a fair pace, and sometimes slow, but it was beautiful hunting all through. Of course they changed foxes, as no single one could have stood up half the time; but he was a wonderfully fine old dog-fox, and when he was dead he was so stiff that when Firr put him on his legs he stood as well as if he had been alive, without any assistance. There were many falls in this run; Mr. Parker, of Melton, was stunned over some timber; Mr. Sykes, of Cossington, who had gone very well all day, broke his collar-bone at the very last fence; and Mr. Barrow, the well-known veterinary surgeon of Newmarket, who was staying with Custance, broke his horse's back following Firr over the brook at Burton.

All Mr. Coupland's friends regretted to see him on wheels instead of the saddle at Kirby Gate, and hope his long serious illness has taken a turn, and that he will ere long be able to resume his place; but it is not expected he will be able to hunt this season, and all his own horses are to be sold by Messrs. Tattersall, at Rugby, on the 9th December. Mr. Coupland has not been single with his misfortunes; for Mrs. Coupland, unfortunately, broke her leg five weeks ago (as she was jumping out of a mail phaeton her foot caught in her ulster). We are glad to hear a favourable account of the lady, and hope to see her out on wheels with the 'Quorn.'

The town of Melton will be quite full, as all the houses are taken, and the large fields have already commenced. From Kirby Gate we trotted off to Squire Hartopp's covert, the famous Gartree Hill, which always holds a fox, and that afternoon one of the right sort was away long before half the horse-men had reached the covert side. We had a very good day's sport, and a busy one; ran for three hours, with a good sharp twenty minutes to finish, when the hounds ran fairly into their hunted fox and killed him.

Friday, 7th Nov.—The meet was at Barkby Hall. The hospitable tenant, Mr. Brooks, is a good friend to foxes. We soon found in a spinney close to the house, ran straight over the brook, which gave several a ducking, and to ground, after a smart gallop of twenty minutes. Then on to Scraftoft Gorse, where we found, and ran by Foxholes, leaving Baggrave on the right, on to Queniborough, and to ground at Rearsby. This was a good run, made by the science of the huntsman and steady work of the pack. The country was blind, and lots of grief—no less than three horses being killed.

Tuesday, 11th Nov.—From Charley Cross Roads they had a fine sporting forest run; found at The Privetts, straight to One Barrow Lodge, then to Charley, back to The Privetts, on over Garenden Park, and killed a fine old dog-fox at Dishley—an hour and a half, good pace throughout. With another fox we had a hunting run of forty-five minutes.

Friday, 14th Nov.—Ashby Frolville. A sharp frost this morning, and

hounds had to wait an hour, when we went to draw a most lovely little covert on the side of a hill, Adam's Gorse, about three acres in size, so 'Charlie' had to look sharp, for the lady pack were in and out of covert away at his brush before half the field knew they had found; those of us who were left behind could see Tom Firr, with his hounds, miles away, going for Twyford, then they turned to the left, came back over the Melton Steeplechase Course, up Barrough Hill, on to Somerby, where he was lost in the village. The hounds went to draw again, but my horse was done, so I turned home.

Saturday, 15th Nov.—Sharp frost, 14 degrees. No hunting.

Monday, 17th Nov.—A welcome change in the weather brought the Quorn hounds to Wartnaby Stone Pits—Lord Grey de Wilton was out to-day for the first time, and took charge of the 'field' in Mr. Coupland's absence. We found plenty of foxes, after drawing Holwell Mouth blank, and there was plenty of sport, with a good kill; but the foxes did not run straight enough to leave anything extraordinary to relate.

Tuesday, 18th Nov., is about the best day the Quorn have had this season. The first fox was found at Braunstone, hounds ran a good pace to Enderby, over a nice country, in thirty minutes, and killed him before he reached the Gorse. Found our second fox at Enderby Gorse, ran back over the same country, and killed him at Braunstone in about the same time. Third fox was found at Nasborough Bogs, and gave a good hunting run into the Atherstone country. The hounds appear in splendid condition, and they seldom lose a chance of killing their hunted fox.

Sir Bache Cunard's hounds met on Monday, November 3rd, at Gumley, where, although it was a dull, damp morning, everybody seemed to be very jolly and glad to meet each other once more by the covert side. There was a large field out, all the old Harborough division and many strangers from other hunts. After a tedious morning's cub-hunting round about Gumley up to two o'clock, they had a good gallop of forty minutes from Papillon Gorse, which was planted by the late Lord Hopetoun over the Marston Hills to Alford Thorns, where Summers stopped the hounds, as they were in the Pytchley country. Now that affairs are satisfactorily settled, some new men have come to hunt with these hounds.

The Atherstone, according to their custom, met on Monday, the 3rd, for their opening day at Bosworth Park. There was not so large a field as we have seen, still, to greet Mr. and Mrs. Oakeley came the Hon. Frederick Curzon, the Hon. Cecil Howard, of Osbaston Hall, Mr. C. N. Newdigate, M.P., Mr. Crawley, Mr. Hans Blackwood, Mr. W. S. Dugdale, Mr. J. Bourne, Mr. Drackley, and Captain Barwell, but our worthy old friend 'Tumulus' and his historical leather breeches, in which it has been suggested that when run to ground himself he should be buried, was absent for the first time for forty-five years. After a little run from Bosworth to the Kirkby Osiers, and another from Sutton Ambion, they went on to Moira Heath, and had a very good hunting run of one hour and forty minutes.

The Pytchley met on Wednesday, the 5th, at North Kilworth, where, considering it was only the first day, a good field assembled. Mr. Craven acted as Master in the absence of Mr. Langham. After a short run round Kilworth House, Caldicote Spinney, and the village, with a fox who dodged about the houses and was then killed, they went to the Sticks, and a very fine run up to Husbands Bosworth, through Bosworth Gorse, over the low grounds for about two miles under the Laughton Hills, crossed the road by Theddingworth on to Marston, where probably they got on to a fresh fox, but they hunted on to Clipston, where they gave it up. After this, when

most of the field had gone home thoroughly satisfied with the first run, a few went on to Naseby, where they found again, and had a very fast run of about fifteen minutes, ending at Naseby Woolleys.

The Belvoir had a very good cubbing season, beginning on September 20th, and had four or five good days in October. The first advertised day was on Monday, November 3rd, at Great Gonerby; but Tuesday, the 4th, when they met at Fulbeck Hall, was their really opening day for the Lincolnshire side of their country. Present at this meet were Sir Thomas Whichcote, Mr. Henry and Lady Florence Chaplin, Colonel Reeve of Leadenham, Colonel Fane, Colonel Willson of Ranceby Hall, the Hon. Evelyn Pelham of Sudbrooke Holme, Mr. Henry Micklethwaite of Grantham, Mr. Yerburch, of New Sleaford, Mr. Finch-Hatton, Mr. Allcard, Mr. R. Hornsby, Mr. James Hornsby, &c. They first had a capital twenty minutes from Leadenham Hill to Wellingore Gorse, where they changed, ran back to Caythorpe Village, where they lost; then had another little gallop from Colonel Reeve's gorse. On Wednesday, the 5th, a good field came to Croxton, amongst whom were Sir Hugh Cholmeley, Mr. John Earle Welby of Allington Hall, Mr. R. M. Knowles, Mr. Algernon Turnor, Captain Longstaff, Mr. J. Hardy, Sir Beaumont and Lady Florence Dixie, Captain Middleton, Captain Smith, Captain Elmhirst, with whom was the Rev. John Russell, Mr. Julius Behrens, Messrs. Lubbock, Baird, &c. They soon found a fox at Coston Gorse, which they ran very fast over a stiffly inclosed country, past Bescaby Oaks, where he was headed by the foot people and lost.

All Leamington, quadruped and biped, half Birmingham, with strong contingents of carts and even bicycles from Coventry and elsewhere, went to Stoneleigh Abbey on the 3rd to meet the North Warwickshire. Some came with a fond hope that they might get a run in the afternoon after the crowd of picnickers had gone home, others were attracted by the good things Lord Leigh too liberally provides, and others because they had nothing else to do but eat, drink, smoke, and howl like Zulus. After the usual good fox at Bericote Wood had been sacrificed to appease the madness of the mob, the hounds were trotted off to Glasshouse Wood, which a penny-a-liner said 'afforded a view halloa.' There they found again and had a capital fifty-five minutes through Stoneleigh across the Deer Park to Cubbington, where they killed. Then they had another very good spin from Chantry Heath, nearly to Bagington, nearly to Whitley Abbey, back to Chantry Heath, where they killed.

The Bicester Hounds have had, very probably, the best run up to the present time on Saturday, November the 8th, when they met at Fenny Compton Wharf, when, unfortunately, only very few were out. After killing a cub at Wormleighton Spinney, they found a fox in a plantation close by, which at once crossed the Oxford Canal, went straight away to Hodnell, past Nunn's Bushes and Ladbroke Hall, but was headed back near the Harbury Station, and recrossed the Banbury road near Watergall House and over the brook, which as usual proved a stopper to a good many, ran on past Priors Hardwick, as if his point were Banbury Wood, but was lost by a brace of fresh foxes jumping up in a stubble field near Charwelton Village. The distance was sixteen miles, and time one hour and thirty-five minutes. It was all over grass, and they went through ten parishes. Besides Stovin and Tom Garratt, the first whip, only Doctor Bennett, Mr. William Blencove of Brackley, and two gentlemen from Leamington got to the end. No other man was in the run for the last hour. They were all pounded at the Watergall Brook.

The opening day with the Burton was on Monday the 3rd, at Burton, where there was not such a large field as on former occasions. Besides Mr. F. S. Foljambe, the Master, and his son, Mr. G. S. Foljambe, were Captain Helme, Mr. W. Danby, Mr. Hood, Mr. R. Swan, Mr. R. W. Toynbee, and amongst the principal farmers were Messrs. Paddison, Robson, Marshall, Lyall, Nicholson, Little, and several others. After drawing some plantations blank they found in Carlton Thorns and killed after a good hunting run of one hour and a half. Everybody is grieved that Mr. Foljambe contemplates giving up the country, as he has a good pack of hounds and plenty of foxes.

The Queen's Hounds met on Tuesday, November 4th, at Salt Hill, where there was a very large muster, the special from Paddington, with twenty-three horse-boxes, bringing the usual London party. Lord Hardwicke was absent, and did not appoint anybody to act as field master, so that to restrain the impetuosity of the mob on foot, in carriages, and on quadrupeds was quite beyond the huntsman's power, and we think Goodall might with all reason wish he might never go to Salt Hill again. According to a writer in one of the daily papers, the deer, Hotspur, was 'liberated' on Mr. Cantrell's farm amidst the shouts of the crowd. Well might one who had passed his autumn in North Devon exclaim, 'Call this sport indeed!' After the usual law, the 'chief huntsman,' to use our daily paper friend's expression, came up with the hounds, and 'the chase commenced with the pack in full cry after 'their quarry.' We beg emphatically to state that the paper alluded to was not the 'Daily News,' in which there was a very good account, written evidently by a sportsman who rides well to hounds, and can write a run also. But in spite of the mob they had a good gallop, and took the deer safely close to Amersham. A great many were thrown out at Burnham Beeches. Amongst others at the meet were Colonel and Lady Julia Follett, Colonel Ewart, Colonel Harford and several officers from Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. King Pierce, Doctor Jones, Mr. Mann of Hayes, Mr. Worsley Battersby, Mr. Clarkson, Mr. Willis, 'The Veteran' and his son, Mr. Bowen May, of course, and the ever cheery George Salter.

The Barons have had some good runs over the Vale, and their supporters have to ride as hard as ever to live with the hounds. The Berkhamstead Buckhounds have been showing good sport as usual. Mr. Rawle is fond of hunting as ever, and of course hounds, horses, and deer are in tiptop condition. On Wednesday the 12th they had a merry day round home, and great was the delight of the Master when he roused up the stag on his own farm, and gave permission to his followers to do as they liked, setting a bad example himself. They knocked about his fences, larked with his hurdles, frightened the stock, rode across wheat, nearly upset the plough horses, and played such games that no one would have recognised the usually orderly field of sportsmen who are in the habit of hunting with the B. B. H., until they crossed the road into a neighbouring farm: the sight of the owner with a big whip, who cut in for a gallop, reminded them that they must now be on their best behaviour. After taking the deer all adjourned to Mr. Charles Miles's, the treasurer, who lives close by, and there sportsmen will always be made welcome, no matter how many or how often they call. On Wednesday they had a very good run from Holtsmere End Green, round Flamsteadbury and past Flamstead, nearly to Beechwood, skirted the park, crossed Cheverell's Green to Kensworth, on by Whipsnade to Striper's Hill, where the hind went straight down the Downs with hounds in view, and the Master had them all to himself along the bottom to some farm buildings:

near the 'Plough,' Dunstable Downs, where Mr. Miles on his grey, with Messrs. Spence, Taylor, Peel, Cutler, Bovington, who is a very staunch supporter, and one or two others came down by another route, to help Jack take the deer, after a clipping run of one hour and fifty minutes.

The South Berks, or, as they are now called, Mr. Hargreaves' Hounds, have had the best cub-hunting season since Roake has been with them—that is, for the last seven years, as he succeeded Tipton in 1872. The cubs have been strong and plentiful. They began on September 22nd, brought eleven brace to hand, and ran four brace to ground, which is considered very good for that country, as the hounds have to work hard for their fox in their large woods. Their first regular day was on Monday, Nov. 3rd, at Silchester Dials, when there was only a small field out, and no sport from want of scent; but on the following day they had a fair day's sport from Bradfield, where they found plenty of foxes, and ran to ground close by Henwick in the Craven country.

The Old Berkshire met at Kingston House on Wednesday, November 5th, for their first regular day. Amongst those present were the Earl and Countess of Craven, the Hon. Osbert Craven, Mr. Charles Duffield of Marcham Park, and Mr. Tom Duffield, Major V. Van de Weyer of Chaddleworth, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips of Culham, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. George Willes, late Master of the Craven, Mr. Charles Morrell, late Master of the Worcestershire, Messrs. Lenthall of Besselsleigh, Mr. Atkins, Captain Morland, and all the other usual old Berkshire men. They had only a middling scent, but killed a fox in the open. The country was still very blind, and the ditches full of grass.

The Cambridgeshire did some good cub-hunting, and although they only went out eighteen times John Baily blooded the young entry with eleven brace of cubs. We are glad to hear that they are fairly off for foxes. They are specially well off at Boxworth and Long Stanton, at Maddingley, which belongs to Mr. Hurrell, also at Hardwicke Wood, so the Cambridge men will stand a chance of getting some fun there, and they are also well off in the Huntingdonshire Woods, at Diddington, Brampton, Paxton, and at Gaines Hall. Their opening day was on November 3rd, at Morhanger, when it was a bad scenting day, but they caught a cub. On the 4th they met at Caxton Gibbet, only a very few were out, amongst whom were Dr. Adams, Mr. John Linton, Mr. J. Perkins, and a few from Cambridge. They found at Swanley Grove, ran to Elsworth Wood, on to Papworth Village, where they came to a check; but Baily made a good forward cast, and got a view of him, and they rattled him on by Swanley Grove to Eltisley Wood, where he went to ground after a good hunting run of one hour and twenty-five minutes.

The Hertfordshire opened the season on the 3rd with a meet at Beechwood Park, where, years ago, the hounds were kept by Sir Thomas Seabright. Mr. Greenfield, who is now living there, entertained the hunt, and, what is more to the purpose, his covers contain a rare lot of foxes. Game is plentiful too, for he is fond of shooting, and does not hunt, though his family all ride well. It was a pretty sight when the veteran Bob Ward moved off with his hounds and attendants, followed by a well-mounted field; for most of the members turned out on their best for the opening day. Directly hounds were in cover a leash of foxes broke away in different directions. Scent was not good, but after a lot of hunting and galloping one of them succumbed, and the brush was handed to Miss Greenfield, who had gone well on a pretty bay mare. Trotting away to Mr. Halsey's covers

another horn and hounds running were heard on the opposite hill. The Barons had met at Kensworth, and though efforts had been made to turn the stag in the other direction, with the perverseness of his race he was giving his pursuers a merry chase right in the line of the foxhounds. Ward galloped and blew his hounds into Gaddesden Park at the first alarm, and Cox stopped his a second; so the packs were kept separate, but the fields were immediately mixed. Many did not know for some time that they had changed, or why they were galloping in such a hurry. So to an onlooker, who could see and understand all that went on, it was an amusing scene never to be forgotten. Though scent was so bad with foxhounds, it was first rate with a stag; and they had evidently had a good run, for most were on their second horse, so those who cut in with fresh horses to join the Baron had a merry time. Twenty minutes to Piccott's End, back to Water End, and up Mr. Blackwell's fields, over a nice line of hunting fences, soon told who's who, and many went back to their first love. It was a fast finish and pretty take in the open, near Berkhamstead Common. Mr. Leopold Rothchild, Messrs. Foy, Green, Flower, King, Cutler, and some others of their regular followers, were there, with several deserters from the foxhounds, who had the opportunity of seeing how cleverly Fred Cox and Mark Howcott can take a stag. In connection with this collision there was some joke about Ward resigning in favour of Fred Cox; but as he was only drawing at the time, while the others were running, it was the act of a sportsman to give way. Busybodies turned the joke into earnest; rumours spread about, which at last appeared in print, so 'they must be true, you 'know,' that he had resigned his place as huntsman altogether, which caused much amusement to those who knew better; and those who don't know better than to spread reports like this, which might do mischief, had better 'ware riot' in future. There are very few can hold their own with him across country when hounds run, and he showed this pretty plainly in a clipper from Kimpton Mill to Hitch Wood on the 7th; and they have been having very good sport all the month. Captain Blake is very keen, and goes any distance to meet the hounds and keep order in the field.

From Hampshire we hear that the Hursley had a very good day at Ball Down, when about one hundred and twenty went forth to meet them; amongst those present being the Master, Colonel Nicoll, Colonel Bouverie Campbell, Mr. Tyrwhitt Walker, Mr. Charles Day and three sons, Mr. Acheson Gray, Major Bond, Mr. A. Deane, Mr. Baily, of Candover, Mr. Stratton, &c. They found their first fox by New Barn, in a plantation, which they ran to ground at Northwood. Found another in a row by Ball Down, which they ran by Westley, over No Man's Land, and over the open at a good pace to Hursley Park, back to Pages Copse, and again into the Park, where he went to ground dead beaten, after a very good run of 1 hour and 10 minutes. The young hounds are doing a lot of good work, and Alfred Summers is quite satisfied with his entry. Lakin, the whip, unfortunately broke his leg by falling from a hay-loft, just at the time he was most wanted, a further proof that accidents to hunt servants are not all incurred in the hunting field.

The opening day with the Vine Hounds was at Oakley Hall on the 6th, when Mr. Beach, the Master, gave a breakfast to all comers. They first drew Bull's Bushes, where a good fox was soon on foot, which broke at the bottom end, went away over the railway, past Oakley Village, through St. John's Wood and Mr. Bate's covert, and South Wood to Kempshot Park, through Gander Down to Dean Heath, where the hounds unfortunately

changed, after a good gallop of fifty minutes. After which they had woodland hunting for the rest of the day, finishing with killing a brace of foxes. There was a large field out. Amongst others were Mr. and Miss Beach, Sir Nelson Rycroft, Mr. and Mrs. Pain of Audley's Wood, Mr. Rawlence, Colonel Bickerstaff, Mr. Caledon Alexander of the Vyne, Mr. E. St. John, Mrs. Vincent, Mr. Davis of Surbiton, Mr. Shrubbs, Mr. Allen, Mr. Christy, Mr. Combe, Mr. A. Twitchen, Mr. T. Blake, Mr. M. Portal, Colonel Hardinge, Rev. F. Thoyts, Rev. J. Ramsey, Miss Walker of Wolverton, two promising sons of Jack West in training for hunt service, and several others.

From another Hampshire correspondent comes the following:—

We have not much to record of hunting this month. Since the regular season has begun, Mr. Deacon with the H.H. has had very bad scent. The best run was from Herriard Common, on Nov. 12th, when they ran to beyond South Warnborough, and killed. On Saturday the 15th they had really a good hunting run from the Marsh Ham coverts, and lost on Weston Common, a long distance but slow hounds working beautifully. The hounds did not go out on the Monday following, on account of the funeral of Mr. Edward Knight of Chawton House, one of the best sportsmen in Hampshire, and one time Master of the H.H. He had not hunted for the last few years, on account of his great age.

There has been nothing to chronicle about the Hambledon. Since the regular hunting season began there has positively been hardly any scent, and now hunting is stopped by frost and snow, which at present seems likely to last.

The Hursley had a glorious opening day on Friday, the 31st of October. It was one of the largest meets ever seen with these hounds; horsemen, carriages, and strangers were all numerous. Drew Northwood blank, and found in a small plantation close to Fitt's Copse, had a fast 10 minutes in the open, and ran to ground in Northwood, found again immediately in Bushmore, and had a rattling 1 hour and 20 minutes in the open without a check, and ran to ground in Hursley Park. Horses were very beat, being not quite in condition for such a run at the beginning of the season. On Monday the 3rd of November the meet was at Standon Gate. Found a brace of foxes in Grovelands; had a pretty 20 minutes, and lost. Found again in the Old Ivy Tower; had a good 30 minutes in the open and then got into Ampfield Wood, where they were constantly changing foxes, and had to give up. On Friday the 7th they met at No Man's Land, found in Up Somborne, ran through Ashley, skirted Parnholt, through Caseless Hill to Umbers Wood and Michalmarsh, back to Parnholt, where several foxes were on foot, and had to whip off: 1 hour and 10 minutes, a good pace. Since that day, from badness of scent, they have done nothing to speak of. In the Hursley country they have plenty of old foxes, which are the sort to show sport. It is recorded when Mr. Thomas Smith first took the Hambledon, about the year 1825, that he had the most extraordinary sport, running from one end the country to the other, and sometimes into the H.H. country, killing his foxes at long distances. Out of the first seventeen he killed, eleven were old ones. Not many counties in these days can show such a number of old foxes.

Mr. Cotton of Afton House accepted the Mastership of the Isle of Wight hounds quite late, when he had neither kennels, hounds, horses, or hunt servants, so he had plenty to do; and considering the short time he had, it is surprising that his pack is as good as it is, but he spared neither trouble nor expense to procure them, and also horses fit to go. He engaged Tom Hastings, who has had great experience with hounds in some of the best

countries, as his huntsman, and John Nicholson from the North Warwickshire as whip, so that he had at his opening meet 18½ couples of hounds, full of muscle, fit to go in any country. Their first day was at Swainston, the residence of Sir Barrington Simeon, who gave a magnificent breakfast, and present amongst others were Sir Barrington Simeon, Mr. F. J. White-Popham of Wootton Lodge, Mr. Bidgood, and Mr. Wheeler of Ryde, Mr. Attrill of Newport, Mr. Judd of Ventnor, Mr. Roach of West Side, Messrs. Mew of Newport, Messrs. Gibbs and Mearman of Bowcombe, Mrs. Jolliffe of Yafford, Mr. Conquest of Shide, Mr. Harvey of Appleford, Mr. Lock of Idlecumbe, and many well-mounted farmers, and several carriages. It was a fine morning, but a cold dry wind did not promise well for scent. They had rather a long draw, but found at last near Swainston House, and after a capital two hours' hunting run, the hounds sticking to him like demons, they ran into him in the open. On Friday, November 7th, they met at Wootton, where Mr. White-Popham also gave a grand hunt breakfast, and they had another good day's sport, finishing with blood, so Mr. Cotton and Hastings have made a very good beginning.

The Dartmoor Hounds commenced cub-hunting on September 10th at Hentorr; they went out eighteen times, killed 6½ brace, and ran 8 brace to ground, which is very good work in such a wild country, especially where there is no earth-stopping. Their first regular day was on November 4th at Ivy Bridge, and it was one of the largest meets ever seen in the West of England. Carriages lined the street throughout the village, and there were between three and four hundred horsemen, besides crowds of foot people. They found at once in Pithell Wood, ran by Broomhill and Harford Bridge to Hall Plantation, over Watercomb Rocks to High House, where he was headed, and several fresh foxes got on foot; but they stuck to them for a long time, till the coverts got so foiled that Boxall stopped them.

The Fife hounds began their cub-hunting at Ramoince Woods in the first week of October, where they found at once, and had a lot of covert hunting and ran to ground. On their second morning they met at Elie, and found plenty of foxes. Amongst those were the Master, Colonel Anstruther-Thomson, Mr. Charles and the Misses Anstruther-Thomson, Sir Thomas and Miss Erskine, Mr. Baird of Elie, Captain Middleton, Colonel Babington of Gilston, Mr. Wemyss, the new Master of the Craven, Captain Carnegie of the Forfar. They had another good day from Crawford Priory and a fair one from Kilmaney, where there was a good show of foxes. Their first regular or opening day was at Ceres, when they had a fair run in the morning from Tarvet. The young entry are very good, and work famously.

The Curraghmores had a very fair season's cubbing, and killed 11½ brace, so that considering the very short time they had the hounds were well blooded, and they have as good an entry as any man ever looked at, especially the dog-hounds, and they met with the full approbation of Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. Fenwick, the Master of the Tynedale. They had a capital gallop on Friday, October the 31st, with the dog pack, which the Marquis of Waterford hunts himself; the first forty-five minutes in the open at a cracking pace over a big country, and hunted him some time in covert afterwards, and forced him away and had another ring, but gave up, as the scent was getting cold and also late. The opening day was on Tuesday, November 4th, when they met according to custom at the Waterford Club House. Amongst those were Lord and Lady Waterford, Captain and Mrs. Cuffe, Captain and Mrs. Candy, Captain and Mrs. Slacke, the Messrs. Power

of Pembrokestown, Messrs. R. and J. Beresford, Mr. W. Paul, Mr. Smith of Jenkinstown, Mr. Callister, Mrs. Magee, Mrs. Bookey, &c. They first drew a gorse belonging to Mr. George Lane Fox, the Master of the Bramham Moor, which is called after him, where there were several foxes, but the covert was so surrounded by foot people it was impossible to get one away, so Lord Waterford gave it up and went on to Mount Congreve, where they found directly, but after a short turn was soon lost; then they had a capital ring of forty minutes from Amber Hill.

From the county of Cork we hear that the United Hunt have had 'great sport entirely,' two horses having been killed in the field, lots of falls, from the fences being blind, and the horses not being up to concert pitch; and we are sorry to hear that on Wednesday, Nov. 12th, Harry Saunders, the huntsman, had a crushing fall, from his horse falling right across his chest; but he came to time, and with his usual pluck finished the day. He went out again on the 14th and drew the coverts, but could not ride to the bounds; and, as there is only one whip, his accident made it very awkward.

[We regret that with our large hunting budget we have been compelled to omit some valued contributions from Essex, the Essex and Suffolk, the Southdown, Surrey Union, &c., but we will take care they shall appear next month.]

There will be a rare opportunity on the 9th of this month for men who want good hunters, and can afford to give good prices for them, when Mr. Coupland's horses will be sold by Messrs. Tattersall, at Rugby. The regretted cause for their sale we have alluded to above, and we shall be much surprised if it does not attract a large attendance. The ten seasoned hunters must be so well known that any comment of ours on them would be superfluous. We remember one of them well, 'Limerick,' a chesnut by Zouave, as handsome a horse as ever looked through a bridle. Of the others we cannot speak, but Leicestershire men can.

We have more than once congratulated Mrs. Swanborough on the highly successful career of 'Madame Favart' at the Strand. With Miss St. John's graceful acting and singing in the part of the heroine, no wonder the house is besieged night after night with an ever-increasing train of admirers. It happened the other evening that an extra contingent of the 'Crutch and Toothpick school' was present, when the fair artiste was fain to accept a souvenir of the pleasure derived from the visit in the presentation of a magnificent bouquet accompanied by a valuable bracelet. Such compliments on the stage are neither few nor far between; but in the present instance we can safely say the compliment paid to Miss St. John's talent was as fully deserved as it was delicately tendered.

We notice that sporting 'Sketches at Home and Abroad,' which have appeared in the 'Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News,' are now published in a neat volume by W. Swan Sonnenschein and Allen, of Paternoster Square. There is a great deal of most readable matter in these pages, the author being equally at home in the cricket-field, at the coverside, or on the racecourse, while his allegiance to the Muse is testified by some pretty lines on 'The End of the Season,' which possess far more than ordinary merit.

A huntsman's cap appears to be a sad puzzle to some of the Cockneys. Not long ago, a noted Master of Hounds was mistaken for Peace; while, the other day we heard a young lady at Charing Cross, who was looking at the portraits which appeared in the different weeklies, tell her friend most confidently that the Master of the Tedworth was a policeman.

In the 'Van' of last month we asked for 'statistics from some of the

'down counties of the fastest runs which have been tested by reliable authority.' One instance has been kindly given us: Last season Lord Radnor's hounds, carrying a fine head, ran from the Great Yew Bushes to the earths in Breamore Wood, a distance of three miles over lovely down, in 8 minutes. Lord Radnor timed it himself. With regard to the relative pace of horses and hounds, Mr. Osbaldeston, upon his own hunters Emma, Cannonball, Clasher, and Fairy, a mere pony hired from Old Tilbury, rode each two four-mile heats, the time of each heat varying from 8 minutes 8 seconds to 9 minutes 25 seconds, irrespective of what he did upon Tranby and other *trained racehorses*, in his great match at Newmarket. There was a good scenting week in the middle of October, and consequently we had some good fun with old John Dale; one run, in particular with an old fox which he forced through a chain of woodlands that had never been run through before: 1 hour and 20 minutes, quite straight, and killed.

Every sportsman, whether cricketer, hunting man, fisherman, or what not, ought to communicate any little information to his brother men. Diarrhœa, as we all know, proceeds frequently from over-exertion, a chill, and indigestion. Here is a *certain* cure to people in ordinary good health. Get a bottle of 'lovage' from a distiller, and directly the attack comes on, an hour after breakfast fill a good-sized wineglass two-thirds full, add a third of pure brandy, and drink. The patient will find a warm glow pass through the whole body, down to the tips of his fingers and the end of his toes, and the chances are ten to one that he is cured by one dose. *Credo experto.*

We are looking forward with great satisfaction to, we trust, the probable result of the next meeting of the Grand National Hunt Committee, when Lord Suffolk's motion, 'that horses for hunters' races on the flat must be 'ridden by gentlemen riders, or by jockeys carrying 7 lbs. extra,' will come on for discussion. The motion, directed, as Lord Suffolk plainly avows, against 'the ruffians who have never ridden for hire,' will be met with an amendment by the Duke of Montrose, which we should imagine will satisfy Lord Suffolk's views, and admit those 'white sheep' from out of the black flock whom his Lordship has no wish to exclude. The Duke of Montrose's amendment provides 'that horses for hunters' races on the flat be ridden by 'persons elected annually as gentlemen riders; all other persons riding to 'carry 14 lbs. extra.' There may be some difference of opinion between the 14 lbs. and the 7 lbs.; but the principle of the proposed rules will, we trust, be carried, and that we shall soon see the last of 'the hired ruffian who has 'never ridden for hire.' The motion of Col. Harford and Mr. H. Coventry to abolish hunting certificates meets with our cordial approval. The rule has long been a scandal, as our readers know, and the farce of some weedy thoroughbred being taken two or three times to a meet, and then obtaining a certificate from an over complaisant M.F.H., will, we hope, cease to run. The Committee of the G.N.H. are certainly showing an activity and zeal for the true interests of sport which we are most thankful to see. It was not so very long since that we feared lethargy and incapacity were creeping over their counsels. Some decisions of the Committee did not command the respect which they should have done—but that has passed. Lord Suffolk, the Duke of Montrose, Col. Harford, and other of its members, have shown that they are keenly alive to the many abuses that infest the sport, and as they have once put their hand to the plough we can only hope that they will not look behind them.





